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THE INGLENOOK

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

January 7
1913

Vol. XV
No. 1

SOME WHO LED

By
**D. L. MILLER and
GALEN B. ROYER**

A new book just off the press. A book that everyone will want. A book containing the biographies of sixty-three of the leading persons in the Church of the Brethren who have died. Accompanying the life sketch of the majority of these leaders, appear their photographs. The authors have not attempted to give lengthy details in the biographies presented but to give the main facts concerning each life.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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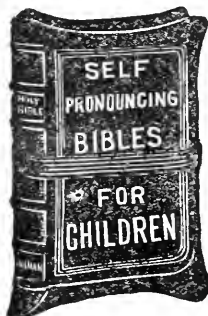
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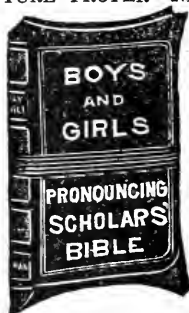
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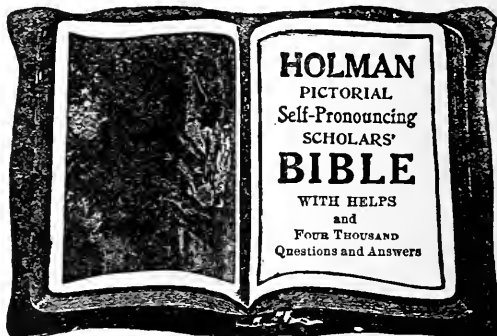
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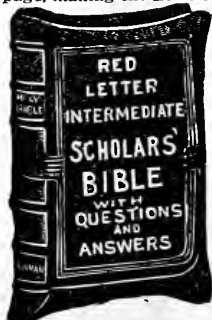
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

January 7, 1913

No. 1

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Vocational Training in Illinois.

THE indications are that vocational training will be State wide before many years and that State aid will be given the district schools along with the manual training schools of the cities. A series of conferences on vocational training have increased the interest in the matter and a sub-committee of the last conference has drafted a proposed bill which if satisfactory may be presented to the next Legislature. This bill provides State aid for all vocational and prevocational education, all of which shall be done by the present school system with additional advisory boards. State aid for prevocational work in the grades and for vocational training in the country are new features in educational legislation. The country school features are as follows:

It provides means whereby the district schools may be associated with some central high school where manual training is taught.

It provides for special teachers who shall go from one school to another in the interest of vocational training.

Consolidation of country schools is also recommended.

Mr. B. F. Harris, a business man, and one of the pioneer agitators for an improved school system in the State, says that he was led to take an interest in the country schools after he found that nearly half of the school children of Illinois were from the farm and that they were being taught practically nothing about farm life and home-making. He says: "We were chagrined to find there were 10,633 one room or ungraded country schools, attended by these boys and girls, and there 85 per cent of them got all the education they ever get. Twenty-two hundred of these schools have less than fifteen pupils, 690 less than ten (an average of seven), and 100 less than five,

with teachers frequently not what they ought to be; usually because the requirements and salaries are not what they should be. We found, for instance, that some farmers, directors in a joint stock company, owning a fine stallion, were paying \$75 a month for a first-class caretaker for such a horse. Some of these same men, acting as school directors, were paying \$30 a month for frivolous young women from town to train their children and properly equip them as citizens of this great commonwealth. As we of the Bankers' Association committee on agriculture got further into the work, however, it seemed to us the whole system, in town and city as well as country, was entirely out of joint with the times and not related or connected up as it should be. Therefore we desired, not alone as a committee on agriculture, but as representing a great organization of business men, to be so broad in our views and our legislative suggestions as to benefit every section and class in the State."

The case of the stock company of farmers owning a stallion, referred to above, has been published all over the country and has been used as an argument by educators in many States. We hope those farmers have benefited by the advertising.

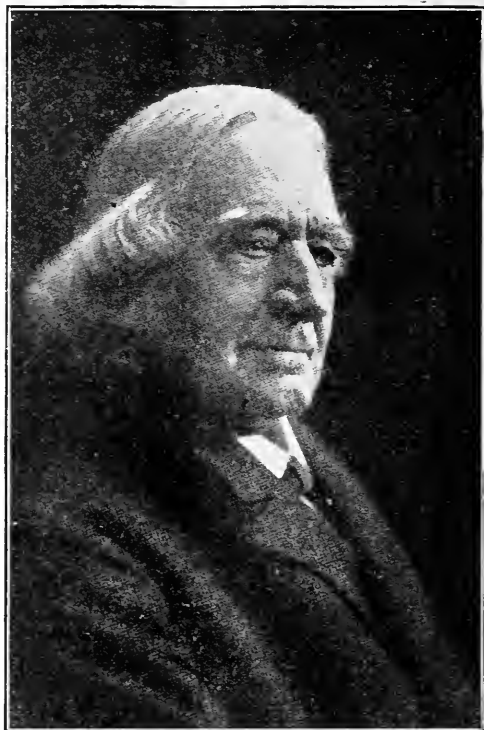
Consolidation of the country schools has opposition as well as friends. When less than a dozen pupils are attending a country school it is the height of mismanagement to hire a teacher and equip the school. Suppose the teacher receives fifty-five or sixty dollars a month, as has been the case in some States, the cost per pupil of conducting the school is between five and six dollars a month, more than many good colleges charge for tuition. It costs something to haul the pupils to some central point but the cost is not equal to that of running a separate building. In the State of Indiana all schools having an enrollment

of less than twelve have been discontinued and all having less than fifteen pupils may be discontinued if the trustee so desires. Twelve thousand schools were closed in the year 1907-1908, and at present there are consolidated schools in 82 out of the 92 counties. The Roosevelt country life commission said of the rural schools: "The schools are held to be largely responsible for ineffective farming, lack of ideals and the drift to the town." Do not misunderstand us. We are not kicking against all the work of the rural teachers. In past years they have done their work too well to be abused, but of late years so many of the teachers have come from the towns and cities "to get a start in the country" that farmers and others are justified in saying something. A country school teacher who knows nothing about farming and who does not care to know is out of place and is simply exploiting his patrons.

A Minister to the People.

On the 30th of November, 1912, the life of a most remarkable minister ended. Robert Collyer died at the age of eighty-nine years. He was not what one would call a self-made man. He was a world-made man, that is, he grew up amid adversities and his early life was one of hard labor and destitution. His father and mother worked in the factories of Yorkshire and at the early age of eight Robert was put to work to help earn the necessities for the family. In his *Memories* he writes thus of those days in the factory: "The hours were thirteen a day—five days in the week, and eleven on Saturday—rising at six in the morning and out at eight in the evening, with an hour for dinner. And if we got a chance to sit down for a few moments when the overlooker was not round with his leather strap to lay on our small shoulders, we were in luck." The factory work lasted six years and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He said that he would gladly have lived over his entire life except those six years of labor in the factory, the torture of which was too dreadful. But Robert Collyer was only one of thousands of children who have been put to work in mills and factories when they should have been at home. The day cannot come too soon when child labor will be abolished entirely, and it will come soon.

Until thirty-eight years of age he labored at the forge, and when work became slack he picked up any job that might be had. In 1859 he entered the ministry, with a preparation which was far superior to many of



Robert Collyer.

his brethren because he knew the world and its trials. He knew how to sympathize with his fellow who was down. Besides preaching he spent the remainder of his life helping the unfortunate. During the Civil War he went to the front as a nurse and member of the sanitary commission. Later he was special agent during devastating floods along the Ohio River, and during the great fire of Chicago he was a familiar figure among the relief workers. His doctrine was that religion means nothing unless it can be made practically useful in the work of the individual and social betterment. He was always in sympathy with anything that had to do with the betterment of humanity. He never cared for dogma and what is usually termed theology. His was a religion which had to do with everyday life, the life that most of us have to live.

Another Attack on Our Legal Procedure.

Scarcely a week passes by when we do not read of a judge coming out boldly and opposing our present system of court procedure. The legal machinery of this country is immense, so large that great corporations easily find a hiding place whenever

convenient. How long will the American people put up with it? Two Minnesota judges have become disgusted with our means of securing justice. Judge Kelly of the Ramsey county court said the other day: "If all the law books in the country were burned in a single night, we would have better laws in ten years than we have at the present time." Judge Dickinson of the same county agrees with him. He says: "If attorneys based their arguments more upon the innate sense of natural justice, common sense and fair play, instead of fortifying themselves with decisions of other courts, I believe we would get better

results." Judge Kelly thinks that there is too much ruling by precedent. Lawyers ask judges to decide according to the rulings of some other judge on a similar case instead of taking the case in hand on its own merits. He believes that lawyers should base their arguments on the facts which surround the case instead of spending so much time searching the law books for arguments and rulings on similar cases. "The multiplication of law books and legal reports," says Judge Dickinson, "practically has had this tendency—lawyers rely too much upon precedent and not enough on common sense."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A Western Governor Who Trusts Convicts.

In the "Interesting People" department of the January American Magazine appears an article about Governor Oswald West, of Oregon, who likes to trust men. He let a life-term murderer out of prison long enough to earn money to pay off a mortgage on his father-in-law's home, the money having been spent to hire lawyers to defend him. Following is an extract:

"Out in Oregon there is a governor who believes in men—even though they have sinned against society and have been committed to the keeping of the penal institutions of the State. Oswald West believes in men to such an extent that sixty-two per cent of the prisoners serving time in the Oregon State penitentiary are out 'on honor,' as it is called. A considerable number of these are earning an honest living outside the prison walls, entirely independent of any prison discipline or oversight. The rest are 'trusties' working for the State at other public institutions, or building roads without being guarded—frequently one or two hundred miles away from the prison, and often in thinly settled portions of the country where escape would be comparatively easy. And yet fewer prisoners try to get away under this system than in the old days when the guards stood by armed with repeating Winchesters.

"One of Governor West's first experiences in trusting men was to release temporarily a murderer serving a life sentence, simply on his word of honor, in order that he might earn sufficient money to pay off the indebtedness on his father-in-law's home which had been mortgaged in order to raise money for his legal defense. About

the middle of last January the man reappeared at the penitentiary after an absence of nearly a year. 'I'm back,' he said to the warden. 'The mortgage is paid.'

"When the present executive of Oregon came into office the State penitentiary had a reputation that was anything but enviable. Discipline was administered through methods that had long been outlawed in many penal institutions.

"Over one-third of the prisoners were unprovided with work of any kind. Guards with loaded rifles watched every foot of the prison property, and went with each group of prisoners that was sent outside the walls.

"Governor West has changed all this. He has put every able-bodied man to work. He has removed most of the guards. Over 200 of the 450 men now under sentence at the Salem institution are outside the walls daily without guard of any kind, trusted to return at night and honor bound to do a fair day's work.

"When they betray his trust, as occasionally happens, he has been known to lead the posse that undertook their capture. One such escaped 'trusty,' whom he ran down after a hard chase, said to him as he took him into custody: 'Who are you, the sheriff?' 'No,' replied the executive, 'I'm the man to whom you lied.'



Women in Public Affairs.

Among the history-making events of the year 1912 perhaps no other has so permanent a significance as the action of several States in conferring the full suffrage upon women, and of several other States in taking marked steps in that direction—while

one great national party has made woman suffrage a cardinal doctrine in its creed, and the other parties have ceased to be unfriendly. The public activity of women throughout the United States was vastly greater in 1912 than in any previous year. While it cannot be shown as yet that the States in which women vote have in any marked way changed their laws, or introduced new methods or ideas into public affairs, it does not follow that the increased activity of women will not have important consequences. The quickened interest of women in matters of general concern is not by any means confined to the States where suffrage has been granted. On the contrary, it would seem that the aroused interest of intelligent women in such questions as public sanitation, housing reform, regulation of child labor, and other topics of social, industrial and moral concern, is even more effective in some communities that have not conferred political rights than in others where women possess full power. This is because the efforts of intelligent women, in the case of full enfranchisement, have to overcome the double obstacles afforded by the mass of unintelligent men and the equal mass of unintelligent women. Nevertheless, it is admitted that woman suffrage seems destined to prevail in the United States; and it will have made rapid gains everywhere through the complete espousal of the cause of the Progressive party.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for January.



The Balkan Situation.

After delay for instructions from the home government, the Turkish envoys in London have agreed to treat with the Greeks co-ordinately with the other Allies in regard to peace in the Balkans, even though Greece has not signed the armistice. The Turks have demanded permission to revictual the beleaguered city of Adrianople pending peace settlements. The Allies oppose that request, not only for the reason that this would give the enemy a great advantage in event of the resumption of fighting, which would not have been earned by arms, but on technical grounds, because the delegates have not the power to reopen military questions settled by the armistice. The Bulgarians declare that if the Turks are not ready to come to terms, and if none of the Powers offers acceptable mediation, the Allies are ready to resume the war immediately. The contention of the Turkish delegates is that the admission of Greece into the

peace conferences introduces an unexpected element, which is likely to prolong the proceedings, owing to the necessity of settling difficult problems like Crete and the fate of the Ægean islands, and that when the armistice was arranged they did not haggle about the revictualing of the fortresses because they supposed that they had to deal only with Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, and that peace would be concluded quickly. The coincident conferences of the ambassadors of the six Powers began on Dec. 17. This "ambassadorial court of appeals" agreed on the 20th that their governments would accept arrangements by the peace conference which involved in principle autonomy for Albania, and a guarantee to Servia of a commercial port on the Adriatic sea.



Mexico.

Owing to many reports as to the Mexican Government's failure or inability to protect the lives and property of American citizens, and to President Madero's defiant and offensive reply to Secretary Knox's September note, the Government at Washington is preparing to adopt a firmer policy and will send to the Mexican capital, after the holidays, a note demanding the needed protection. It will be accompanied by abundant proof of the acts which suggest it. Disorder continues throughout a large part of Mexico. A town in Jalisco was sacked last week by 600 rebels, after they had killed the 40 rural guards who defended it. It is reported that San Marcial, a town of 1,000 people in Sonora, was attacked and captured by Yaqui Indians, who killed many of the inhabitants and carried the young women to the mountains. There is no protection for life or property in the State of Durango. A rebel force commanded by General Salazar attacked Ascencion, 75 miles southwest of Juarez, on the 18th, and only 16 of the Federal garrison of 250 escaped.



The small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her:

"Put down three forks at each place, dear."

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests had dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully:

"Shall I give Uncle John three knives?"
—Kansas City Star.

EDITORIALS

A Happy New Year.

We wish you a Happy New Year! We wish you health, prosperity in your work, happiness in your home, and all the other good things that friends wish one another at this season. But all this is an old story. What we wish you beyond all this is the desire and resolve to contribute to somebody else's health, prosperity and happiness. If it's not in your power to help the world, help your country; if that's too big an order, help your town, or your neighbor. The Rev. Percy Grant, of New York, said in a sermon, "I never knew a man to help anybody else without being himself helped." You know that is true just as well as we do. The way to have a good time is to give a good time. The way to have a Happy New Year is to help somebody else to have a Happy New Year.

One of the strongest arguments for the doctrine of unselfishness is the impossibility of living up to the doctrine of selfishness. Not long ago a big captain of industry boasted that this was his theory of life, "Nothing is too good for me. I've only one life to live, and I want to get all I can and keep all I can as long as I can." Mark Twain says, "Be good and you'll be happy, but you won't have a very good time." If this were changed from the comic to the serious, it might read, "Be selfish and you may have some good times, but you won't be happy."



Overkind to Hubbies.

Are husbands kept in "cotton-wool"?

Women of today, it is said, lavish too much affection on their husbands, and endeavor to keep them in cotton-wool to such an extent that they become effeminate. This is the latest theory put forward to explain the supposed decadence of modern men. Women, it is said, are too affectionate, and therefore too thoughtful for the comfort of men, with the result that men are becoming more and more effeminate.

"Every woman thinks her husband is overworked," said a business man yesterday. "Worse still, she tries to persuade him not to work so hard, and at last succeeds in persuading him. Result—another good man spoiled. I can always tell when a good man has got married. He begins to watch the clock, to want to get home early. He avoids overtiring himself, and I know that his wife is 'poor dearing' him, and trying to keep him in cotton-wool."

The London Mirror tested the theory that wives think their husbands are overworked by putting the question to many women whose husbands are in business or profession. Here are some of the replies:

"I am sure he is," said the young wife of a successful stock broker; "when he gets back in the evening he's often so tired as to be positively cross. But I soon make him all right."

A doctor's wife said: "Yes, certainly. My husband is always overworked, I am sure of it. And sometimes, when there happens to be an epidemic in our neighborhood, he hardly has a moment to himself. Of course I do what I can to make things happy and comfortable for him when he does get a few minutes to himself."

The wife of a young solicitor was even more certain. "Overworked? Of course he is; every one says so. I am quite sure he will have a nervous breakdown or get ill some day if he goes on working at the office as hard as he does."

A more detached point of view is that of a headmaster's wife: "Almost every man who is doing any kind of work that really matters is overworked nowadays—with the exception of the British workman."

"If a man works hard there should be as much relief from any strain as possible when he reaches home. My experience is that more women are ready to wrangle and nag than to soothe and pet that biggest of grown-up babies—the husband. For that is what he is when he is not working."

A London barrister replied: "Doesn't this idea that women are more affectionate than they used to be go to prove that man, far from being decadent, is steadily improving? Giving you my honest opinion of the modern man as a class, I think he's a fine fellow and every bit as good as his ancestors, however far back you like to go."

A well-known novelist said: "The notion that the affection and sympathy of a woman, be she mother, wife, sister or daughter, can impair the strength of a man's character is on the face of it absurd. It is the sympathy of a woman that provides the inspiring motive for most of the noble deeds man has achieved."



Fear as a Human Factor.

An eminent professor of psychology in a leading university has just been discussing the influence of fear as an incentive to human action. The conclusion has been drawn that it must remain as a powerful factor in the evolution of the race.

"Within certain limitations fear must ever be an active element in its relations to conduct and character. But those limitations are very narrow. Fear must be a secondary and not a primary motive in the higher realms of human activity.

"Children in their education must not be driven with the 'big stick' to learn and obey. There may be rare exceptions, but the exceptions prove the rule. The fear of the results of misconduct must and do hold many men in obedience to the law of their being and of society. But it is a low species of fear.

"The history of civilization proves how terrible and degrading has been the fear both of nature and of God, which has held barbaric peoples in the thrall of superstition. The whole trend of Christian teaching has been to emancipate them from its influence. It will not do in our advanced civilization to bring back all the terrifying descriptions of unspeakable physical torture to hold men in the path of virtue.

"Fear in the moral and spiritual aspect robs a man of power. It means weakness, timidity, instability, inaction. To be girded with unwearied and unconquerable force, to be nervous, muscular, brawny, strong, to have 'the wrestling thews that throw the world' we must away with 'sad doubt and anxious fear.'

"This spirit of power must be under the sway of the spirit of love. That is the overwhelmingly dominant principle of the higher life. Even in what we may term the lower life it must be love, not fear, which controls men and leads to the end in view. The love of gain lures some men on. The love of power, a mighty ambition, is the master impulse in others. The love of adventure which conquers every 'hill difficulty' and opens up new continents and islands, urges on the eager discoverer. It is love, therefore, not fear, which thus moves the world forward."



The Country School Teachers.

F. G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois, has the following to say about our country schools:

No other school can be so close to the life and work of its people as the country school. No other teacher can so directly touch, and mould the thoughts, the habits and the customs of her pupils and their parents as the teacher of the country school.

First of all, your pupils are all sons and daughters of farmers. Their home surroundings, their experience, their work and

their play have much in common. They have a like exposure to farm conditions, to knowledge of horses and cattle, sheep and hogs and chickens, corn and wheat and oats. They have seen and understand the work of plows and harrows and cultivators and reapers and mowers. They are familiar with the names of farm implements and animals and crops, and can use the figures of speech, the proverbs, the homely sayings of the farm folks. Here, then, is a background of common experience and common sense which the teacher may assume and use. Of course, much of this common experience and common sense will have to be interpreted and corrected. That is one of the purposes of the country school.

Again, the country school is set down in the very heart of the open country. A little corner of the farm is the school yard. All about it and beyond it stretch the farms owned or tilled by the parents of your pupils, so that from the time they leave home in the morning until they return again they never lose sight of corn fields and haystacks, horses and cattle, farm houses and barns. Morning and evening they feed the stock, hunt the eggs, look after the new litter of pigs or run, big-eyed, to the pasture to see if the new colt or calf has arrived.

If the entire education of a country child could be gotten out of his daily work and play experiences upon the farm, there would be no need of country schools and country school teachers. However, a small but important part of his education must be shaped by school-room experiences and instruction. His teacher has sometimes made the mistake of assuming that the class-room part of his training is or should be made a thing widely separated from his past and present and future experiences upon the farm. There are some teachers who believe that the farmers themselves do not want or would not appreciate a real farm school for real farm children.

It may be that when the reborn country school shall come unto its own, its own will know it not, but it is part of your work to prepare the farmer for the coming of this new school and to see that it comes. The country school teacher will determine the time and the manner of its coming, for the reborn country school, when it appears, will be little other than the reborn country school teacher.



The Reading Habit.

The logs blaze merrily upon the hearth,

and cozy inglenooks invite one to spend the long winter evenings in reading. Here is offered an opportunity to ambitious boys and girls for self-improvement, and who instead of sighing over the disappointment of not going away to college, may partially make up the loss in a well-selected course of reading.

The plea of "no time" is not a sufficient excuse, since anyone can snatch at least ten minutes from a day crowded with duties and conscientiously devote it to systematic reading. Franklin, through fragmentary periods of study, became the equal of English peers; Lincoln educated himself "by littles," as he termed it; and Longfellow translated Dante's *Inferno* while waiting for his coffee to boil. Cary working at the cobbler's bench and Burritt at the forge are examples of what may be accomplished when there is a determination to succeed.

Reading not only makes one better and happier, but also adds skill to craftsmanship. An English tanner, on being asked the secret of the superior quality of his leather, replied "It lies in my daily reading of Carlyle." The exquisite style of Milton, Wordsworth, Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning is attributed to their frequent reading of the Bible.

But the "reading habit" does not mean the thoughtless and desultory perusal of a page, but implies thoughtful concentration—a thinking of the author's thoughts after him. The books chosen should give a wholesome view of life, stir the imagination with beautiful imagery. If you should decide to follow such a course, set aside a definite period daily and persevere faithfully. Then, when the fire flickers and goes out and winter snows change into flowers of spring, the time so spent will prove one of the winter's best investments.



Advance Is Never Welcomed.

Any one who brings to mankind a message of salvation must expect to be nailed to the cross, tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail, boycotted, looked upon as a dangerous, undesirable citizen, or otherwise

persecuted. The smug, respectable, well-to-do part of humanity—the ones who need salvation most—don't want to be saved. Why should they? They look upon themselves as heaven's pets; they pray the prayer of the Pharisee, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are;" they contribute to "worthy causes" a part of the toll which unjust laws permit them to levy on their fellows. Why should they want any change, or look with favor on those who proclaim "the thoughts that shake mankind"? Even the simplest and most obvious reforms are always opposed by men who imagine that they would be injured in purse by the proposed change. In "Middlemarch," George Eliot tells how the English farmers set upon the first railway surveyors with their pitchforks, mobbed them and drove them away. There was a prevailing fear that the railroads would injure property, raise prices, kill all the cattle, etc., and of course every man who did hauling by wagon, ran a stage or the like was down on the new means of transportation because he thought it would drive him out of business.

In the town of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, a party of young men asked permission to use the schoolhouse for a debate on the subject of steam railways, of which vague rumors and curious speculation had entered the public mind. To that request the school authorities replied: "You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions, but such things as railroads are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam he would have clearly foretold it through his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls to hell."



The New Almanac.

We have just been handed a copy of the new Brethren Family Almanac for 1913. The almanac is full of valuable information which will be of service to all of our people. It is larger by eight pages than it was last year.

HITCHCOCK ISSUES REGULATIONS FOR PARCEL POST

THE regulations that cover in detail the workings of the new parcel post system have been approved by Postmaster General Hitchcock, and

the pamphlets containing them are being turned off at the government printing office on a rush order for the distribution that began recently. This new branch of the postal

service will afford the American people the opportunity to send farm and factory products by mail from and to any point in the United States or its possessions.

The minimum zone rate will be 5 cents for the first pound and 3 cents for each additional pound to any point not exceeding fifty miles from the office of mailing; the local rate, which is 5 cents for the first pound and 1 cent for each additional pound, applies to all parcels the delivery of which does not involve their transportation on railway lines. The rates increase for each successive one of the eight zones, the maximum rate being 12 cents a pound, which will carry a parcel across the continent or to any of our possessions. Parcels will be limited to eleven pounds in weight and six feet in length and girth combined.

Mailable Perishable Articles.

Butter, lard and perishable articles such as fish, fresh meats, dressed fowls, vegetables, fruits, berries and articles of a similar nature that decay quickly, when so packed or wrapped as to prevent damage to other mail matter, will be accepted for local delivery either at the office of mailing or on any rural route starting therefrom. When inclosed in an inner cover and a strong outer cover of wood, metal, heavy corrugated pasteboard or other suitable material and wrapped so that nothing can escape from the package, they will be accepted for mailing to any offices within the first zone, or within a radius of fifty miles. Butter, lard or any greasy or oily substance intended for delivery at offices beyond the first zone must be suitably packed. Vegetables and fruits that do not decay quickly will be accepted for mailing to any zone if packed so as to prevent damage to other mail matter. Eggs will be accepted for local delivery when securely packed in a basket or other container. Eggs will be accepted for mailing regardless of distance when each egg is wrapped separately and packed in a container.

There is no restriction on salted, dried, smoked or cured meats and other meat products, but fresh meat in any form will be transported only within the first zone.

Parcels containing perishable articles must be marked "Perishable" and articles likely to spoil within the time reasonably required for transportation and delivery will not be accepted for mailing.

Manufactured Articles.

Manufacturers or dealers intending to transmit articles in considerable quantities

are asked to submit to the postmaster for approval a specimen parcel showing the manner of packing.

When sharp-pointed instruments are offered for mailing the points must be capped or incased. Blades must be bound so that they will remain firmly attached to each other or within their handles or sockets.

Ink powders, pepper, snuff or other similar powders not explosive, or any similar pulverized dry substance, not poisonous, may be sent when inclosed in cases made of metal, wood or other material to render impossible the escape of any of the contents. Flour of all kinds must be put up in such manner as to prevent the package breaking or cracking or the flour being scattered in the mails.

Queen Bees and Nursery Stock.

Queen bees, live insects and dried reptiles may be mailed in accordance with the regulations that now apply to other classes of mail.

Seeds of fruit, nursery stock and all other plant products for propagation, may be mailed under the same conditions.

Confectionery and Soap.

Candies, confectionery, yeast cakes, soap in hard cakes, etc., must be inclosed in boxes and so wrapped as to prevent injury to other mail matter.

Sealed original packages of proprietary articles, such as soaps, tobacco, pills, tablets, etc., put up in fixed quantities by the manufacturer, and not in themselves unavailable, will be accepted for mailing when properly wrapped.

Millinery.

Fragile articles, such as millinery, toys, musical instruments, etc., and articles consisting wholly or in part of glass, or contained in glass, must be securely packed and the parcel stamped or labeled "Fragile."

Unmailable Matter.

The following matter is declared non-mailable by law:

Matter manifestly obscene, lewd or lascivious; articles intended for preventing conception; articles intended for indecent or immoral purposes; all matter otherwise mailable by law, the outside cover or wrapper of which bears any delineations or language of a libelous, scurrilous, defamatory or threatening character. All such matter, when deposited in a postoffice or found in the mails, shall be withdrawn and sent to the division of dead letters.

Intoxicants, Poisons and Inflammable Materials.

Spirituous, vinous, malted, fermented or other intoxicating liquors of any kind; poisons of every kind, and articles and compositions containing poison, poisonous animals, insects and reptiles; explosives of every kind; inflammable materials (which are held to include matches, kerosene oil, gasoline, naphtha, benzine, turpentine, denatured alcohol, etc.); infernal machines and mechanical, chemical or other devices or compositions which may ignite or explode; disease germs and scabs and other natural or artificial articles, compositions, or materials of whatever kind which may kill, or in anywise injure another or damage the mail or other property.

Pistols, Animals and Birds.

Pistols or revolvers, whether in detached parts or otherwise; live or dead (but not stuffed) animals, birds or poultry, raw hides or pelts, game or any article having a bad odor will not be admitted to the mails.

Treatment of Undeliverable Parcels.

Perishable matter will be delivered as promptly as possible, but if such matter cannot be delivered and becomes offensive and injurious to health, postmasters may destroy it, or the injurious or offensive portion thereof.

Undeliverable perishable matter which in its nature does not become offensive or injurious to health may be delivered by postmasters to the proper local municipal authority to be distributed to hospitals, asylums or other charitable or reformatory institutions. If there is no such municipal authority, the matter may be delivered to any charitable institution or organization making application therefor. If no application is made, the matter will be destroyed at the expiration of two weeks.

Parcels Improperly Packed.

Postmasters will refuse to receive for mailing parcels not properly indorsed or packed for safe shipment.

When parcels on which the postage is wholly unpaid or insufficiently prepaid is deposited for local delivery and the sender is unknown, notice of detention need not be sent, but such matter will be delivered and the deficient postage collected from the addressee by the carrier. If the addressee refuses to pay the postage the matter will be sent to the division of dead letters.

Insurance on Parcels.

A mailable parcel on which the postage is fully prepaid may be insured against loss in an amount equivalent to its actual value, but not to exceed \$50, on payment of a fee of 10 cents in parcel post stamps, such stamps to be affixed.

When a parcel is insured, the sender will be given a receipt showing the office and date of mailing and number of the parcel.

When a return receipt is desired by the sender of an insured parcel the postmaster at the mailing office will note the request on the margin of the insurance tag, and the postmaster at the office of address will obtain from the addressee a receipt and mail it to the sender.

The liability for indemnity shall cease when delivery has been effected.

Forwarding of Parcels.

Parcels may be remailed or forwarded on the payment of additional postage at the rate which would be chargeable if they were originally mailed at the forwarding office, in which case the necessary stamps will be affixed by the forwarding postmaster. Payment must be made every time the parcel is forwarded.

Preparation for Mailing.

Parcels must be prepared for mailing in such manner that the contents can be easily examined. A parcel will not be accepted for mailing unless it bears the name and address of the sender preceded by the word "From."

In addition to the name and address of the sender, which is required, it will be permissible to write or print on the covering of a parcel, or on a tag or label attached to it, the occupation of the sender, and to indicate in a small space by means of marks, letters, numbers, names or other brief description, the character of the parcel, but ample space must be left on the address side for the full address in legible characters and for the necessary postage stamps. Inscriptions such as "Merry Christmas," "Please do not open until Christmas," "Happy New Year," "With best wishes," and the like, may be placed on the covering of the parcel in such manner as not to interfere with the address.

Distinctive Stamps.

The law requires that the postage on all matter must be prepaid by distinctive parcel post stamps affixed. Postmasters cannot receive for mailing parcels that do not bear such stamps.



Panned Out Sixty to the Acre.

SUCCESS OF A BOOK FARMER

Frank G. Moorhead

SUPPOSE you were a junior in college, lived with a bunch of congenial fellows at a Frat house, and were engrossed with nothing so much as the forthcoming prom?

Suppose about all you knew of farming was that it necessitated arising in the dark all the year round and working like a dog throughout all kinds of weather?

Suppose, finally, you, suddenly and unexpectedly, inherited a fortune in farm lands?

What would you do?

It is just because Fred D. Gibson, junior in the University of Illinois, arose to the emergency as few boys in his position would rise, so that today he is the largest individual rice grower in the United States, that there is a story behind his exertions in the Grand Prairie fields of Arkansas.

The first thing Mr. Gibson tried to do was exactly what you and I, in his fix, would probably have tried to do: get rid of the land and convert it into money to invest in the business he thought he would like best. But before the land could be sold it had to be improved, it had to be made presentable to the prospective customer. A fence here, a well there, a new barn another place, better roads, more sanitary farm homes; it was not long before the anticipated riches were taking wing in most vig-

orous fashion, and instead of bringing in money the land was merely costing money.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Gibson, as he modestly puts it today, decided to "get into the farming game, to see if there was anything in all this 'back to the land' craze for him as well as for the other fellow."

That is how Mr. Gibson comes to be driving from one to another of his eight big rice farms today, in a \$5,000 automobile, to be employing one hundred men and to own something like 6,000 acres of rich, arable land in Arkansas, 2,500 acres in Nebraska, 2,000 in Illinois, 1,000 in Colorado and a few miscellaneous hundred scattered elsewhere. In three years' time he has found that there is considerable to this "farming game," and this "back to the land craze," after all.

In the beginning, he was not the owner of his present Arkansas acres. It is doubtful if he would ever have known much about the State if it had not been that his father missed a train up in Illinois one day. It was provoking, but there was nothing for it but a wait of several hours in a little way station. It was at this juncture that Fate sent along a man who had just returned from Arkansas, brimful of the possibilities of Arkansas land.

When Fred Gibson read the letter which his father wrote him that night, after talk-

ing to the Arkansas traveler, he was out in Colorado, looking over a mining offer which seemed to promise well. He re-read the letter and then expressed himself in forcible language: "What do I know or care about Arkansas?"

But unattractive as Arkansas appeared at first glance, it was winter in Colorado and there were blizzards, while down South it was warm, and anyway there was always Hot Springs if the rest of the State palled.

When Fred Gibson took the train out of Stuttgart a week later, homeward bound, he bore with him deeds to a thousand acres of Arkansas farm land. And he was merely going back to Colorado and Illinois, so as to pack up and make Arkansas his permanent home.

The next thing Mr. Gibson did stamps him as out of the ordinary. He returned to Arkansas, with his Lares and Penates, and buckled down to a year's hard study of the "farming game," as played in Arkansas. Now, three years in the State University had familiarized him with the pastime of study, but the new brand of study was the genuine article. It was simply one farm textbook after another; books on stock raising, on corn and alfalfa and potato and wheat and oats and what-not growing, on the care and treatment of various soils, on almost everything that a farmer ought to know. The only relaxation were the farm papers, with their various departments edited by experts and their column after column of farmology, ready for the practicing.

After that he was ready to get his experience first hand, in big chunks.

"I'm losing money on this tractor hitched up this way to only three harvesters," explained Mr. Gibson, as he clambered back into the automobile, after having helped the foreman fix an obstreperous connection between the "caterpillar" and one of the trailing cutting machines. "A mule costs me eight cents an hour, figuring six per cent on his original value, together with feed and wear and tear. So long as the 'caterpillar' hauls only three harvesters it does the work of but twelve mules, which means that it is worth, in mule power, ninety-six cents an hour, or \$9.60 for a ten-hour day. It burns fifty gallons of gasoline a day and gasoline is at seventeen cents now, so altogether, with interest on the original value and wear and tear, the tractor costs me about \$12.50 a day. At this rate I'm losing \$3 every day on the big machine, but it gives me my mules for other tasks and so I break about even and keep mules and machine both busy. Now you take that trac-

tor we passed over there, disking and seeding for oats. I figured it out last night and that machine is doing the work of forty mules, six discs, two 20-hole drills, two harrows and ten men, at a cost of only \$1.35 an hour, or \$13.50 for a ten-hour day. That's saving money for me and keeping every hand and cog on the place busy. That's where the profits come from and that's why it pays me to sit up nights figuring things over and to hire a force of clerks for the office who can tell me, at a minute's notice, what every man and machine and mule is worth per hour."

It was later, over the records of each farm, in the central office at Stuttgart, that we got the exact figures, farm after farm, day after day, crop after crop. For instance, there was the bulky portfolio of "Daily Time Records," one for each of the 100 workmen, each day of his employment, with blanks for name, date, number of the farm, wages per month and day and hour, description of work each hour of the day from 4 a. m. to 8:30 p. m., kind and number of each implement used and number of each animal used. It is by this system that the cost of mule versus gangplow is obtained, that the net earnings of each of the eight Stuttgart farms are ascertained, year by year. For instance, the first rice farm to harvest and thresh the 1912 crop yielded eighty bushels to the acre, a total of 5,200 bushels for the sixty-five acres. It brought \$1 at the mill at Stuttgart. The second field, 112 acres, yielded 65 bushels of another kind, bringing ninety cents, a total of 7,220 bushels valued at \$6,498. The two fields yielded a gross income of \$11,698. One of the clerks was busy for a short time, compiling a table of cost, from interest on investment to labor, seed, machine depreciation and pump operations, and then the net profits of the farm stood forth: \$8,554. The farm cost Mr. Gibson \$24,000 two years ago; it had yielded the book farmer 33 1-3 per cent profit the second year it was planted.—Technical World.



"How did you manage to throw straight enough to hit that window?"

Suffragette—"I aimed at the wall."—Life.



"Yes, my memory is getting very bad. By this time tomorrow I shall have forgotten everything I have done today."

"H'm! Could you oblige me with the loan of a fiver, old chap?"—Tit-Bits.

THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR KNOWS WHY LIVING IS SO HIGH

NOW this election's over and people commence tellin' the truth agin, let's get down to the bottom o' this high cost o' livin'. You want me to tell you what's the matter with us? We're ridin' each other's back. That's what makes livin' cost so high. If you get off my back and I get off your back, and the other guys get off our backs, we'll all eat turkey. Here I'm holdin' down a job openin' and closin' doors, lettin' you in and out this car, and dingin' the bell to start it. You know where I ought to be. I ought to be out growin' somethin' to eat or wear. You know why I ain't, don't you? It's just because this job looks easy to me. I get my money, an' no headache with it. You needn't talk? What you doin'? I'll bet you're just hangin' on to some job helpin' some big stiff get as much as he can without workin' for it. What's goin' to keep the cost o' livin' down when half the people are tryin' to cheat the other half out o' what their old man left or what they raised theirselves? If they was only one farmer raisin' wheat, and he only had a bushel of it, where'd we get bread? If they was only two fellows raisin' cattle, and they only had a couple of heifers we'd never smell a piece o' liver, and you'd go barefooted. We got enough town lots with billboards on 'em to raise potatoes to burn. If the four flushers boardin' in hotels and city flats 'd get out and tickle the backyard with a hoe for a while, they'd know where garden sass comes from. Most of

'em thinks it grows in refrigerators. An' if these women that spend their time bleachin' their back hair get out and learn to bleach celery, they'd know what mak's livin'



The Loquacious Conductor.

cost so much. It ain't 'cause food is harder to grow than it used to be. It's 'cause there's more people to feed and not so many people growin' it. Ridin' always did cost more money'n walkin'.

"Don't stand in the doorway! Move forward, please!

"Step lively! All aboard!

"Watch your step!"

THE UNDESIRABLE MIDDLEMEN

S. Z. Sharp

THERE always will be men who buy the products of the producer and ship and sell them to the consumer. Under the present system of traffic this seems unavoidable, but it is never necessary that these middlemen should combine and force the price of commodities to the lowest point before they buy from the producer, then force a corner in the Stock Exchange and force the price up to the highest point before they sell, as is often done with all kinds of grain. In this way the middlemen rob both the producer

and the consumer. Thomas Lawson, himself an expert manipulator in the Stock Exchange, states in the December number of Everybody's Magazine that "the high cost of living is caused by a trick worked through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange by which forty billions of dollars have been coined from the price of the people's necessities." This amount of money these middlemen withhold from the producer and extract from the consumer, a sum which is incomprehensible to the ordinary reader. For this reason we need not

wonder at the rapid growth of socialism and the great unrest among the toilers and wage earners when they see the vast display of wealth held by those who never earned it, but obtained it by trickery. All the important necessities of life, such as grain, beef, sugar, cotton, oil and lumber are controlled by middlemen, who fix the price for the consumer. The sugar trust issues monthly statements to the grocery men, setting the price at which they must sell the sugar during that month. We are in the clutches of the trusts. When the oil trust was fined twenty-nine million dollars, John D. Rockefeller declared he would never pay a cent of it, and he never did. The trusts have money enough always to evade the force of the Sherman anti-trust law. When the Supreme Court was done with the oil trust case, Mr. Rockefeller raised the price of oil and made us pay what his suit at court cost him.

In like manner when the magnates of the beef trust were indicted, and it was expected they would serve a term in the penitentiary, the Supreme Court set them free and the same day they raised the price of beef and made the public pay their court expenses. The Sherman anti-trust law seems ineffective and we never knew an instance when it lowered the price of commodities.

Many remember the recent high price of eggs, though millions of cases were held in cold storage until a bill was passed limiting the time eggs could be stored, and an immense number were forced on the market and the price went into a slump. The same was true with the butter, just because the middlemen tried to force the price upon the consumer.

It is with the perishable goods that the greatest injustice is done. B. F. Yoakum, an expert on the high cost of living, gives this example: A farmer in Oklahoma sold a car load of melons (1,050 in number) to a middleman to be shipped to St. Paul. The farmer received five cents a melon, or \$52.50, out of which he had to pay a man and team to get the melons in the car that day. The freight on that car was \$75, or about seven and one-half cents a melon. The melons in St. Paul retailed at sixty to seventy-five cents each, amounting to \$630, giving the middlemen forty-seven and a half cents a melon after the farmer and railroad company were paid. In other words, the farmer received 8.33 per cent, the railroad 11.91 and the middlemen 79.85 per cent.

A case which frequently happens came under our own observation. Grand Valley is noted for its fine quality of fruit. A fruit grower shipped peaches to St. Louis and Chicago through an association. They were extra fine Elbertas, ninety in a crate. The freight per crate was eighteen cents and the grower got fifty cents, or sixty-eight cents to the middleman. These peaches were retailed at the fruit stands at the rate of two for five cents, or \$2.25 per crate, which left \$1.57 per crate to the middlemen.

In another instance an acquaintance shipping apples placed into the box among the apples a letter addressed to the consumer stating, "I get \$1.25 for this box of apples. Let me know what you had to pay." In due time he received a letter from the purchaser stating he had to pay \$3 for this box, giving the middleman \$1.35, the railroad 35 cents and the farmer \$1.25.

SEEING THE KING

J. F. Graybill

KINGS are not as common in the United States as in some other countries. Many of the Inglenook readers could say as I could before today, "I have never had the privilege to see a king." Well, I saw the King of Sweden today.

Malmö, the principal harbor in the southern part of Sweden, was without a drydock until now. The dock was a long time in construction, but finally it was completed and the date, November 29, was announced as the day for dedicating the same. The dock shows mechanical skill, is near 1,000 feet in length, the largest in the northern

part of Europe, is a beautiful piece of work and a credit to this country. Elaborate preparations were made to have an appropriate dedication. Though we have not had sunshine a whole day for more than six weeks, the Creator saw fit to crown the occasion with a most beautiful day. The sun has been shining brightly from the time of rising, 8:30, until the time of setting, 3:30.

According to appointment, the King was invited to dedicate this piece of work to its service. The time appointed was from 9:30 to 10:30. Having never seen a king, I concluded to see the King of Sweden today if I possibly could and I succeeded. I can

only say he looks like most other men. He is a man six feet tall and can be termed slender featured, and judging by his head is about fifty-five years old. Physically he is not as much of a man as President Taft, but more of the Wilson type.

This is considered a red letter day for Malmö. The gathering was large. Many distinguished men were present. The high hats were numerous, but they are not always a true mark of distinction. The program consisted of a short speech by the King, music by the band, singing of national songs by the people and filling the dock with water, and was executed in one hour. I was anxious to hear the King's speech, but I lacked the high hat and a pass; therefore was obliged to be satisfied with seeing him as he passed by in a carriage drawn by a span of grays. The papers stated that the King declined several invitations to dinners and banquets, because he wanted to be among his people. The king who would

be loved by his people must not only associate with the few, but with as many as possible. The occasion is now a thing of the past. We have seen the dock dry with only the steamer King Gustavus V. docked in it. We have seen the gates opened and the water from the Baltic rushing in, gradually lifting the steamer from its pedestals to sea-level, ready to move out to sea. Last, but not least, we have seen the King. All was very interesting. The day is history and the King has returned to his home.

While all were anxiously awaiting the coming of the King, I was caused to reflect on the occasion of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. How royally he was received! The preparation that was made to receive the King of kings, the children crying: "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," but how different was he in nature and appearance from the King of Sweden!

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Rome, Wednesday, at noon.

Dear Children:

This morning we arose and ate early breakfast with the party and went with them to the train. They left promptly at 8:35, and we waved them off. Bro. Rowland did not seem so well. Bro. Barnhart was just a little homesick, and it was with feelings of regret that we saw them go away. Uncle Will wanted mama to go with him very much, but that was not seriously considered by her. In fact, we are only too glad that our faces are homeward and that a week from tomorrow we expect to sail.

We strolled down street, for mama gets as much satisfaction looking in show windows as in historic churches, and finally came back to our hotel. It is quiet enough here. Tourists are not in Rome. What little I learned cholera is getting less, but the scare has driven the tourists north, and but few can be seen in these parts.

We had a room costing us four francs each and changed to another more quiet and costing a half franc less. We will not take meals at the hotel, for we hope to do a little better than that. But it is a job getting something to eat in this town. Many stores are not clean and inviting, and one has enough before he begins.

Things are high in Rome, compared to farther north, and we shall be glad when we are done with expenses of traveling. We shall spend some time amidst ruins here, but you must pay for a number of things that three years ago were free. Times are changing very rapidly here. But I close.

Later.

Friday Morning, Hotel d'Allemagne,
Rome.

Dear Children:

Night before last, as well as last night, we were writing cards to every family of members in the Elgin church as far as we knew of them. If we missed any one, we do not know it. Yesterday mail came from Naples, as well as from Oyonnax, that is a little behind time. Among the letters was one from Sister Maude Judy, and we were so pleased to hear from her.

It rained night before last, lightened and thundered. In the morning it looked like it would want to rain some more, so we did not start out before eleven. We went direct to the Roman Forum; had dry, hard Italian bread, several slices of cooked ham and ten centimes of boiled chestnuts in our pockets for our lunch. Week days they charge one franc for entrance to Forum. At the gate we met the guide who showed

Bro. Bonsack and myself through three years ago. How glad I was to see him! He has had good fortune since three years ago. A small fortune has come to him and he has cleaned up and looks like a better day had hit him. He is a member of the Archaeological Society and well informed in matters here. But we had a good guide book, and we were going to take our time, and did so. We studied out every nook and corner of the whole place and read the brief history on it. We went back into Constantine's library, church and baptistry and such places, and an Italian guide gave us some serpentine and porphyry stones taken from the ruins. He was very kind to us and put us wise on a number of things which a guide never showed us. We certainly did enjoy that study. It just took two cents to get most any favor of

these fellows, and I never spent twenty cents more profitably than yesterday, getting behind where the usual crowd do not go. Then we went to the Palatine Hill and viewed the ruins of the Cæsars, the stadium and such places of interest there. But the day was well worn and a drizzling rain drove us home. Mama was so tired at the gate that I hired a carriage and we drove home. My, how it did rain!

We do not eat at our hotel. Next door is a restaurant which gives very good service very reasonable. They have an English bill of fare, and such fellows as Byron, Goethe, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, Mark Twain, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Thorwaldsen and others honored the place with their daily patronage. So you see we are not so slow even if we are cheap.

HYGIENIC VENTILATION

Lula Dowler Harris

JUST recently ventilation has been generally regarded as a necessity. To be sure most people realized the discomforts and dangers of poorly ventilated rooms but were unable to alter conditions. Congested apartments and vitiated air have been considered inseparable. Such an atmosphere is not only uncomfortable but highly injurious.

Death rates have been reduced since people have awakened to the need of ventilation and have found a solution to the problem. Schools, hospitals and prisons have all come in for their share of consideration along this line. The change is highly beneficial.

Physicians tell us that a vitiated atmosphere lowers the vitality, increases the susceptibility to and severity of disease and decreases the physical and mental working powers of the individual.

In normal atmosphere the principal gases, oxygen and nitrogen exist in almost unalterable proportions, viz., one part oxygen to four parts nitrogen. Carbonic acid gas is the result of combustion. When carbonic acid gas exists in atmosphere in excess of ten parts to 10,000 parts of air those who are forced to inhale it become drowsy and often suffer from headache. This gas is not only thrown off through the lungs, but through the pores of the skin as well. The natural method of ventilation is to open

doors and windows. This, of course, is better than breathing vitiated air, but drafts must be avoided or serious mistakes may be made along this line. A window may be raised from the bottom and a small board fit in the opening; this leaves the space between the two sashes at the center of the window for ventilation. There is no danger of drafts in this arrangement and it is admirably suited to the ventilation of bedrooms or sick-rooms. For theaters, churches, schools and hospitals a system of heating and ventilating is used. By the use of fans pure air is kept in constant circulation.

Most people obtain a fair supply of oxygen during waking hours if not confined indoors, but few get all the pure air they need at night. There used to be a saying in common use: "Night air is not healthful." Florence Nightingale said, "What other air can you breathe at night?"

I think there are many people who close their windows at night for fear of burglars. I am not one-half as much afraid of robbers as I am of vitiated air. A mother complained to me frequently about her two boys aged ten and twelve years. She said that they slept with their mouths open. She had tried every way she knew to have them breathe through the nose, but it seemed the habit acquired could not be broken. I asked her if she gave the boys plenty of fresh air?

"Well," she said, "their bedroom window is open through the day, but of course I close and lock it at night. I could not think of leaving a window open." The boys insist upon a gas-lamp burning all night and the mother humors them. Their bedroom is about ten feet square. I explained to her how much oxygen the boys and the lamp consumed and said, "It is no wonder that your children breathe with their mouths open, they are gasping for breath."

I am not sure that I convinced her that they needed more air, for she said, "I never had my windows open and I breathe through my nose." Some people think cold air is pure air. That is a great mistake. Cold, germ-laden air does not affect us as quickly as warm vitiated air, but it is no less dangerous.

I fear we do not value pure air as we should because it is free. If we had to pay for it as we do for gas and water we would probably appreciate it more.

The State Department of Health sends out a bulletin cautioning people to beware of the deadly pneumonia peril, which is particularly dangerous just now, when people begin to shut themselves indoors, and

do not properly ventilate their houses and sleeping rooms.

The bulletin says:

"Are your bedroom windows tied to the thermometer? Does every drop of a few degrees in temperature on these chilly December nights exert a corresponding influence on the windows of your sleeping-rooms?"

"To avoid a few moments of fancied discomfort in the morning have you begun to rob yourself of a sufficiency of fresh air for eight hours every night?"

"Suppose your laundress washed your clothes in the last week's wash-water, you would be very indignant, and justly so. It is equally uncleanly and vastly more dangerous to try to force your lungs to purify your blood with foul and stagnant air.

"Pneumonia with its death rate is a sure accompaniment of the winter months, not because of the lowered temperature, but because of the ill-ventilated, overheated homes and workshops. Pure air day and night is your safeguard.

"'Buy an extra blanket,' says one writer, 'nail your windows up, not down, and you will come down to breakfast with a clear head, bright eyes and ruddy cheeks.'"

THE DISCONTENTED HEIFER: A PARABLE

Paul Mohler

Part Two. The Interpretation.

COWS are queer creatures, as everybody knows. And they are likely to jump out of good rich pastures to browse among the weeds as pictured in the parable. But the strangest thing of all is that men and women do the same thing. Have you ever noticed that?

Indeed, it is not uncommon to see the exchange of place made by human beings as pictured in the parable of the cows. People who have never enjoyed the blessings of Christian nurture and training often appreciate these things as the rest of us do not. Here in Chicago when a Chinaman is converted he is the happiest man of us all. And there isn't anything good in the church that he doesn't want; he wants preaching, prayer, Bible study, freedom from the world, Christian fellowship and all. It is often true that those who come into the church from the wicked world

make our most earnest and best contented numbers. How wise and how happy they are.

At the same time, how often we see men and women who were brought up in Christian homes, guarded from evil temptations and sheltered from hardships, turn from all of this, turn away from Christ and the church in search of worldly pleasures. How do I account for it? Well, it seems to be human nature, and "human nature," Sam Jones says, "is the weakest animal in the world." At any rate it does make people act a whole lot like our foolish little cow, now doesn't it?

But I do thank God for the fact that these foolish ones are the exception and not the rule, that it does pay to bring up our children in the way that they should go. Only let that be our case, that we really give them good Christian nurture, and not cuffs and blows for training and dry admonitions for spiritual nourishment.



Florence Irene Caylor.

A HEALTHY BABY

Nooker: Hello, Baby, what's your name?

B: Florence Irene Caylor.

N: And how old are you?

B: I can start to school five years from next February. Now guess how old I am.

N: And what do you do all day?

B: Mama what do I do all day?

Mama: Just crawl around and open the cupboard doors, pull papers off the library table, and pick up and try to eat everything that happens to be on the floor.

Baby: This is my Grandma with me, she

lives in Ohio. I am always glad to have her come to see me.

N: What do you eat?

Baby: I am beginning to eat crackers and bread and butter now but up until now Mama has been attending to what I eat.

N: Can you talk?

Baby: I can say Mama and Papa, and make several other kinds of noises that papa and mama know what it means. Good-bye. I am going out and get into the cracker sack if I can get the cupboard door open.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

SERMON OUTLINES.

Christ's Divinity.. Romans 9: 5.

J. C. Flora.

Great diversity of opinion about the person of Christ. Sabellious denies the destination of the Godhead and says the whole being tabernacled in Christ. Arians represent him as the greatest of all created beings. Socinus claims that he is only human. But in every age of the church it has been believed that Christ is divine, truly the only begotten Son of God.

- I. The explicit declarations of the Divine word. Jehovah—name not only for God but also for Christ.
 1. By Isaiah. 6: 1-5.
 2. By Joel. 2: 32.
 3. By Paul. 1 Tim. 3: 16.
 4. By John. John 1: 1.
- II. From the high attributes of God which are ascribed to him.
 1. Eternity. Ex. 3: 8; Rev. 1: 8.
 2. Immutability. Heb. 3: 8.
 3. Almighty power is applied to Christ. Rev. 1: 8.
 4. Omniscience and infinite knowledge. John 2: 24.
- III. From the works which are ascribed to him.
 1. All things were created by him. John 1: 2.
 2. Works of providence and universal government.
 3. Work of salvation.
- IV. From the worship and divine honors he receives.
 1. Eastern sages worshiped him. Matt. 2: 11.
 2. Woman of Canaan and man born blind.
 3. The disciples.
 4. Devils also. Matt. 8: 28.
 5. Angels. Heb. 1: 6.
 6. Innumerable hosts in heaven. Rev. 5: 6.
- V. From the claims he made of equality with the Father.
 1. All things that the Father hath are mine. John 16: 15.
 2. Equal glory.
 3. That all men should honor the Son as they honor the Father. John 5: 23.

The Church. Acts 2: 41-47.

- I. The church—Ecclesia—called out.

1. Established for man's spiritual development.
2. And for God's glory.

II. The kingdom and the church.

1. The church began with Christ—the kingdom earlier.
2. Church confined to believers in Christ—the kingdom includes all God's children.
3. The church belongs wholly to this world, not so with the kingdom.
4. The church visible, not so with the kingdom.
5. The church has organic character, but not so with the kingdom.

III. Definition of a local church.

The church is a body of professed believers in Christ, but baptized on a creditable confession of faith in him, associated for worship, work and discipline.

1. It is Christ's household. Matt. 10: 25.
2. Salt and light of the world. Matt. 5: 13, 15.
3. Christ's flock. Matt. 26: 31.
4. Christ the vine, members the branches. John 15.

IV. When founded and who composed the early church.

1. Birth at Pentecost.
2. Number of members—3,140.
 - a. Apostles.
 - b. Previous disciples.
 - c. Converts.

V. Essential conditions of church communion.

1. Baptism.
 - a. Faith.
 - b. Repentance.
2. Apostolic doctrine.
3. Fellowship with the apostles.
4. Lord's supper.
5. Church worship.



WHAT THE BRAKEMAN OVER-HEARD.

Rev. Robert A. Bakeman.

This Parable Was Sent Out from the Baptist Parsonage at East Jaffrey, N. H., Christmas, 1911.

It was flashed by the Associated Press to all the great dailies of the world that Jesus would spend Christmas day in Jaffrey, New Hampshire. And it was further reported that Jaffrey was the only place where he

could be seen. Naturally, there arise two questions of absorbing interest—What happened in Jaffrey? and how did the people outside of Jaffrey receive this remarkable announcement? In the first place, just as soon as the news reached the town there was a meeting of all the ministers. This sounds dignified, but accuracy really demands the statement that the ministers met without appointment almost in the center of the village while each was hurrying to the home of one of the others. And they tell us that at that meeting the older brethren seemed to have forgotten entirely that there was one among them who was shaky on Regeneration and had publicly admitted his inability to associate the idea of Eternal Torment with his Heavenly Father. So much of a bombshell at the very start did the Associated Press hurl into the midst of a little village nestling peacefully at the foot of Monadnock. And then a mass meeting of all the people in all the churches was held, for the Bishop had telephoned permission to the good Father of the Roman Catholic parish that his people might unite on this occasion with the other churches in the village. Committees were formed to look after every detail. A great chorus choir from all the churches held rehearsals every night, and it is only fair to say that a kind of lofty, holy enthusiasm ran contagiously through the community; the censorious harshness that makes so many lives rasp and scrape, almost entirely vanished, and many people took advantage of the few days of grace before the coming of the Master and made a bee-line for the homes of those whom they had wronged and whom they passed each day with lip of scorn and eyes from which the lightning flashed.

And outside of Jaffrey, as the news was received in city and town, pilgrimages were arranged from every section of the country and from every country in the world. And their objective point was Jaffrey, New Hampshire. The telephone and telegraph wires were buried with messages. The Ark and the Inn were deluged with orders for accommodations. Unheard-of prices were offered for every inch of space that could by the most extravagant use of the imagination be considered a possibility as a place to lodge. Everybody who had a relative that lived within striking distance of Jaffrey was suddenly seized with an overwhelming affection for him—"they had planned to write him for a long time, anyway." And from the outside the movement had taken larger form, for there had come in from other towns and cities and from

the kings of finance tremendous contributions, with orders to spare nothing to make the background worthy of the event.

Skilled decorators were sent from the large cities and every house was decked with gorgeous colors and striking inscriptions of welcome to the King of kings. The suggestion was made and received immediate indorsement, that in this triumphal procession, instead of the palm branches, there be spread the whole distance of the line of march the finest of velvet carpeting, and so for days the main street of the village had been closed to travel and now for more than half a mile from church to church there was one vast expanse of rich softness. Christmas Sunday came, and the atmosphere of the crowded village was charged with an intensity that could scarcely be suppressed. The churches did not begin to be large enough to hold those who wished to come, and many a man who had been one of the emigrants from the churches five, ten or twenty years before for one or another of the reasons that have made so many emigrants in those twenty years, made his way back into his old pew. The evening services were not dismissed until midnight, and in the remaining hours a tired but expectant community tried in vain to sleep.

When the first tinges of gold shot through the eastern sky on Christmas morning, from every turnpike and crossroad they came—the winding procession of travelers on foot and in teams. And before the sun had really had time to adjust himself once more to the sight of his western constituents the shriek of the special trains was heard as they pulled up to the depot and emptied themselves of the swarms from the cities. With amazing quickness they lined up many deep along the whole half-mile of carpeted way. The sight was splendid. It could not have failed to have drawn forth a response of appreciation from even a luxury-sated Emperor of the Romans. Close by the station was gathered the committee that was to receive Jesus. They were easily picked out because their breasts were lighted up with badges of solid gold. There were two Cardinals of the Catholic Church who were allowed on this occasion to wear their red hats, and they held in their hands a memorial to be placed in the hands of Jesus, written by the Pope himself. There were a dozen or more of the uncrowned Bishops of the Protestant Church. The Governor and his staff and the President and his guard represented the State and the Nation. The

(Continued on Page 24.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

RECIPES.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

Prune Marmalade—Wash and soak three pounds of prunes over night. Stew until tender, using just enough water to cover. Set aside until cool enough to handle, then remove the pits. Return to fire with six large apples, pared, cored and sliced; one pound of sugar and juice of three lemons. Cook to a marmalade, stirring frequently so that the mixture may be smooth. Can at once.

Raisin Jam—Peel and slice a dozen tart apples. Put over fire with one cupful of sweet cider, five pounds of seeded raisins and one pound of sugar. Cook slowly, adding a little water from time to time to keep from burning. Stir frequently, and when very soft put through a sieve. Return to the fire until boiling hot, then bottle and seal.

Crab Apple Jelly—Cut one-half a peck of crab apples in halves and set to boil by covering them with water. When cooked strain them and boil the juice with two pounds of sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice or lemon extract, and test well until it jells.

Spiced Pumpkin—Pare and steam pumpkin until tender, then drain and press through a sieve. Measure, and to each quart add the strained juice of two lemons and one pound of granulated sugar. Cook slowly until almost as thick as marmalade. Add one-eighth teaspoonful of mace and cloves, and one-half a teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon and simmer for fifteen minutes longer.

Orange Marmalade—Peel one and one-half dozen oranges and one-half dozen lemons. Put the skins into boiling water and simmer gently until tender; remove the water, drain and chop fine. Blanch and chop one-half pound of English walnut meats. Cut the fruit into thin slices, rejecting the white part and seeds. Put into the preserving kettle as many pounds of sugar as there is fruit, add the water in which skins were cooked and boil ten minutes. Skim and add the rinds, nuts and fruit. Cook slowly for one hour. Turn into glasses and seal.

Preserved Pears—To six pounds of pears add four pounds of sugar, two coffee cups of water, the juice of two lemons, the rind

of one and a handful of whole ginger. Boil all together for twenty minutes, then put in your pears and boil till soft, which takes about a quarter of an hour. Take them out and boil your syrup a little longer, then put back your fruit and boil. Bottle while hot.

Pineapple Preserves—Pare the fruit and be sure you take out the eyes and discolored parts. Cut in slices and cut the slices in small bits, taking out the core. Weigh the fruit and put it in a pan with half as many pounds of sugar as fruit. Let it stand over night. In the morning put it over the fire and let it boil rapidly for a minute only, as cooking long discolors it. Put it in jars as directed.

Spiced Blackberries—Put six pounds of blackberries in a preserving kettle with three pounds of sugar and a pint of cider vinegar. Tie in a cheese cloth bag two teaspoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and a teaspoonful of nutmeg. Put the spices in with fruit, sugar and vinegar and let stand two hours. Place kettle over fire and cook fifteen minutes. Then remove berries by a strainer and cook juice until rather thick. Pack berries in a jar or glasses, pour syrup over them and seal tight.

Piccalilli—Slice four quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of onions, cover with salt and let stand until next day. Drain and put in a kettle. Add to it three green peppers, one quart of chopped cabbage, one cup of sugar, enough vinegar to nearly cover and a little mustard seed. Cook three minutes more, remove and pack away in stone jars.

Spiced Grapes—Cook seven pounds of sweet grapes until ready to put through a colander to remove the seeds. Add the skins to the pulp, together with three pounds of sugar, one-half cup of vinegar, a pinch of cinnamon and cloves and one cup of water. Cook for twenty minutes and bottle.

Cherry Pickles—Fill cans or bottles with large ripe cherries on the stem. Pour over them cold spiced vinegar. Mace and nutmeg may be used. Tie up in a thin cloth and boil in the vinegar. Paste paper over bottles first. Do not use for six weeks.

Mixed Cucumber Pickles—Slice four quarts of cucumbers and four quarts of green tomatoes. Pack alternate layers of small-sized cucumbers in a jar with alternate layers of green tomatoes and a few

green peppers. Pour over them a brine of salt and water, enough to cover them, and let stand until the next day. Drain, rinse in cold water and pour over them boiling spiced vinegar. Add a few roots of sliced horseradish. Put in jars and cover closely.

Mustard Pickles—Cut in slices some tomatoes, chop cabbage and cube some cucumbers and cauliflower. Add a little all-spice, cloves and black pepper, three tablespoons of ground mustard, one pound of sugar, one gallon of vinegar, the spice in a thin bag and boil in the vinegar, reserving one cupful to mix with the mustard. Take out spices, stir in mustard dissolved in vinegar. Pour this while hot over the pickles. Bottle and cork tightly.

Beet Chow-Chow—One gallon of chopped cooked beets, two quarts of chopped cabbage, one pint of grated horseradish, one pint of granulated sugar, one tablespoon of salt and black pepper to taste. Cover with vinegar and set in a cool place. This will keep a long time.

Pickled String Beans—Boil two quarts of string beans, cut in small pieces. Put in water with a little salt added. Drain and fill cans and pour over them hot spiced vinegar.

Pickled Peaches—Take three quarts of peaches, set in a strong brine two days, remove and lay in a jar. Add to them one-half gallon of vinegar, cloves, cinnamon, pepper and a little mustard seed. Boil the vinegar with the spices and pour over peaches boiling hot. Bottle at once.



THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss M. Andrews.

If you wish a neat little arrangement to clean your lamp chimneys that will cost almost nothing and will not scratch your chimneys, fasten a piece of sponge the size of your chimney to a fine stick.

Try this way of cooking macaroni, it is delicious: Take three pints of clear beef soup and put one pound of macaroni in it and boil fifteen minutes with a little salt. Then take up the macaroni which should have absorbed nearly all the liquid, and put it on a platter and sprinkle grated cheese over it thickly. Pour over this a sauce made of tomatoes well boiled, strained and seasoned with salt and pepper.

To Keep Meat Fresh—Many people are not aware that pork and beefsteak, sausages, etc., can be kept fresh for months by

frying and seasoning the same as for the table, packing down in crocks or lard cans and pouring hot lard over them to the depth of about an inch. When needed scrape off the lard and heat through. This is valuable information for farmers.

To Clean and Freshen Old Matting—Rub it with a cloth wet with salt water, being careful not to let any drops of salt water dry in the matting.

To Keep Milk—Milk may be kept indefinitely if it is heated just to the boiling point and poured immediately into glass jars and sealed.

To Disinfect the Sink, Drain and Keep It Free from Odors—Take one-fourth pound of copperas and dissolve in a gallon of water. Pour this into the sink as often as needed and it will keep it sweet.

To Preserve Oilcloths and Make Them Look New and Nice—Wash them with soft flannels and wipe perfectly dry, then drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them and rub with a dry cloth.

To Prevent Tinware from Rusting—Rub the new tin inside and out with fresh lard or butter, then place in the oven and keep hot for several hours. The heat must not be so great as to melt the solder, yet it is essential that the tin be kept very warm.

Try This Way of Sharpening Your Scissors—Take a coarse sewing needle and hold it firmly between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand, then take the scissors in your right hand and cut them smoothly and quickly from hand to point. The duller scissors can soon be sharpened in this way.

A pretty laundry bag for fine pieces of linen may be fashioned from a large damask towel. A towel with a deep fringe and blue border using a blue drawstring would be very attractive and would make a welcome gift for a girl who likes dainty things. The towel is folded in two on the wrong side, then the fringe and border are turned back on either side so that the fringe comes to the end of the fold. A casing is run across the turned back edge and the plain sides are sewed up, the border and fringe being loose. The bag is drawn up with blue strings. This is particularly nice for lingerie waists and other pieces that are to be hand laundered.

When crocheting the little medallions for bow ties, to run ribbon through, crochet the center circle over a brass ring. This gives a firm foundation which holds the work in place.

WHAT THE BRAKEMAN OVER-HEARD.

(Continued from Page 21.)

men of science, too, had their quota with their doctors' robes adorned with red and blue and green and their Phi Beta Kappa keys sufficiently in evidence. And the fraternal orders had brought their grandest potentates, who added their share to the brilliance of the scene with their plumes and uniforms. And so on down the line the great and mighty were given a place on this committee which was to receive with the honor due him, Jesus. Was it any wonder that fevered intensity was everybody's mood when the event that the world had expected from generation to generation for almost two thousand years was about to take place? Even the pure, white beast, with his trappings of beaten gold, who was to bear the Master along the carpeted way, pawed the ground with restlessness. But suddenly every form grew rigid with expectancy. From the distance the clear air brought the sound of a shrill whistle, and around the curve the train came speeding. The signal was given and heads were bared all down the line, the militia came to present, and for a moment nothing was heard but the heart-beats of men. It was as though all nature joined with every creature spontaneously in an invocation upon the scene that was about to be enacted.

And then upon the platform of the car there appeared the form of a man. A hand was raised and immediately every church bell rang out its song of frenzied joy; the thousand voices banked upon the side burst forth with: "Joy to the world, the Lord has come: Let earth receive her King." A mighty cheer swept down the line like a windstorm, but the cheer was frozen in the throats of those who stood near enough to see, for the man who stood upon the platform of the car had bleary eyes and disheveled hair and the face of a drunken sot, and as they looked he staggered down into their midst, and his feet were just about to touch the carpet of velvet when he was seized by the strong-armed guards and hurled out into the midst of the crowd, which pushed him from side to side and mocked at his embarrassment.

But now there appeared a foreigner—a weaver in the mill—and when those who lived in the village saw him they jeered again, but the leaders allowed him in silence to make his way through the crowd, taking care only that his feet did not touch the sacred carpet. And following him in quick succession came a woman from the next town,

notorious the country wide as a public property, a woman whose name was handled as carelessly as one would brush the dirt from his coat, whose face bore the unmistakable signs of her trade; and after her a convict just released, with hair still cropped close and wearing the prison-made suit and shoes to remind him of what he was—and is; and last of all there came out through the door a man with ragged clothes and face unshaven and shoes worn to the uppers. And this trio were taken in hand almost before their feet touched the ground and carried toward the little white jail—the only place the hungry man can go; for 'tis against the law for him to ask for bread. Here they could be kept safely until after Jesus had come and gone. For the shock that had come to the crowd at first had given place to wise looks and words. It was easy to see why they were there. They had come to take advantage of the crowd and ply their trade—the harlot to capitalize the passions of men; the convict to steal their possessions, and the tramp in his poverty and rags to excite their sympathy.

The officers had forced their way through the sea of scornful and indifferent faces when a little woman plainly dressed, flushed with excitement, grasped the hand of the harlot, drew her face to hers and whispered in her ear. What she said no one knows save those two and the Father who has the time and the thought to watch even the sparrow as he falls. But as she was dragged away there came over the harlot's face a smile that was not the smile of a harlot—and the same moment from the lips of the little woman came a shout, "There he is!" For as she took her place again in the crowd, in one of the windows of the car she had seen looking at her the radiant face of Jesus! But as she cried out the crowd, startled at first, quickly remembered that she was the woman who had spoken to the harlot, and they smiled the long-suffering smile that the wise and great ones have.

The bell clanged and the train pulled out with one passenger left on board. And the brakeman who was passing through heard him say: "They didn't want to see me after all. They expected some one else."

The next morning the newspapers of the world came out in black headlines:

**Tremendous Crowds Disappointed!
Thousands Stand All Christmas Day
at Jaffrey, New Hampshire, But
Jesus Fails to Appear!**

But the woman who had pressed the harlot's hand knew that the newspapers of the world were wrong.—The Public.

RECENT BOOKS

Farmers of Forty Centuries.

Prof. F. H. King, formerly Instructor of Agriculture in the University of Wisconsin, has prepared a most valuable book on farming conditions of China and Japan. He has investigated the problems of soil fertility in those countries which for forty centuries have produced the food for the dense population. The information which he brings is of great value to the Western farmer, who is every year more and more confronted with the problem of soil fertility. Prof. King has gathered many secrets from those Eastern farmers and has given them in this book in a most instructive manner. The book is not only instructive, but it is interesting and entertaining. It should be found in every farmer's library. Prof. King is authority on the subjects which he discusses.

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- II. Grave Lands of China.
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- XVI. Manchuria and Korea.
- XVII. Return to Japan.

This is Prof. King's last work, just ready for the press when his untimely death occurred in August, 1911.

Illustrations, 248; largely from photographs by the author. Pages, 441; price, \$2.50. Published by Mrs. F. H. King, Madison, Wis.

Messages for the Morning Watch.

The daily Scriptural readings which are followed by those who have read the "Morning Watch" have always been an in-

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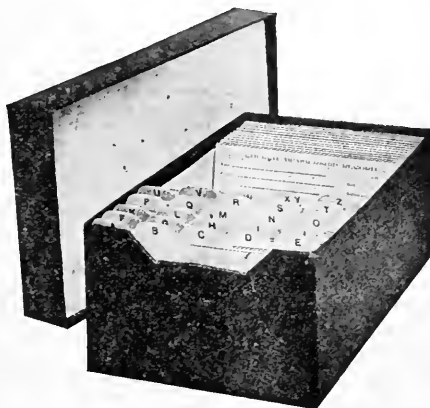
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"The donkey ate it."—Life.

"Which do you consider the most melodious Wagnerian opera?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.

"There are several I haven't heard, aren't there?" rejoined her husband.

"Yes."

"Then I guess it's one of them."—Washington Star.

"More tough luck," whispered his wife.

"Well, what now?" he muttered.

"You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's brought her music."—Detroit Free Press.

Miss Laura Gaston Young, the belle of Scanty Creek, dropt in on ye correspondent last Saturday and left us a mess of artichokes, a persimmon-fed 'possum and enough red peppers and "sweet 'taters" to "season" and "trim" the varmint. Call again, Wingless Seraph!—Memphis News-Scimitar.

THE INGLENOOK

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
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ELGIN

ILLINOIS

January 14
1913

Vol. XV
No. 2

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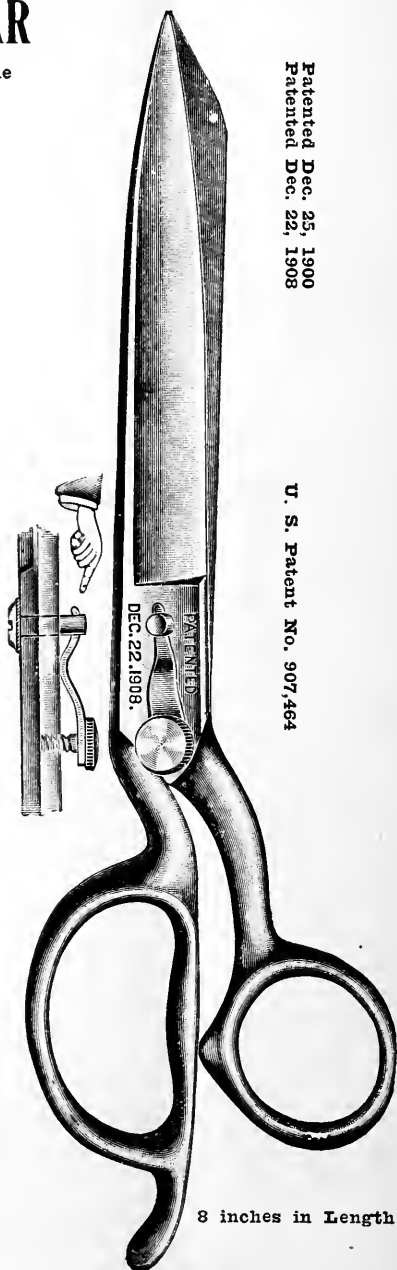
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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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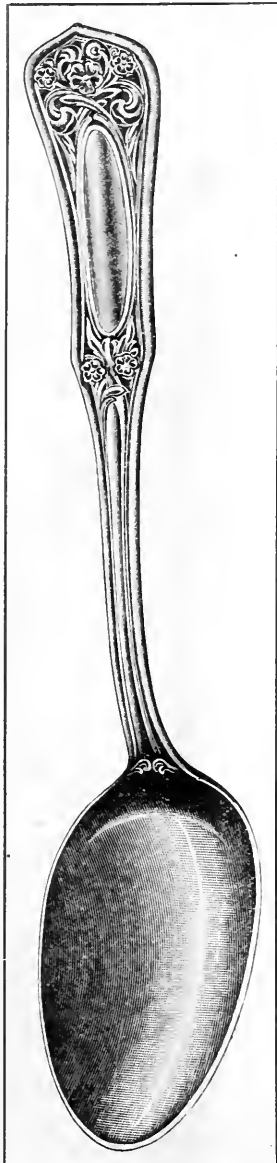
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January 14, 1913

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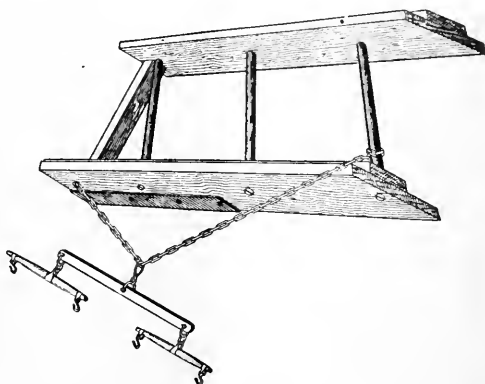
RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

How to Use the Split-Log Road Drag.

OUR notes on the road drag were delayed a week. For a discussion of the construction of the famous King split-log drag see the Ingle-nook of two weeks ago. Ordinarily the team should be hitched in such a manner that the drag will follow at an angle of 45 degrees but conditions of the road frequently require a change in the position. By referring to the illustration one can easily see how the hitch is made. An ordinary light log chain is used with the snatch to the front passing through a hole at the forward end of the cutting blade. The other end of the chain is attached to the rear round. The doubletrees, of course, will have to be fastened in some way so that the clevis will not shift along the chain, which can be done very easily by a piece of wire or small clevis run through the links of the log chain. By using a log chain the angle of the drag can be quickly changed where the road requires it. Boards should be placed on the rounds for the driver to stand on but it is best not to have a tight bottom on account of dirt working up underneath and clogging.

Now, we are ready to hitch the team to this simple road maker. Two horses are usually able to pull the drag over almost any road and where three or four are required they can be hitched abreast. The purpose of the drag is to level the road and gradually work the dirt towards the center of the track, hence the blade or ditch end is nearest the horses and the dirt, being pushed by the slabs, is worked towards the middle of the road. As any farmer knows, the longer the hitch the deeper the blade will cut into the ground and the condition of the road will determine that adjustment. Also, the driver is able to control the drag largely by moving about and placing his weight at different points as required. Just



Plank Drag.

after a light rain is a good time to use the drag when the earth is moist but not sticky. At such a time the ruts are easily filled and the road leveled for traffic. A good dragging not only fills the depressions but it also keeps down the dust. Mr. King says: "Dust on the road is due to the breaking up under traffic of the frayed and up-turned edges of ruts and hoof prints. If the surface is smoothed after each rain and the road dries hard and even, no edges are exposed to crushing and the only dust which forms is that due to actual wear of the road surface." The cost of thoroughly dragging averages about two or three dollars per mile for the year, an inconsiderable item when good or better roads may be had.

The "Good Fellows" of Chicago.

In former issues we have spoken about the "good fellows" of Chicago. This year they gave a Christmas to fifteen thousand children who otherwise would not have been remembered by Santa Claus. The movement is under the management of the Chicago Tribune but the actual work, or a large share of it, is done by volunteers.

The Tribune aims to have the volunteer givers, themselves, visit those in need and deliver the gifts personally. A list of children whose parents or friends cannot give them Christmas cheer is made up from names handed in by the United Charities, settlements, hospitals, truant and juvenile officers and other like agencies. Care was taken that only deserving names should be listed. And now comes the remarkable thing. Every child whose name was handed to the Tribune agency was supplied with Christmas gifts. But that is not all as you will soon see. When the good fellow called with the bundle of gifts which he purchased for the children whose names were given him he frequently found the family in need of many other things such as medical care, coal, food or clothing. These he supplied as his heart and purse told him. A few cases may be interesting as taken from the Tribune on Christmas morning: "The Good Fellows with their packages passed down along a long dark passageway between two houses that extended nearly from the street to the alley. Then they went up two flights of back stairs and passed over the same distance by an upper story passageway to the front of the house. They found the door locked. A knock brought a faint reply within.

"Who is it?"

"It's us with some presents for you."

"But I can't let you in because my mama locked me in when she went to work so's I couldn't get out. Are you Santa Claus?"

"Yes."

"Santa, won't you please leave my presents by the door and mama will get them when she comes in, and don't tell anyone they're there, or maybe they'll take them. And thanks awfully, Santa, and you won't be mad because I can't let you in, will you? I'll let you in when I'm grown up and don't have to have the door locked."

"All right, child. Good-bye, and merry Christmas!"

"Another case: 'Please tell me who you are that I can pray for you,' pleaded a woman who lived on Sedgwick street, as she caught the arm of the man. He had brought her little Joey and Nellie two armfuls of toys and candy and nuts. As she held the man by the sleeve Mrs. Miller was crying. In fact she had been crying almost every day for two weeks. Her husband died last spring. There was to be no 'Merry Christmas' for Nellie and Joey this year. Nellie and Joey did not know this, however, because they expected Santa Claus. That is why their mother cried whenever



For Other Children to Play With.

they whispered to each other Santa Claus day was getting nearer. Santa Claus did not visit them, but what do they care? Some one else did."

"A husband left his wife and children a few years ago. Since then the mother has made the living. There were three children to be cared for. After the Good Fellow pushed open the door and laid the armful of presents on the table the mother who was lying on the couch spoke. 'I want to thank you. I can't get up. I washed so hard this morning I'm sick. It's been a hard battle. If I only had some medicine.' Before the Good Fellow left he saw that the needs of the family were supplied. The



In a Poor Tenement Home.

presents for the children consisted of sweaters, mittens, candy, oranges and apples."

Christmas cheer to these needy and deserving families means more than one can imagine. There is much tragedy connected with Christmas. Many poor children in the tenements, especially in New York City help their mothers make doll dresses and dolls for manufacturers. That is, they make dolls for other children to play with. The illustrations are taken from a circular issued by the National Child Labor Committee who depend upon contributions or membership dues. The situation is told briefly by a writer in Collier's Weekly. She says: "It sometimes seems as if all joy were bought with others' pain. . . . It sometimes seems as if the gifts might vanish—the dolls, the Teddy bears, new frocks, and pretty collars—and in their places we should see the hunger, sickness, weariness of those who worked upon them. . . . It is not enough that we are kind and generous to those we know. We must feel for the unknown—the weak, the stupid, and the strong who are pushed down. We must know the merchandise we buy is made in decent factories, within decent hours, at decent pay. God, send soon the Christmas Day when we can hang upon our trees gifts clean of suffering."

Co-operation in Industrial Education.

Twelve of the larger factories of Hartford, Conn., have gotten together and will put to practice what many educators have advocated, part time schools and part time working in the factories. The scheme has worked successfully in Cincinnati for several years. Thus far only the brighter boys have been sent but the initial results are encouraging. The high school management and manufacturing plants coöperate in the matter. The idea is to give the boys a theoretical education in the public schools along with actual practical work in the factories. In that way they are able to earn some money while they fit themselves for better positions. The greatest difficulty is to make the course of study fit the needs of the pupils because many of them have never finished the grammar school while a few have had high school training. The factories co-operating are these: Underwood Typewriter Company, Royal Typewriter Company, Johns Pratt Company, Sterling Manufacturing Company, Henry and Wright Company, L. E. Rhoades, Taylor & Fenn, Sigourney Tool Company, Topping Brothers, Hartford Rubber Works Company, and the Pratt and Whitney Company.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Those Killed by Railroads.

According to the recently issued report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, 10,185 persons were killed by the operation of trains on steam railroads within the year ended June 30, 1912. Of this number 318, or 3.1 per cent, were passengers; 2,920, or 28.6 per cent, were employes on duty; 315, or 3.1 per cent, were employes not on duty; 1,198, or 11.9 per cent, were "others not trespassing," and 5,434, or 53.3 per cent, were trespassers.

More than half those killed, therefore, were trespassers. This classification includes all killed on railroad tracks who had no good excuse for being there, such as tramps, pedestrians, boys at play and the gatherers of coal, who are in frequent evidence wherever there is a track.

It is right to insist that the railroads shall care for the lives of their passengers and employes by every means possible, but the record of the total number killed can

be most effectively reduced by legislation keeping the public off the tracks. The record of 11.9 per cent of "others not trespassing" points also to the need of abolishing grade crossings as fast as possible. "Safety first" should mean safety for the public that crosses tracks as well as for passengers and trainmen.



Record-breaking Crop Production.

Never before in the annals of the United States has there been a year of such remarkable agricultural productivity as was 1912. So stupendous, indeed, was the earth's contribution to national wealth that the results are difficult of comprehension and emphasize more strongly than ever the fact that true prosperity springs from the soil. Not only did the output of the farms reach a new high-water mark, but the combined value of the crops likewise broke all records, in spite of substantially

lower prices on several important staples. In point of yield corn, of course, stood pre-eminent, with the harvest establishing the unparalleled figure of 3,124,746,000 bushels—worth the fabulous sum of \$1,520,454,000—while hay made the country richer to the extent of \$856,695,000. Exceeded in size only by the huge crop of the previous season, cotton represented a monetary return of approximately the same amount, and wheat contributed \$555,280,000. Notwithstanding a material decline in quotations, the production of oats was so large that the aggregate value rose above all former maximums at \$452,469,000, but both barley and rye were somewhat less valuable than in certain recent years, although the yields were unprecedented.



The Blind Senator.

Senator Gore is forty-two years old. He is serving his second term in the Senate. His term will expire March 3, 1915. Senator Gore is blind. When he was eight years old he was accidentally struck in the left eye by a stick which a companion threw down. The whole thing was an accident, the stick rebounding and striking him under part of the eyeball. Some injury to the optic nerve resulted and the sight gradually failed in that eye.

When he was eleven years old, and a page in the Mississippi Senate—he was born and brought up in that State—he bought an airgun to take home to his brother for a Christmas present. Some of the children at the hotel where he was living wanted to see it work, and naturally an eleven-year-old boy did not need to be asked twice. While he was showing it off the rod he fired kept catching in the barrel, so finally, having placed it in position, young Gore squinted down the barrel—with his good eye, of course—to see if everything was all right that time. Somehow or other, the gun went off, and so did part of his right eye. Of course the sight was destroyed.

Senator Gore has undergone several operations in Washington and elsewhere in the hope that his eyesight might be restored, but without avail. Since he was eleven years old Senator Gore has not been able to read a word. After he lost his sight he promptly decided on an education as the first necessity for life, and set about getting one. He went through the public schools, then the normal school, then the Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn. One of his earlier schoolmates accompanied him to Lebanon and read to him.

Every bit of his work was done this way. He was valedictorian of his class, and one of six graduated with highest honors.

When he left college he went to Jackson, Miss., for six months to learn to read with his fingers. In 1896 he moved to Texas, and to Oklahoma in 1901. On December 27, 1900, he was married to Miss Nina Kay, Mrs. Gore is the Senator's constant companion. She understands law and is one of the best informed women in the United States on public affairs. She is his eyesight. He has a marvelous library and Mrs. Gore is the Senator's chief reader.—The New York Sun.



The Dasheen.

The world has several times been revolutionized by a new vegetable; by the potato, as it was also by corn. The Department of Agriculture, among its other exceedingly valuable importations, gave us about four years ago the dasheen. The hotel keepers of the Southern States begin to report that this tuber is proving to be of more worth than was anticipated. One of them writes that he has placed it on the table for his guests during two winters past and that, baked or boiled, it has met the decided approval of his patrons, and with not a few it has been decided to be preferable to the Irish potato. Sufficient data are not at hand as yet to determine its comparative yield, but that it is several times greater than that of the common potato is certain. As compared with the sweet potato it not only outyields, but it is much more certain as to its harvesting. The sweet potato, a developed morning-glory, cannot be counted upon by the most skillful growers with certainty. But this we have, a third esculent that may be ranked with the two potatoes, as able to furnish a very large share of the common food of the common people. These three are not exactly rivals, but each one adds to the annual product from which the poor can draw their food. The question of high prices can be permanently attacked only by an increase of our reliable food products. The potato alone has reached abnormal prices and these are not likely ever to go back to the old level of ten years ago. From another letter: "The dasheen has the advantage of being a good keeper, and there is very little waste while preparing it for the table." The Department of Agriculture is working along the right line and will solve some of our economic problems by enlarging the list of our food products.

EDITORIALS

They That Serve Ascend the Heights.

Governor Woodrow Wilson has given very wholesome advice to young men in the following words:

This world is a spiritual undertaking; it is not a material undertaking. I don't know whether you ever read Dante's "Inferno." Dante does not hesitate to represent men as already in hell who were alive when he was writing. You don't have to wait to die; if you are intent upon going to hell you will go before you die. Just as soon as a man gets his soul sodden and saturated with selfishness, and steers with a sort of devilish cunning that looks out only for himself, then all his fair dreams are gone; then he has already plunged into the infernal regions; then he is already enjoying the society of the devil. These are plain words, but true. And by the same token you can have your own heaven while you are alive, if you would like one. You can lift the whole course of your being and go up the slopes that ascend to the heavenly places, where men look out and are blest because they unselfishly love their fellow beings, because they want to be of service to others. No man serves America by mere skill, but by a sort of consecrated skill, as if to say, "I was not born a private person, but a partner in the great American undertaking to serve the freedom of mankind."

The delightful part about the twentieth century is that its spiritual horizons are broadening. We were very far sunk in mere material undertakings in the nineteenth century, but toward the end we woke up; we began to review our course; we began to see that it had not been a sufficiently handsome century for America. And as the new century dawned we began to turn our faces more and more to the rising sun. And so America is still bent upon the mission of the morning, and everything shall be fresh and new, and every day renewed, in order that men may never cease to hope, and may always walk upon the ways of achievement.

The Other of the Wise Men.

This is one of the beautiful stories of the Other of the Wise Men who went forth to seek the Christ-King. He was the humblest of them, and knew not the way without them to guide him.

Now, at the very beginning of their pilgrimage, he stopped and turned aside to

minister to a dying man who lay beside the way. The others, impatient, left him, and continued their journey. Thus, by this kindly act, was he now alone, with none to guide him.

But he went on in the way he had chosen; and the days and the weeks were filled with deeds of mercy and charity and brotherly love to those who were in affliction and suffering or in dire need; for, although still in search of the Child-King, he left no passing duty undone.

Months passed by, and then he met the Wise Men returning, and to him they told the wondrous tale of their findings of the Christ-King, of his glory, and of all that he had missed by his stopping by the way.

Then the Other Wise Man heard a Voice that said unto him:

"Thou, too, hast served thy King. All along the way thou has remembered him. Continue thou on doing even as thou hast done, and thou wilt surely find him at the end of the journey, to remain with him for evermore."



An Altruistic Interlude.

A writer in Lippincott's gives the following incident:

The station was a small and unimportant one, but I was tired of sitting in the cars, so I got up to stretch my legs on the platform. My attention was attracted by a shabby-looking man sitting on a pile of railroad ties beside the track. His dejected appearance led me to accost him, for I have always had a penchant for encouraging the disheartened and for uplifting downtrodden humanity.

"Are you in trouble, brother?" I asked.

He lifted his head, and I saw that his expression was woebegone in the extreme, and that there were tears in his eyes.

"Trouble?" he said bitterly. "Trouble? I can't remember the time when I wasn't in trouble."

"Tell me about it," I urged. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I'm a failure. I've tried and tried, but I don't meet with any success. Other fellows with no more brains than I are making money right along, but every time I try to accomplish anything, I get it in the neck. I'm sick of it all, and I'm going to give up trying."

Though the man's coarseness grated on me, I saw that here was an opportunity to do some good in the world. I would cheer up this discouraged brother, and bid him take heart and start anew.

"Don't be downcast," I told him. "Many of our most famous men achieved success only after repeated failures. Never give up! You can succeed, I am sure, if you will only put your whole heart into it."

He shook his head dolefully. "It's no use," he sighed.

"Nonsense!" I said sharply. "Who knows?—the greatest success of your life may lie before you. You know 'the darkest hour is just before the dawn.'"

After a time, during which I waxed eloquent along these lines, the man's face lost its despondent look, and he held up his head with a new air, a braver spirit.

"I don't know but you're right," he said hopefully.

"I know I'm right," I said firmly. "Now, I want you to promise me that you will try once more. Will you promise?"

He grasped my outstretched hand, and his rather dissipated face glowed with new resolution.

"I will, boss," he said.

Just then the whistle blew, and I had to hasten back to the cars. As the train started, I called to him:

"I say, friend, what line are you in?"

"Well, boss," he replied, "I wouldn't tell it to every one, but you've been mighty square with me, so I'm not going to conceal anything from you. I'm a burglar."



Hidden Opportunities.

It is said of Mary Lyon, the Holyoke founder of deathless fame, that "she turned her sober duties inside out, and rechristened them 'Opportunities.'" In this wonderfully fine example and practice, she "being dead, yet speaketh," and we of today will do well to heed and follow.

There are some young folk particularly who are not disposed to be pleased with the outward aspect of duty. It is such an age for pleasant things that duty's appearance is far too sober to be attractive. Alack-a-day! Must nothing be done that is not pleasing? Shall soldiers fight only when they like it, and stokers in hot engineer-rooms keep fires going when the work is attractive, and then only? But there are duties that seem less imperative than these—duties about which there is not always the compulsion of necessity or authority, and we fondly imagine that the world will go on just the same whether we attend to these sober things or not. Well, perhaps so. But will we get on just the same? Will character and conduct stand the final test, whether or no?

This is such a vital matter that it is well to look into it and, in case of possibilities that will make duty less "sober," to find and use them. It has passed into an axiom that there are two sides to everything. Mary Lyon found that even girls were no exception. It pleased her to turn them inside out, and to name them after their "true inwardness" as she discovered it. In consequence, she rechristened them "opportunities." See how the sober look is brightened. Opportunity is one of the grandest, most heroic, most rewardful things in the world. Doing duty is seizing an opportunity, and by this means growing richer, stronger, happier, and more useful. The "sober face of duty" shines with new light. Churchgoing, fidelity in keeping little engagements, faithfulness in minute matters of business and friendship, caretaking in things that none notice and none approve—all such things are opportunities for character-making and for helpfulness, which are lasting treasures.



Temperament.

Time was—and that not many decades ago—when we all had temperament of one sort or another. I might have a gloomy temperament, you a genial one, our friend a phlegmatic one; and the kindest, simplest soul among us was as temperamental as his nervous and complex brother. Nowadays we apply the word to but a single class of individuals, and the test of temperament seems to be that a man shall always do the unexpected, and shall be extremely difficult to live with. And as in Attic days there were but Greeks and barbarians, today there are but the temperamental and the commonplace.

Fortunately, an overwhelming proportion of us are commonplace; for no family could, with pride and difficulty, support more than one temperamental member. It is the commonplace who bear the brunt of living, offering themselves as buffers between those favored creatures of temperament and the daily friction of family life. We must needs be tender of them, for it is of them that geniuses are made. "Be careful of Edward's feelings," is the constant warning of an anxious mother. "He has so much temperament, and is so sensitive!" And Edward continues to go about with an ill-balanced chip on his shoulder, which his brothers and sisters dare not knock off, though among themselves they are well aware that knocking about is what he needs above all else.

If every individual of temperament became a full-fledged genius, no amount of forbearance would seem too great a price to pay on the part of the payers. Unfortunately, many fall just enough short of this desired culmination to keep us in doubt all the time. And he who falls short of ripening into the genius he has for years expected to be is likely not to ripen in any direction, but to harden into a disappointed, exacting creature, needing a still larger and more devoted group of buffers to save his tender mental shins.

At the risk of even losing a few geniuses

out of the world, would it not be better to turn over all temperamental children to their commonplace brothers and sisters without reservation? Children are wise creatures, even the dullest of them. Their cruelties are, in the long run, kind. They will replace the aggressive chips upon Edward's shoulder with the burden that belongs there—that of serving as he would be served, and enduring as he would be endured. And if, with this fair play all around, he blossoms into a genius, we are only too thankful to rise up and call him blessed!

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF TURKISH HORRORS

Oran H. Namereq

THE scene opens in the little town of Tset which is set in the midst of a fertile valley. One hundred Turkish soldiers, headed by their commander, march into the town one afternoon and order the richest resident to vacate his house so that they may use it for lodging. The man hates to give up his costly home and furniture to such a set of ruffians. It is against all law and justice. But the poor Armenians have learned after many years of Turkish oppression that there is no such thing as law and justice in the land of the Crescent and the Star. Hence the man leaves his house and furniture, as well as his servants, and moves his family into the tenant shack of one of his farms. But this is not all. He must supply this detachment of soldiers with their daily rations, and they must be the very best the land affords. This also the man does without grumbling.

That evening the commander, accompanied by two of his soldiers, rapped at the door of Sarkis Aga, the next richest man in Tset. This individual came trembling to the door, and bowing low, invited the commander in and spread before him the very best of food and drink which he had. But before seating himself at the table, the commander told Sarkis that he needed five hundred dollars, and that he should supply him with that amount immediately. With this request Sarkis Aga complied without a murmur. Then the Turks sat down and commenced to gorge themselves with food and drink.

When they had drunk enough to make them feel real happy, the commander ordered that the women of the family come and dance before him. Sarkis Aga tried to excuse the women by saying that they were unwell. But the Turk pulled out his sword and threatened to slay every soul in the house if his demands were not immediately complied with. On this, the women came out of their own accord and begged Sarkis Aga to let them do as the commander demanded, so as to save their lives. So these women, both young and old, got up and forced themselves to dance before these, their oppressors.

The hour was late when the commander allowed the women to retire into their own quarters; but not until he had jested with them. Having taken a liking for Marie, the youngest one of the girls, who was very beautiful, the commander told her that she should prepare herself to go with him as his wife, when he departed from their town in three days. And to induce her to comply, he told her that as she was the prettiest one among the many wives he had taken so far, she should be their chief. With instructions that he would be back to see her the following evening the commander left.

Now this was the biggest problem that Sarkis Aga had ever confronted. To sacrifice the purity of his youngest daughter, the jewel of his family, to the lust of this fanatical heathen was impossible, and yet what was he to do? This man was the representative of the law. There was no one to appeal to. All night long the women

wept and wailed and Sarkis Aga paced the floor in a brown study.

"The nights are pregnant, who knows what may be born before the day dawns?" is one of the sayings of Armenia. And so it proved to be in this instance. Toward the dawning of the day, an idea was born in the mind of Mrs. Sarkis Aga. She conceived the plan of Marie pretending to be sick, dying and being buried, so as to avoid being dishonored by the commander. Marie knew how to go into hypnotic trances, and in that way she could feign being sick and then dying. This plan decided upon, they bathed the girl's face and hands with tea, so as to give them the pallor and waxiness of death. Then they applied ice, so as to give them the necessary coldness. They then sent word to the commander that the girl had become sick from her scare of being forced to be his wife. The commander hurried to Sarkis Aga's house, where he found a priest at the head of the girl's bed reading prayers, while a physician was in the room trying to revive the other women of the family who had fainted from their grief. This made him angry. But when he touched the girl's hand and felt its coldness, he shivered and murmured that luck was against him. Then he ordered the physician to do all he could for the dying

girl, and departed in a rage, saying he would return in the evening.

That evening, after cooling his daughter as before, Sarkis Aga sent word to the commander that the girl had died. The latter then asked when the funeral would be, and on being informed that it would be early the following morning, desisted from visiting them that night. But the following morning he came to the funeral, and followed on to the cemetery, where he saw the girl buried. On returning to the house he demanded a large sum of money from Sarkis Aga in lieu of his daughter who had died, and on getting the money he left them and the town.

On being rid of the commander, Marie was removed from the improvised grave and hurried to the seclusion of the mountains. Thus Sarkis Aga saved his daughter from the claws of the Turkish monster, but for fear of the latter learning later on of his being deceived, the unfortunate man had to sell all his possessions, leave his business and his friends, and move into distant parts to locate among strangers, where that particular Turkish commander was not likely to come, but where there were others like unto him who would perhaps conceive of some other deviltry to mar the happiness of himself and his family.

CAN A FAMILY LIVE ON \$15 A WEEK?

FIFTEEN dollars a week?" said Mrs. William Mattern, as she straightened up from the wash tub and wiped the suds from her hands with a cheery smile. "Why, of course you can live, and live well, too.

"We've got seven in our family, two of them growing boys, and one a grown man, and I manage to feed them well. We have meat once a day at least. Enjoy life? Why, of course we do. We have a piano and put money in the bank besides paying money on our house.

"No, indeed, I don't help earn the money," said Mrs. Mattern proudly. "I stay at home and do my share. I don't take in washing, but I do our own family wash. That's what this is. My husband is a railroad man and earns \$15 a week. We live on that very nicely."

Mrs. Mattern pays \$25 a month on an average for groceries and meat. The rent

comes to \$5 a month (they are paying on the installment plan and buying their own home), and they pay \$5 a month rent for their piano.

Here's the Secret of This Family.

The other \$25 goes for clothing, car fare and incidentals.

Here is Mrs. Mattern's secret of success in living on \$15 a week:

"I never throw away a thing, not even a crust of bread," she says. "I make it into French toast. Boiling beef is a good thing to buy. You can make soup out of it and then have it hot and then if there's any left have it cold, and if there's any left after that it's good for hash. For breakfast we have mush and eggs and coffee a good deal and at night we always have meat. Of course it takes close buying, but it can be done all right. Lots of folks are living on far less than that with just as big families as I have."

You Would Exist Rather Than Live on \$15 a Week, Says One.

J. B. Kerfoot, manager Johnson & Miller Clothing Co., said: "I don't see hardly how a man can support a wife, three children and himself on \$15 per week. Of course, they can do it, because it is being done, but I rather think the family exists rather than lives. The cost of living has been steadily increasing. Necessaries at present are soaring. And coupled with this, the expense of a winter's coal bill and doctor bills and the fifteen dollars per week will not go very far."

This Society Woman Estimates That One Should Have \$500 per Month.

"Live on \$15 a week? Mercy! You couldn't live. You would simply be existing."

So said Mrs. A. H. Weber, society woman, when the question was put to her. Mrs. Weber was wrapped in an expensive silk and lace morning gown as she talked. Outside her handsome new electric runabout was ready for her to take her morning spin. This new electric is fitted throughout in gray silk and its owner has several different gowns and hats especially to harmonize with the interior of her car.

"It would cost \$500 a month at least to live well and dress well," said Mrs. Weber. "Fifteen dollars a week! Of course, it could be done, but what enjoyment could they get out of life? They couldn't go to the theater, they couldn't have their hats in season. It would be one continual sordid struggle just to supply the bare necessities of living, and such a life would be merely existing."

Could Have Been Done Long Ago.

"If we were living in the times of our forefathers it might be done. People lived much more simply then. But with the present high cost of living and the different standards, \$15 a week would be an impossibility. The only way to get along on that amount would be to go back to nature and live in the wilderness in a simple little hut, and catch wild game and live on berries and nuts, etc."

"What amount would you consider it necessary for a young couple to have and make a fairly good show?" was asked.

"Five hundred a month would be a very conservative estimate," said Mrs. Weber. "Lots of people here are spending six and seven hundred a month and using up all their income. Even if they do very little entertaining it would cost \$800 to live and dress well. If a woman has a well equipped

house, say, a couple of maids and does a good deal of entertaining it will cost her not less than \$1,000 a month."

It Could Be Done, But Not So Very Handily, Is Way Kavanaugh Figures.

John Kavanaugh, head of the German Savings Bank in Des Moines, Ia., is hardly of the opinion that a man and wife and three children can enjoy an average living at the munificent salary of \$15 per. However, he admits that it can be done or to express it in a different way—a family of five may exist on that amount.

An investigation of the cost of living at present disclosed the fact that barring all delicacies, amusements and incidental expenses, a quintet may "make it" for exactly \$13.97, providing they live in a \$13 a month house, consume only a half bushel of potatoes, ten pounds of onions, twenty-four pounds of flour, two pounds of lard, two pounds of butterine, \$2 worth of meat, a dozen and a half of eggs, a dollar's worth of fruit, have a shoe expense of \$52 per year, or \$1 per week, spend \$3 per week, or \$156 per year, on clothes, pay \$52 per year doctor bills, or \$1 per week.

Street car fare, few little amusements and other necessities are not included in the itemized list, and even butter, which is soaring at the present time, is overlooked. If the head of the family and those dependent upon him join the pedestrians' squad at all times and forget all amusements they may put by \$1.03 for the future.

Banker Kavanaugh's Figures to Show How Family Might Make It.

Rent, \$13 per month or	\$ 3.00
One-half bushel potatoes,40
Ten pounds onions,20
Three heads cabbage,15
Twenty-four pounds of flour,65
Two pounds of butterine,40
Two pounds of lard,30
One and one-half dozen eggs,57
Shoes,	1.00
Clothes,	3.00
Spices,25
Meat,	2.00
Fruit,	1.00
Doctor bills,	1.00
Total,	\$13.97



"John, why don't women have the right to vote, anyhow?"

"Maria, do you really want women to have the right to vote?"

"Not on my own account, of course, but—"

"Well, that's the reason, Maria."—Chicago Tribune.

WHY WE DO NOT STAND CORRECTLY

Dr. Kellogg

I REMEMBER a little fellow whom I used to see in school, always humped over his work. I often spoke to his teacher about it and tried to correct him, but the more I expostulated the more doubled up he seemed to become. He was an animated jackknife. One day I took him across my knees, straightened him out and put him back in the seat. Presently he looked up at me and said, "Oh Doctor, I am very grateful to you. I feel so much better!" The boy could have straightened himself alone, but had stubbornly aggravated his condition and lacked the moral energy necessary to perform the task unaided.

Now, in this incident we see the real cause of crooked backs in our children. A boy does not walk straight because he does not see the importance of correct posture; he lacks sufficient self-respect to desire to be straight. The chief remedy lies in impressing the child with the importance of being upright, and of keeping upright by thinking about it a thousand times a day.

The same thing is true with men and women. When you see a man walking with an erect posture, with head up and shoulders straight, you may be sure he feels the importance of an erect body, and has sufficient dignity of character to let his mental and moral qualities reflect themselves in his manner.

Some years ago I visited Egypt and Syria, and observed that the Arab is always straight as an arrow; whether afoot or mounted on his camel he is erect and makes a splendid appearance. I asked of an American who had spent forty years in that region, "How do you account for the Arabs being so straight? Are they naturally so?" "Oh, no," he replied, "you should be down in an Arab camp about nightfall when they gather into tents, or sit in the twilight before retiring. Frequently you will hear the old Arab say, 'Sit up there Abraham; sit up; why are you doubled down like a fool?' And presently he will be saying the same thing to Isaac and Ishmael. The parents are talking to their children constantly and endeavoring to make them sit up straight."

One day I was walking along the Nile, and passed a mud hut. I saw a woman cooking dinner out of doors in front of a

hut which bore every evidence of extreme poverty. About the hut two or three children were playing, each with a tin plate or block of wood on its head. They would hop and skip, get down to the ground and rise again, and go through all manner of performances, and always with a plate or block of wood upon the head. I asked my dragoman as to the game they were playing, and he replied, "Their mother makes them keep those things on their heads to make them stand straight."

The trouble with most children lies with the fact that we do not know how to correct them. The mother says to a child, "Put your shoulders back." He does so but he is no better off than before; he feels awkward and is soon doubled over again. What we should do is to say, "Raise your chest as high as you can; way up, so. Just imagine your nose going away up, lifting you up and pulling you—pulling your chest, too." This gets the child into the proper position at once. Even adults, no matter how aged, can improve their posture by the same method. Just raise the chest up so that you can balance on your toes, with chest high, and with the hips three inches back of where they are usually carried. In this position it is a simple matter to stand on the tips of the toes, and walking becomes easy and natural.

This correct walking poise I saw illustrated in Idaho some years since. It was near midnight; a train being off the track ahead we were obliged to stop near a small mountain town. While I was pacing up and down the track I saw ahead of me an Indian with his blanket wrapped about him—a great, magnificent fellow, straight as an arrow—walking with all the poise and dignity that become a king. As we passed he never turned his head, but walked along with measured tread, like a monarch.

The same thing is true, I have observed, with all primitive peoples. It is we civilized folk who have lost respect for ourselves, who look upon our bodies as poor, miserable things of dust, to be used for what we can get out of them and then to be thrown aside; the old theological notion that the body is vile and utterly opposed to all that pertains to the spirit still prevails, in accord with the old saying that "the poor-

est souls are to be found in the dirtiest bodies."

There are many signs, however, that this attitude toward ourselves is disappearing; more attention is being paid in schools to the care of the body, to what we shall eat, drink, wear, and how we shall sleep, etc. It is, indeed, the duty of not only every

teacher but of every father and mother to instill into the mind of their boys and girls the fact that the body is the most wonderful piece of property that they shall ever possess, that it is their most important asset, and that it is theirs to preserve, to develop, and to cultivate and mold into the most perfect form.—Battle Creek Idea.

HOME HEALTH MEMORANDA

Mrs. Don L. Cash, M. D.

EVERY housewife ought to understand how to properly treat the common little ailments that arise in every household; and how to handle the accidents and injuries that will happen, especially among children; and the care of the sick room. Even in this day of nurses and doctors, emergencies often arise where it is impossible to secure a doctor for some time, and where the care of the patient or the convalescent falls entirely upon the housewife, when a nurse cannot be had. Every home, no matter how favorably situated, among the advantages of doctors and nurses, should have its medicine cabinet—equipped with the simple home remedies and medicines; a supply of fine cloths, bandages, medicated cotton and the like; little necessities not difficult to use or to understand, and whose possession may often prove itself so valuable in the household emergencies that are sure to arise.

The farm home especially should be equipped in such manner, and the mistress of the farmhouse, more than the city housewife, should acquaint herself with the simple branches of domestic medicine. Such knowledge is not intended to supersede the doctor, but merely to assist him; to enable one to properly care for a patient and to use the quickest and most effective means for his ease and comfort until the doctor arrives. The first thing to do in any case that is in the least serious is to summon the doctor. The next thing is to make the patient comfortable, and do all in your power to help his case, whatever it may be. The life of a patient is many a time decided by the skill and quickness of the one who takes charge of him before the doctor comes; often a life is lost because of the ignorance of the immediate family or those around, when one of them meets with an accident, sustains serious injury or contracts some ailment where speedy and efficient treatment is imperative.

Are you going to allow such a sad and useless thing to occur when the emergency comes? Equip the home with a well supplied medicine cabinet. Your druggist or doctor will be glad to make suggestions on supplying it properly. Familiarize yourself with the use of those medicines and emergency helps; study those simple ailments of children and grownups—accidents and injuries, cuts, strains and bruises; and their quickest effective treatment. Glean from any and every reliable source all you can regarding the value, uses and kinds of disinfectants, washes, dressings, bandages and applications. Collect a handy little library, one that will be **valuable**—not long, deep chapters of big words and technical phrases, but short, simple, sound advice, straight to the point and devised for the person who, when such advice is needed, doesn't have plenty of leisure time in which to find it. The great value and importance of such things in the home, and especially the farm home, cannot be overestimated.

Value of Cleanliness.

Health and strength cannot long be maintained unless the skin—all the skin—is bathed and cleansed frequently. Every morning is best; after which the skin should be well rubbed with a rough cloth. This is the best way of preventing cold, and a little substitute for exercise, as it causes the blood to circulate freely. Labor produces this circulation naturally. The perspiration cannot escape readily if the skin is not kept well cleansed: the pores get choked up. Keep your skin in good **breathing** order.

The Medicinal Tomato.

To some persons there is something unpleasant, not to say offensive, in the flavor of this excellent fruit. However, it is an invaluable article of diet—and of no small importance from a medical standpoint. It is especially valuable in any disturbance of the liver; it is called by leading physicians

the most effective and least harmful remedial agent known to the profession. Diarrhoea has been successfully treated with it alone. As an article of diet, it is a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Try it.

Bathing Points.

Avoid bathing directly after a meal, or when physically exhausted by fatigue or any other cause. Bathe quickly, thoroughly and avoid becoming chilled. Rub vigorously with a rough towel until the skin takes on a warm, healthy glow. A person subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, or having any heart weakness, should be careful in bathing, avoiding quick plunges into cold water, or the opposite extreme. The young and weak should never bathe on an empty stomach—for them, an hour or two after the morning meal is the best time for the bath.

Health Preservation.

The fluid of our bodies is to the solid in the proportion of 9 to 1; so a like proportion should prevail in the total amount of food taken.

Decomposing animal and vegetable matter yield various noxious gases, which enter the lungs and corrupt the blood. Everything unsanitary or in the least impure should be kept away from the home, and every care taken to secure and maintain a pure atmosphere.

Late hours and anxious pursuits exhaust

the nervous system, producing disease and premature death; therefore the hours of labor and study should be frequently alternated with exercise and play.

Man lives most healthily upon simple solids and fluids, of which a sufficient but temperate quantity should be taken. Indulgence in strong drinks, tobacco, narcotics, etc., should be avoided.

Sickroom Cookery.

Be scrupulously neat and clean in all preparations for the sickroom, and let everything be served in clean, sweet dishes and receptacles, and upon snow-white cloths.

Never allow food to remain at the patient's bedside; if he does not care to eat it when brought to him, take it away, and bring it, or something else, when wanted.

A little jelly, beef-tea, lemonade, toast and water, broth or milk should be ready to take up the instant the patient asks for it, as with invalids the desire to eat soon passes away.

Do not quite fill cups, glasses, basins. A dirty saucer or tray is a great irritant, and a soiled sheet or pillow an absolute worry to a sick person.

Let every article intended for the patient be well and carefully dressed; and remember that fat is almost always distasteful.

The smaller the quantity and the greater the variety of the food set before the patient, the more appetizing will it appear.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Hotel d'Allemagne, Rome.

Dear Children:

AFTER writing to you yesterday morning I took up letters to be answered and cards to be sent to the Elgin members, which they will likely receive before you get this.

Mama has not been well for two days. All day yesterday she stayed in. In the afternoon I went to the Vatican and spent till nearly three there; then made a hasty tour of St. Peter's and walked home. I came direct east to the bank of the Tiber and walked past a number of bridges before going across. As I walked on the banks, walled the whole way by nice masonry, I had to think of the centuries of civilization that had looked down on this

same stream. For over 2,300 years history records events along this stream at this place. I passed the famous buildings of Hadrian and his tomb, and on I walked leisurely, thinking of the past, and watching the ever interesting, dirty Italian as he passed me on the way.

During the evening I again wrote letters, for I have had many on my hands not answered. It thundered and rained a great deal during the night and this morning showed how it could rain. Mama rested very well during the night and felt better this morning. About ten the rain passed away and we started to Cook's to buy tickets for Genoa, and then stepped over to the Museum of Antiquity nearby. Here is stored any old thing that goes back, and

one sees necklaces, combs, nails, swords, jewels, pieces of Cæsar's ship, and an endless lot of old rubbish, some of which if found anywhere else than in Rome would never be kicked out of the way. It was all very interesting and showed clearly what a wonderful age was the glory of Rome. It must have been a dream of beauty and wealth then. And to think we have here only the odds and ends, for the wealth of this glory was the harvest place of churches and other buildings in Rome to get their fine material with which the people builded, and the people even burned statuary to make lime to put up their buildings. This only shows what vandalism was carried on here and of what our times have been robbed.

This afternoon we went to St. Paul's, outside the city, and studied the fine stone there. Great columns of alabaster and porphyry, wonderful, wonderful! We returned well paid, though tired. Mama is feeling well again and is thinking it is about time to go out for supper. We shall be very glad indeed when we can start home next week. Four weeks from today we expect to see our home, if not any sooner. God bless you.

Later.

Hotel d'Allemagne, Rome.

Two days have gone by without writing you, and now I will give you the records.

Sunday morning in Rome carries no significance unless you are a Catholic and must dig out at six to say mass. So we stayed in bed and rested. The morning was spent in writing and reading. I attended church at the Methodist headquarters here at 38 Firenze, while mama stayed at home. The Methodists have a college here, and this is the headquarters of the church in Italy. So I was interested in knowing a little about the situation. Well, it turned out that a Baptist preached for us. When he began I do not think that there were thirty in the room, but before he was through there were close to fifty. The service was all in English. Even Protestantism in the form of the Methodist Church takes on the airs of Catholicism about it, for on the two sides of the church were the busts of bishops of the church who had labored there in times past. The text was Psalms 8: 4. "What is man that thou visitest him?" The speaker said this was a shepherd's question, and then he went on to talk on man in creation, coronation, consideration, and visitation. Then he spoke of dominion that man had over beasts, fowls and fishes,

all of nature. But he went on to say that if David were to get out a revised edition of his psalm he would also speak of salvation. Then he illustrated his truth by telling us that God was mindful of us not because of what we now are, but what he hopes to make of us. He told of Angelo's famous Moses in a cathedral here and gave a fine description. He spoke in an allegory of walking with Jesus and Christ reforming the drunkard, and closed. I came home a better man for hearing the sermon.

In the afternoon mama and I took a stroll over the Palatine Hill because it was free. We dug into every nook and corner and it certainly was a great quest we were doing. Every one of you would have enjoyed looking into nooks and corners. We went through Flavius' house, looked at the fine marble in his dining-room, a picture of which we will bring home; through the historic Stadium, and other places upstairs, deep under ground, until we satisfied ourselves fully. We came out by way of the Forum and passed over to the Carcer Mamertinus, the traditional prison of Peter and Paul; went through this and discussed the place carefully, for Uncle Will wanted to know about it and had not seen it, and then we came home good and tired.

We would have arranged to go to Genoa this morning and be there this evening, but we concluded to stay over another day with the hope of getting some mail from home this morning. We have no word from Clyde and Bess since before they went to Mount Morris. But we must now go north without any word. A letter from Father Miller in which he makes no reference to the family at all is all that we have to go on. Perchance letters may meet us at the boat, for I have done all I could to get our mail there.

This forenoon I spent in clearing the atmosphere about our sailing. I am armed with a letter from the hotel stating that we have been here for a week and this will be evidence that we have not been south in cholera quarters. I also learned that our boat will sail, but will not touch Naples because of the quarantine.

This afternoon we spent at the Capitoline Hill, the oldest part of Rome. It was on this hill, according to tradition, that the wolf nursed the two children who founded Rome. True to the tradition, they have two wolves caged there, and also a cage with eagles. The old buildings are in use and we found some very interesting statuary and a few good paintings. Among the statuary was a marble faun, a pretty

piece of work and yet not very attractive.

At three we came home and rested, then walked up the stairs of the Piazza de Spagna to see what was up there. We wandered into a large park and historic garden. As we passed the iron gates we noted a weighing scales, and we weighed, what do you think? Mama tipped the scales at 67.5 kilos, while I run up to 92.5 kilos. Now dig up your mathematics and find out that mama weighs $148\frac{1}{2}$, while I weigh 204. That was before supper.

Well, the park we entered is a big affair in Rome called Monte Pincio. Near the entrance is a statue to the honor of Galileo, and near here he was imprisoned for three

years, because he said the earth traveled around the sun. We walked and walked and saw a fine park. Here Berlin got her idea for grandeur for Tiergarten. Here we found avenues of busts of great men from Cæsar down, all the mossheads you wanted to look at. I mean the marble heads were green with moss and still the faces were clear. It is the first time I walked among moss-covered fellows and strange, too, every one of them was a stranger to us. We stayed up there until darkness and the police encouraged us to leave. Came to our room for the evening. Tomorrow we leave for Genoa, where I will add to this letter. Good-night.

THE TURNING POINT

Ada Van Sickle Baker

WHEN the war of secession broke out there were many strange dissensions in families as to which side the parents were to take. Often the father would be a hot-headed rebel, and the mother take sides with the Union men. This was the condition of affairs in our family. We were equally divided—father and brother being secessionists, mother and myself, defending the cause of the Northerners. I often recall those days of turmoil and strife—those months during war time, when we were living in middle Tennessee, stand out most vividly before me.

When father and brother Charles joined the ranks of the Confederates, I shed bitter tears that I was a girl, and could not don the blue uniform of the Federal men; but I tried to perform my homely domestic duties to the best of my ability, though my longing to aid the beloved Northern side was so intense I could think of but little else.

The breaking out of the war had found our family in reduced circumstances, and as the long months wore on and the head of the family and stalwart son and brother were fighting for their cause, we who were left at home were soon in pitiful straits.

At last news of father's death came, and after many months of silence on the part of brother Charlie, we also mourned him as dead. Then mother and I accepted the offer of a wealthy relative, and moved to the southern part of the State to make our future home there.

One day as I stood in the front yard of my new home, I saw a party of horsemen advancing toward the house. The ground on which the house was located was on a beautiful elevated spot, and the road leading by, wound about in picturesque curves. When I first saw the men on horseback they were at a considerable distance below, and for a while a fringe of trees hid them from view. But at last as they emerged from behind a huge boulder, I eagerly looked to determine whether they wore the blue or gray uniforms. To my disappointment I saw they wore the gray, and was slowly turning toward the house when the men put spurs to their horses and amid a cloud of dust swept up to the gate. Then the leader drew rein, and politely doffing his hat, asked if they might get something to eat and rest awhile in our house.

The southerners are noted for their hospitality; and much as I objected to the cause of the men before me, the sense of duty to mankind, as taught by my parents, rose up within me; and speaking with the southern accent, which of course the northern men noticed, I bade them wait till I spoke to my mother. In a few moments I returned and told them that although provisions were scarce and of the coarsest fare in my home, they were perfectly welcome to what there was. The men gladly dismounted, and soon disposed of the frugal meal, washing it down with quantities of clear, cold water which was procured from the spring close by. Then pleading fatigue, they retired to a room where they might

rest awhile, all except the general and his staff, who closeted themselves in the parlor, which opened off my room. I was in my room at the time and caught a few words that excited my interest. Climbing onto a high chair, I could see through the glass transom over the top of the door, and softly opened it that the sound of their voices might penetrate through the opening. The general was speaking, and his words came distinctly:

"I consider we are on the right track to an easy victory. I have gained the information I desired, and tomorrow we will leave to join the forces at Murfreesboro. Tomorrow at nine o'clock one of our bravest men will arrive on horseback at a point where the creek turns, two miles east of here, with an important message; and I wish one of my men to meet him. Then in turn I have a commission for him—he is to disguise himself and join the troops west of Shelbyville, and order the train guard to be reinforced. I have learned that the guard of this supply train is deficient in numbers, and much depends on our stock of provisions."

The general then began speaking of other things, and I softly crept away. As I stepped out into the yard adjoining my room my thoughts were a perfect chaos, for a determination had come to me to thwart the general's plans in some way, but how? It would, I well knew, require bravery for a girl like myself to hold up an armed soldier, even should I be able to get to him without my mission being detected. Then, too, the man chosen to meet the soldier bearing the important message, and, in turn carrying another of great importance, would be very likely to meet the soldier the general would choose to the very minute. But owing to the excitement of the times, fear had almost ceased to exist in my mind, and I was worked up to a pitch of the most intense excitement.

So in the gray of the early morning I drew a bonnet over my curls and pocketing my trusty revolver, set out on foot for the spot where the meeting of the two Confederate soldiers was to take place.

I hid myself from view, and ere long a man with low drawn hat, riding a bay horse, came in sight. I quickly stepped in front of him and with drawn revolver ordered him to surrender his papers.

Then the revolver fell at my feet, and with outstretched arms I sprang at the horseman. A puzzled look came over the man's face as he studied my slight figure, then uptilting my sunbonnet, he saw his

own sister's face, wreathed in close-cropped curls.

Flinging himself from his horse, he clasped me in his arms, but after one burning kiss, I remembered the purpose for which I had come, and with a few words of supplication I gained the victory I so much desired; but in a different manner from the one I had anticipated. Giving the riderless horse a little cut with a whip, I sent him bounding down the road. Then tearing off my long-sleeved apron and sunbonnet, I bade my brother don them, advising him to hide in the woods near the creek until nightfall, when he could join mother and myself in safety, as the Confederate general and his men would then be gone.

At first my brother hesitated, but owing to the fact that his mind had become somewhat changed in regard to the cause for which he was fighting, it was easy to convert him into a Union man, especially when he saw the look of pleading in the eyes of the sister he loved so well, and when I returned home it was with brother's promise that he, too, would join mother and me that night.

From a thicket of bushes he watched the general come to the trysting place, where for an hour he paced restlessly up and down, every few minutes pulling out his watch to note the time, and at last he rode away in great anger because his plans had not succeeded.

For a while brother Charlie dressed in disguise in some of my clothes, and stayed with mother and me. We had begun to realize how much he cared for us, and our loyalty to the Union had become inoculated, as it were, into the life blood of his veins.

But ere long the last cannon of the terrible war of secession belched forth its deadly charge, and finally peace and order were restored to the country divided against itself.

Brother Charlie was thereupon liberated from the disguise of his sister's aprons and sunbonnets. And now, in these days of calm, a grayhaired old man leads his curly-headed grandchildren to the appointed rendezvous of olden days, and points out the place where he was held up in obedience to a girlish voice and accurately aimed revolver, held in his sister's strong young hand. But he always ends his story by saying:

"Well, I guess sister Lulu was right, and I am glad the war ended as it did—that the old flag still waves in all its glory of its undivided stars, that these stars represent a union cemented by the strong ties of

brotherly love and pleasant unity." Then in a lower tone of voice he adds:

"Seems to me the women folks are most always in the right and that's what makes

them so brave in a real crisis—just as my little sister Lulu was, when she aimed the deadly revolver at my head, and brought me to my senses double quick."

"YER MA"

Selected for the Inglenook by Lydia Dell

YOU'VE finished your course at the college, my girl,
And back to the farmhouse you've come.

It makes our old hearts swell with pride and delight,

To see our dear daughter at home.

But there's one or two things that must be understood

Before we have gone very far,

And one of these things is a serious one—
You kind o' look down on yer ma!

She hasn't much school'n', her grammar is poor;

She doesn't know much about art;

She's no great musician, her simple old songs

Just bubble, untrained, from her heart,

She's all out o' style, an' she's faded and gray,

But she loves you wherever you are,

An' I want you distinctly to understand this—

She's a pretty good woman—yer ma.

We started in life, just a boy an' a girl,

With little o' goods or o' wealth,

But hearts full of love for each other, my girl,

Good spirits, good courage, and health.

Her hair was as black as the wing of a crow,

Her eyes beamed as bright as a star,

An' I tell ye, I felt pretty proud o' my wife,
She was mighty pretty—yer ma!

Through long, busy years we labored an' strove

To pay for our little home-nest,

There was little o' money, the work it was hard,

But we was both happy an' blest,

An' whatever was doin', within or without,
She did more than her part, by far,

In featherin' the nest for the babies we loved—

A pretty smart woman—yer ma!

Sometimes bad luck came an' our crops wouldn't grow,

Or losses would fall to our share,

But ma wasn't blue, an' she didn't complain,
She never was conquered by care.

An' when I got blue, her kind, lovin' face
Above me shone as a star,

As she urged me to try, an' then try again—
A heartenin' woman—yer ma!

When you children got able to go into school,

She labored by night an' by day

To keep you all tidy, an' mended, an' clean,
An' help you along on yer way.

Each year of your college has cost us a deal,

We've worked an' we've hoarded, but ah!
She's done more than I, to get ye safe through—

The hardest has come on yer ma.

She's been a good woman, good mother,
good wife,

For many an' many a year;

She's ready to do for any in need,
At home or abroad, far or near.

In the battle of life her spirit has got
Full many a sorrow and scar,

An' you mustn't add to the troubles she's known

By bein' ashamed o' yer ma.

There's a culture of head, an' a culture o' heart,

A knowledge o' books, an' of life,

An' while ye may be a perfesser in one
In the other, ye can't touch my wife!

Don't think me fault-finder, I don't mean to be,

We're proud of ye, both of us are;
But don't ye forget, when ye're both meas-

ured up
Ye won't near come up to yer ma!

So think of it, girl, as you look at her face
So tired, an' wrinkled an' old;

Her body is bent, an' her hair it is gray,
But inside, her heart is pure gold!

An' when the day comes when we all shall account

For our lives at the Infinite's bar,
We'll be mighty lucky, I tell ye, my girl,

If we stand half a chance with yer ma
—Mrs. W. W. Symmes.



Leland Shelly Rittenhouse.

A HEALTHY BABY

I CAME to this cold world January 11, 1912, when the thermometer was 12 degrees below zero. Like all well-regulated babies, the doctor was ordered to bring me, but I beat him to it,—and maybe there wasn't some fuss around 66 Edison avenue, Elgin, Ill.,—but I was the coolest one of the crowd.

Papa and mama wished I would be a girl, so brother could have a sister. They gave me the name of Leland in honor of a young lady named "Lela." Shelly was my grandma's name before she was married and if you will look at the map of Pennsylvania you may find a town named after me. The name of Rittenhouse my Ma picked out for me about twelve years ago, and she might have done worse.

Even though I am named after a girl I want you to know I am no "sissy." I started right in to work for my living, the day after I was born, and I found it agreed with me. But you know we have child labor laws in Illinois, and after ten months I was found out and was ordered to stop working. Since then I have my food handed to me.

I have plenty of good Jersey milk and here are some of the other good things on my menu: Cream of barley, baked apple, eggs, crackers, oatmeal, puffed rice and custard.

I weighed 9 pounds at birth, 14½ pounds at 3 months, 18¾ pounds at 6 months and 22 pounds at 10 months. My papa took this picture when I was 8 months old.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Rev. J. M. Little.

No wonder the Lord loved him, the rich man who called a poor man his "good Master," a young man who knelt, a ruler who ran to kneel. There are not many such in this world. But the threefold barrier, surmounted for a moment, balked his progress finally and turned him back sorrowful.

The least of his obstacles was that he was a ruler. The supreme difficulty of the religious teachers has always been that of reaching and touching the ruling classes. They are conservative in every opinion, content with conventional morality, jealous of innovators, and suspicious of lowly born goodness. Very seldom has a ruler broken "his birth's invidious bar." In the workshops a sneer is easily withstood; a jeer is common as the hammers in every-day use. In the drawing-room a jeer is taken as notice to quit, and a sneer is the extreme penalty of the law.

If this man of birth had turned enthusiast for Jesus Christ, the Pharisees would have been robbed of their taunt, "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" They would have destroyed his happiness and threatened his life.

Nicodemus and Joseph, in the Sanhedrin, lay low and said nothing, but this youth could not have espoused a cause and held his peace. He was made of other stuff. St. John tells us that "many of the chief rulers believed on Jesus," but "did not confess him lest they should be put out of the synagog." We are left with a heightened respect for the young ruler who knelt before the Master openly and openly refused the invitation to discipleship. His riches were the chief obstacle, but this also weighed with him—he would have to renounce his position and prestige along with his wealth and fall in with fishermen, behind a plebeian, a carpenter, and a Nazarene.

It was another obstacle balking his progress that he was young. One of the glorious blunders of youth is that it expects "the millennium by express train tomorrow." "What shall I do?" he asked. Wisdom seeks to become and to be; youth wants to do. He wanted to achieve something, not to attain. "What lack I yet?" he asked next, as though he stood at an outfitter's counter, ready to lay down his cash and go

off with perfection in exchange. He seems to look for sanctification as an immediate possession. He was a young man in a hurry, ready to make a purchase, unwilling to enter upon a pursuit. For the perfection which is a long walk with God, years of discipleship to Jesus Christ, he had no place in his life-program. Jesus disappointed him by saying, "Come and follow me," as much as by his counsel to sell out and give his money away. Youth is impatient and the top of the ladder involves a heavy expenditure of time and strength and energy. Youth seeks the goal without the troublesome ascent.

If this young man could have reached the prize in a single magnificent stride he would have tried; but the long road, the tiring journeys, the uncongenial company, the degradation of poverty—all this for years, perhaps! He was daunted, yet he "went away sorrowful," for he was young.

The big obstacle was, of course, his wealth. Houses and lands and gold usually harden and deaden their owner, but this young ruler was unconscious of any hurt they had done to him. They did not dominate his mind when he said, "What shall I do?" "What lack I yet?" His soul lived and he dreamed dreams and saw visions; otherwise Jesus would not have said to him, "If thou wouldst be perfect, one thing thou lackest." Probably he was surprised to find how much he loved his wealth. The love of riches or any master-passion may sleep peacefully in a man until its position is threatened, then it wakes up and fights. It was like asking him to cut off his right hand and pluck out his right eye to invite him to face life as a penniless, homeless wanderer. After all, he was limed to his houses, his lands, and his gold, and while heart and mind soared, his feet were held fast. In his dreams he had seen "a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven," but his feet wore golden clogs and he would not slip them off and go up barefoot. "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." He rides his camel up to the needle-gate, looks through into the city, but will not dismount. So then he returns to the far country.

Jesus never seems to have said to any other, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," though he had dealings with sev-

eral rich men. But he never failed to say to rich and poor, "Take up thy cross"; "Let a man array himself"; "If thy hand or thy foot causeth thee to stumble, cut it off and cast it from thee"; "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he can not be my disciple."—Homiletic Review.



The Sound of the Horn of Plenty.

There's a glory in the autumn that the summer does not hold,
There is beauty in the forest leaf that turns from green to gold,
There is gladness in the thicket where the chipmunks are at play,
But there is no sweeter sound borne on the air, throughout the day,
Than the sound that floats up from the rustling fields of golden corn.
When the big ears hit the bang-board on a frosty autumn morn.
The hired man gets up at four, and eke is on his way
Out to the distant field while yet the eastern sky is gray,
And ere the sun is high enough to warm the chilly air,
The husker has the golden ears heaped up to the point where
They show above the wagon bed and promise him that soon
He'll have as big a load as he can shovel off at noon.
The farmer views his bursting cribs, with wonder-widened eye,
Because he knows of comforts that the golden loads will buy.
He dreams of oil tractors, when he goes to bed at night;
His wife dreams of a gas plant that will furnish heat and light;
His daughter dreams of autos that she hopes to learn to steer;
While his son has visions of the college he'll attend next year.
The autumn's full of glory. There is gladness in the air;
The corn cribs tell us that they have enough and some to spare.
The Horn of Plenty makes the sweetest sound that strikes the ear.
Its songs about Prosperity are what we like to hear.
So we listen to its music, while the farmer, husking corn,
Slams the ears against the bang-board, on a frosty autumn morn!

—Howard C. Kegley in Farm and Home.

His Philosophy.

Mebbe my philosophy
Won't suit you, but it suits me;
Mebbe you'll find fault with it,
But that won't hurt me a bit;
P'rhaps you know more than I do
'Bout this life we're passing through;
That bein' so, I may be wrong,
But I gladly step along,
Step along with song and smile
Plumb contented all the while.

My idea of bein' glad
Ain't in wishin' that I had
Something that I cannot buy,
Ain't in viewin' with a sigh
Richer people doin' things
That would strain my wallet strings;
Wishin' I could do 'em, too,
I don't care what rich folks do,
I'm contented with the way
My life's goin' every day.

My philosophy tells me
Things are as they ought to be;
If I'd really wanted wealth,
'Stead of happiness an' health
Mebbe I'd a made a pile
Jes' by pluggin' all the while;
But I liked the roses more,
'Bloomin' round my old front door;
Liked to see 'em wet with dew,
Liked the gentle skies of blue,
An' with them I spent my days
'Stead of trampin' money ways.

Knew what I was doin', too,
Knew I'd not be rich like you
If I stopped beside a stream
Where the willows bend, to dream;
Well I knew I'd never be,
Rich or famous. But to me
Fame or money never seemed
Worth the struggle, so I dreamed.
Jes' dreamed on, contented, too,
Doin' things I liked to do.

Wouldn't be no happier now
If I'd given up the plow,
Quit the country for the town
Where the smoky chimneys frown.
Quit the roses an' the skies
An' had won a yellow prize;
I'd be rich, but I'd have missed
All the joys of valleys kissed
By the sun, a gleam with dew;
I'd have missed the roses, too;
Bein' poor don't make me sad,
When I think of joys I've had.

—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Recipes (Pickles).

Green Tomato Pickles: Slice tomatoes and soak in weak brine over night. Then scald in vinegar and let stand two days. Drain off the vinegar and put on enough more to cover. Take one and one-half pounds of sugar to a gallon of pickles. Put plenty of ground spices in bags, then scald vinegar, sugar and spices, then put in the tomatoes and scald all together.

Chili Sauce: Two onions, six chopped peppers, eight ripe tomatoes, two tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, four cups of vinegar, two teaspoons of all kinds of spices and two teaspoons of mustard. Boil two hours.

Cucumber Pickles (cold): One peck of cucumbers, two gallons of vinegar, one-fourth pound of ground mustard, one-fourth pound of salt, two ounces of mustard seed, two ounces of peppercorns, one ounce of whole allspice and one ounce of whole cloves.

Pickled Onions: Take the smallest onions you can buy. Pour hot water on a few at a time and they can be peeled easily. Make a brine of salt and water, and let them stand in this three days and nights, making it fresh every morning and pouring off the old. On the fourth morning put them in fresh water and let come to the boiling point. It will add to their whiteness to put enough milk in this water to whiten it. Drain and place in a jar pouring hot vinegar over.

To Pickle Peaches or Pears: Take half a peck of peaches, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one pint of sharp vinegar. Put eight cloves into each peach. Make the syrup and boil the peaches until soft enough to put a straw through them, then take them out and put the vinegar in and boil down. Put the cinnamon and cloves in when the peaches are taken out. When boiled down pour on the peaches.

Tomato Catsup: One-half bushel of tomatoes, stew them in just sufficient water to keep them from burning, then strain; add to this eight tablespoonfuls of salt, four even teaspoonfuls of red pepper, six teaspoonfuls of allspice, six teaspoonfuls of cloves and four quarts of good cider vinegar. Boil one hour or longer if necessary,

stirring to prevent burning. Bottle tight.

Tomato Mustard: Wash and boil a quantity of tomatoes until thoroughly cooked. Wash and strain through a fine sieve. To every two quarts of tomatoes prepared in this way add two tablespoons of salt, one even teacup of sugar. Replace on stove and boil. While this liquid is boiling, add slowly one pound of ground mustard previously mixed thoroughly with good sharp vinegar to the consistency of thick cream. Boil five minutes. Stir constantly to prevent burning and lumping. Bottle and seal while hot. Let stand a week before using. Keep in a cool dry place.



For the Garden.

You can not put too much manure on the rhubarb and asparagus beds, and just as soon as the ground freezes, there should be a plentiful covering over the beds. If the manure is put on the hills of rhubarb and the stalks let to grow up through it in the spring, their size will astonish you. Carrots must be dug early, but parsnips are all the better for staying in the ground all winter. Salsify (vegetable oysters), horseradish, parsnips, and a few other root plants may be dug as needed during the winter. To have spinach early in the spring, seeds should have been sown in September, and the new growth should now be mulched and protected as soon as the ground freezes. Spinach is a very valuable spring crop, not only for market, but for home consumption.

Don't forget that bird houses are a valuable feature of gardening. The early birds may take a few of our early seedlings, but it is wise to protect these by simple means, and feed the birds in other ways. Birds will eat more insects than you can poison by spraying, and your garden will be all the better for the bird house. One of the very worst pests is the English sparrow, which, as yet, have not proven to have any vocation except destructiveness to fruits, vegetables, plants and other birds.

Gather up all the garden tools, repair them, give them a good coating of paint, and put them away for spring work. A housewife who leaves her machinery out in the weather is at once condemned; but the house-man leaves machinery costing hundreds of dollars out in the open just where

he last used it, through shiftlessness. Is it any worse for the wife to leave her little labor-savers, which only cost a few dollars, out in the sun and rain? In either case, it is "plumb" shiftlessness, extravagance and wanton waste. Better one good tool under shelter than a dozen fine ones in the open. Tools cost money, and if taken care of, are worth it. If not, better do without.



To Clean Irish Crochet Lace—Rub it with dry flour just as if you were using water, then shake out every particle of flour, brush with a stiff brush and press under a damp cloth.

Never put an old tablecloth in the rag-bag. Cut squares from the whole portions to use in place of napkins; make bibs for the little ones to use while eating. They wash easily and are a great protection to the dress; even the small pieces of linen should be rolled up to be used in case of illness or accidents.

Instead of sewing lace frills into the neck and sleeves of your gowns, stitch the lace to strips of narrow tape and baste that into the dresses. Then it can easily be taken out and laundered without the trouble of ripping out the fine stitches when sewed into the dress itself.

To Make the Morning Caps So Much in Vogue Now—Cut a circle twenty inches in diameter out of dotted muslin or any thin material, then put a three-inch hem all the way around the circle and sew lace, an inch or wider, on the outer edge of the hem. Run about twenty inches of elastic through the hem and fasten. Put a small ribbon bow on one side and you have finished. They launder easily when the elastic is removed.

When you have lace insertion that is beginning to break, try stitching a strip of net underneath. The insertion will be as strong again and the net is not noticed.



How to Cook a Husband.

Some women constantly keep their husbands in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference; others keep them in a stew by their irritating words and ways; others roast them, and some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It is not to be supposed that husbands treated in this way can be tender and good, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting a husband do not be guided

by the silvery appearance as if you were buying a mackerel, nor by the golden tints as if you wanted salmon. Do not go to the markets for them, as the best are always brought to the door. It is far better to have none unless you patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is necessary for the best. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, and the required number of buttons sewed on. Tie him in the kettle with a silken thread called love, as the one called duty is apt to be weak.

He is liable to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty about the edges. As crabs and lobsters, he is cooked while alive. If he sputters and spats, etc., do not be anxious. Many do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what the confectioners call kisses. Put in no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir gently, lest he lie too close to the kettle and become useless. Treated in this way, he will agree nicely with you and the children, and keep well unless you become careless and put him in too cold a place to cool.—Selected.



A Signaling, Anemometer.

The West and South Clare Light Railway, in western Ireland, has occasionally had its trains derailed by high winds from the Atlantic Ocean. In order to obtain timely notice of the occurrence of such winds the company has borrowed from the British Meteorological Office a pressure tube anemometer, which is installed at Quilty station in charge of the station-master. This anemometer is fitted with an electrical attachment, devised in the Meteorological Office, which gives a signal when the wind reaches a certain strength. The first signal is given for a wind velocity of 65 miles an hour; under such conditions ballast is placed on the trains to increase their stability. If the wind rises to 85 miles an hour a second signal is given, and traffic is then suspended.



Perilous Place.—"Did youse git anyt'ing?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window.

"Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust.

"Dat's hard luck," said the first; "did youse lose anyt'ing?"—Ohio State Journal.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

The Book of Alfalfa.

The appearance of F. D. Coburn's first and smaller book entitled "Alfalfa" a few years since amounted to a revelation to farmers throughout the country, and the increasing demand for still more complete information on the subject induced the author to prepare also the present much larger volume, which is, by far, the most authoritative, complete and valuable work on this wonderful forage crop ever published.

One of the most important movements which have occurred in American agriculture is the general introduction of alfalfa as a hay and pasture crop. While formerly it was considered that alfalfa could be grown profitably only in the irrigation sections of the country, the acreage devoted to this crop is rapidly increasing everywhere. Recent experiments have shown that alfalfa has a much wider usefulness than has hitherto been supposed, and good crops are now grown in almost every State, Kansas leading with about one million acres. No other forage plant has ever been introduced and successfully cultivated in the United States that possessed the general excellence of alfalfa.

Known in the Old World hundreds of years before Christ, its introduction into North America occurred only during the last century, yet it is probably receiving more attention than any other crop. When once well established it continues to produce good yields for an indefinite number of years. The author thoroughly believes in alfalfa; he believes in it for the big farmer as a profit bringer in the form of hay, or condensed into beef, pork, mutton or products of the cow; but he has a still more abiding faith in it as a mainstay of the small farmer for feed for all his live stock, for the dairyman and for maintaining the fertility of the soil.

The treatment of the whole subject is in the author's usual clear and admirable style, as will be seen from the following condensed table of contents:

- I. History, Description, Varieties and Habits.
- II. Universality of Alfalfa.
- III. Yields, and Comparisons with Other Crops.
- IV. Seed and Seed Selections.
- V. Soil and Seeding.

- VI. Cultivation.
- VII. Harvesting.
- VIII. Storing.
- IX. Pasturing and Soiling.
- X. Alfalfa as a Feed Stuff.
- XI. Alfalfa in Beef-Making.
- XII. Alfalfa and the Dairy.
- XIII. Alfalfa for Swine.
- XIV. Alfalfa for Horses and Mules.
- XV. Alfalfa and Sheep-Raising.
- XVI. Alfalfa and Bees.
- XVII. Alfalfa and Poultry.
- XVIII. Alfalfa Food Preparations.
- XIX. Alfalfa for Town and City.
- XX. Alfalfa in Crop Rotation.
- XXI. Nitro-Culture.
- XXII. Alfalfa as a Commercial Factor.
- XXIII. The Enemies of Alfalfa.
- XXIV. Difficulties and Discouragements.
- XXV. Miscellaneous.
- XXVI. Alfalfa in Different States.

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BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."

"Well, then Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor aloive."—Philadelphia Record.



Voice (over 'phone)—"Oh, doctor, our baby has swallowed a coffee-spoon. Come quickly."

M. D.—"Don't worry. He will live until I get there."—Life.



Father—"Do you think you can support my daughter in better style than that to which she has been accustomed?"

Suitor—"Privately, and between you and me, sir, I believe Mabel's idea that I can is one of the reasons why she is leaving home."—St. Louis Republic.

The bank, in consequence of a farmer's failure, had to finance a large farm, and last spring the man they had put in charge of it wired to the London manager of the bank: "Lambing begins next month. If drought continues will result in total loss."

"Postpone lambing till further orders," wired back the resourceful London manager.—London Opinion.



First Excited R. R. Official—"Heard the news?"

Second Same Thing—"Oh, not so bad. Only five killed—two of 'em brakemen."

First—"But, my heavens, didn't you know that along with that vaudeville baggage we were carrying Jungleo, the \$200,000 trained baboon? The wreck drove him crazy, and the owner's getting ready to sue the road for his full value."—Puck.



"Are you interested in contemporary history?"

"Not much. I am more interested in what is going on now."—Baltimore American.



A guild of god-parents to save children from incongruous names is being suggested. The late Canon Bardsley, author of a book on English names, told the story of what was probably the most idiotic name ever bestowed upon an unfortunate infant. A woman had her son baptized What, for no other reason than to cause amusement in future years when, being asked his name, he should reply, "What."—London Chronicle.



Chicago has a school for brides. If it guarantees every graduate a position it is bound to become the most popular institution of learning in the country.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"The codfish," said the professor, "lays more than a million eggs."

"It's mighty lucky for the codfish that he doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said a student who came from a farm.—Indianapolis Journal.



"Pa, what is a rara avis?"

"A Democrat, my son, who doesn't think e's going to get some sort of job soon."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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A Richmond ducky called upon an old friend, who received him in a rocking-chair, says Lippincott's. The visitor at once observed not only that his host did not rise, but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way, similar to that of a person suffering from colic.

"You ain't sick, is yo', Harrison," asked the caller anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

A moment's silence, during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure. "Den," continued Mose, "why in goodness does yo' rock yo'self dat away all de time?"

Harrison paused not in his oscillations as he explained: "Yo' know dat good-fur-nothin' Bill Blotts? Well, he done sold me a silver watch fo' five dollahs, an' ef I stops movin' like dis, dat watch don't go!"

The evening callers were chatting gaily with the Kinterbys when a patter of little feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinterby raised her hand, warning the others to silence.

"Hush!" she said softly. "The children are going to deliver their 'good-night' message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willy found a bedbug!"—Everybody's.

Aunt Dorothy—"How many commandments are there?"

Johnny (glibly)—"Ten."

Aunt Dorothy—"And now suppose you were to break one of them?"

Johnny (tentatively)—"Then there'd be nine."—Christian Register.

THE INGLENOOK

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

January 21
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Vol. XV
No. 3

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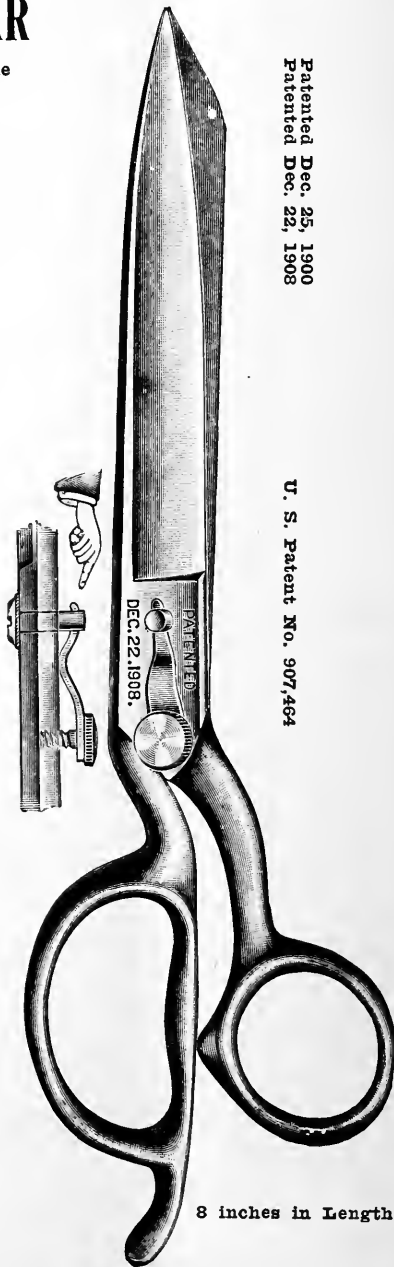
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EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 3

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

M. Fogelsonger



Toll Gate Hill, Shippensburg, Pa.

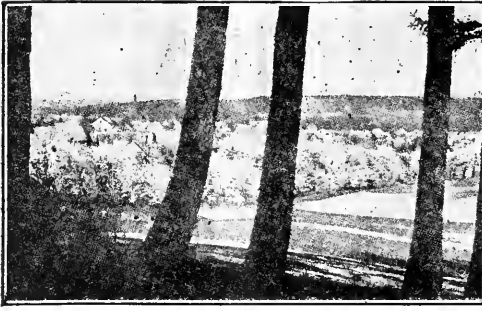
Fruit Trees Along the Roadside.

THINGS are accomplished in the "old country" which we in America have not the patience to do, and it is a question frequently whether this impatience is a virtue or failing. An article in a current number of the Country Gentleman by Robert Shackleton illustrates a unique method of meeting road expenses. The writer discusses the planting of fruit trees along public highways as practiced in some parts of Germany for the dual purpose of beautifying the roadside and furnishing an income for maintenance of the roads. "In one part of Germany, Bavaria, the system has been in operation for over a hundred years; and in another part, Saxony, where it has also for many years been in force, each of the public fruit trees has been numbered. In Bavaria the money received for the fruit goes to the general state fund, but in most other parts of Germany, including Hanover, the amounts received are devoted to that most natural and logical purpose, the upkeep of the country roads themselves, which are almost everywhere macadamized or paved." The system began in Hanover in the year 1866 and now there are nearly 200,000 trees along the roadside and several

thousand are put in every year. Most of them are winter apples; but plums, cherries and pears are also planted in large numbers. It is said that the cherry trees are a most beautiful picture along the roadside in the spring of the year when they are in bloom. The writer tells of a little village near Hildesheim which is partially enclosed by a cherry bordered highway. From the illustration you can imagine the beauty of the village nestled among the trees, especially when the blossoms are out. Many think that in Japan is the only place where people really enjoy fruit blossoms but the Germans are appreciative also. When the trees are in full bloom they bring their small tables out under them and eat, drink, and enjoy themselves as only Germans know how. The Wegemeister or road master has charge of the road and fruit trees. He and his assistants keep the roads in proper condition, prune, spray, and care for the trees, and harvest the fruit. And now you wonder how the fruit is marketed. Mr. Shackleton tells us that it is sold at public auction, mostly to the farmers who would rather buy fruit than raise it themselves. The proceeds are applied to the road fund. The gross yearly revenue from the Hanover trees was 158,816 marks according to the



One of the Fruit Bordered Roads of Hanover



A German Villa, Surrounded by Cherry Trees in Blossom.

last report, and the net income was 90,520 marks or nearly \$23,000 in our money. That is not a very large income when one considers the large number of trees, but as the writer says the total number of trees includes those too young to bear and those which are about past their age of usefulness. Possibly by a better system of management the revenue could be increased. But we have mentioned only one phase of the system. The beauty and attractiveness which is added to the country are worth something to the lives of the citizens. And all this beauty and pleasure is enjoyed by the people without extra expense. Why not make as much out of life as possible? Mr. Shackleton says that the government fruit does not interfere with private orchards. Many farmers would rather buy the government fruit than go to the trouble of growing it themselves. Little of it is shipped to the city. Fruit men naturally ask the question whether fruit trees can be grown successfully along the roadside where there is always a thick sod. "The roads are well rounded to the centers and bordered by grass—which, by the way, is also sold by the state. And to every tree a channel is kept clear, with the grass kept out of it, for the road drainage to find its way to the base of the tree; and round each base there is a space, perhaps three feet on each side, likewise kept free of grass, where the drainage water will soak in."

The planting of trees along the roadside could be given a trial by individuals in this country and there is no reason why trees should not do as well here as in Germany. Tall trees such as the locust and walnut are frequently mutilated by telephone companies but fruit trees could be kept pruned low so as not to interfere with the wires.

The Beginning of Road-Making in the United States.

The first and last demand of civilization is good roads. Our social well-being demands a good road now and the same was true of the early settlers.

The first road law enacted in America was passed by the House of Burgesses of Virginia in the year 1632 but the measure provided for no definite system of road-making. In 1662 a better law was passed and provision was made for the establishment of public highways. Surveyors were appointed to do the work. First a good road was made to the church, then to the courthouse and finally to the less important points. It is a question whether the church receives the same consideration nowadays. The roads were 40 feet wide and were constructed by laborers under the employ of the surveyor. They had a very peculiar way of compelling a laborer to do an honest day's work in those days. I suppose that they tried to "beat the government" in much the same manner as farmers frequently do now. You know, in the Middle West and West where sand and gravel are hauled on the roads it is a big temptation for the farmer to haul a short yard. The Virginians had to deal with such persons. They were reported to the county authorities who in turn reported the matter to the church officials. The church wardens of the parish had charge of such cases.

Road building began in Maryland at about the same time. The first road in New England was the old Plymouth road or the Coast Path as it was sometimes called, which was established in the year 1639. In 1653 the "Kennebunk Road by the Sea" was begun. The following is a section of the road law that was in force in Pennsylvania until 1664: "The highways to be cleared as followeth, viz., the way to be made clear of standing and lying trees, at least ten feet broad; all stumps and shrubs to be cut close by the ground. The trees marked yearly on both sides—sufficient bridges to be made and kept over marshy, swampy and difficult dirty places, and whatever else be thought more necessary about the highways aforesaid." Under the administration of William Penn the control of the roads passed over to the county authorities. Road making in the South was about a century later. South Carolina passed a road law in 1682 but nothing was done for about fifty years. Space does not permit us to tell about the turnpikes in the early part of the nineteenth century. We remember an old turnpike in Cumber-

land County, Pennsylvania, which was financed by a private corporation, and a toll charged for its upkeep. At certain intervals toll gates were built as the one in the illustration. The keeper lived in the house and received a share of the toll, in many cases, as a salary. The pole was kept lowered until the driver paid his toll and then he was allowed to pass on. If we remember correctly the toll was two cents a mile. Farmers living along the pikes were given the privilege of paying a stated sum yearly instead of mile tolls.

A Proposed Law in Illinois.

At the last session of the State legislature of Illinois a good roads committee was appointed known as the Tice committee. On Dec. 31 they completed their investigations and have formulated a bill which will be presented to the next assembly. Some of the important recommendations of the committee are: Creation of a State highway department, the executive to be appointed by the Governor.

Appointment of highway engineers.

State to have full control in the construction of all roads and bridges build by State aid.

A uniform system of roadmaking.

Road taxes to be paid in cash.

The election of one road commissioner in each township.

If found to be expedient, the employment of State convicts in road making.

All automobile license fees and fines to be paid to the highway commissioner.

The sentiment for better road laws is growing in many States. The old system of having the land owners work out their road taxes, differently and indifferently has had its trial. And since labor is so hard to get on the farm many farmers would rather pay their taxes in cash and spend the time caring for their farm work. Expert road makers under proper supervision, it is claimed, will make better roads than individuals working a few days a year.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Wire Wheels.

Despite the fact that the automobile undoubtedly has reached a noteworthy plane of efficiency and dependability there can be little reason to suspect that finality of design has been reached. There are few manufacturers who have not something new to offer either in the way of equipment or design that has been slightly altered still further to increase efficiency and to reduce the small amount of physical labor necessary in the operation of any car. More than ordinarily prominent among the changes which will be evident in the car of 1913, and which can be listed under the heading "tendency in design," is the widespread movement in favor of wire wheels. Already more than a score of manufacturers have specified wire wheels as optional equipment and three or four have taken the bull by the horns, in a manner of speaking, and have specified wire wheels as standard equipment with wooden artillery wheels optional.



A Year of Historic Events.

The year 1912 will be notable in history for its considerable number of events and movements that will stand on the records

as having permanent importance. It is true that there is no standard by which to judge of the historical significance of any contemporary happening. Yet there are certain classes of events that in the retrospect have been found to have great importance; and it is reasonable to believe that things of a like nature will continue to have prominence in the pages of history. Such events are foreign and domestic wars; changes in laws and government; social and economic changes of a kind that affect great masses of people. It is generally agreed that war is deplorable, and that peace among men of all nations is to be supremely desired. But there is divergence of opinion, among those who love peace, as to the best way to secure it. Furthermore, there is wide difference as to the justification of war in a particular instance. Thus in Europe and America there are many people of high character who have felt the keenest sympathy with the Balkan states in their recent war against Turkey, and who have rejoiced in every victory of the allies against the armies of the Sultan. There have been many other good people, especially among the adherents of peace societies, who have looked with abhorrence upon the conduct of Bul-

garia and Servia in resorting to arms, and have regarded the aims and ambitions of these small States as indefensible. Either one of these opposing views can be stated intelligently and in convincing terms.



The Sanity of Farmers' Wives.

It has been the fashion to say that farm life was so burdensome and so lacking in social relief that the farm wives were crowding our insane asylums. We have recent reports from two of these asylums, one at Binghamton, New York, and the other from Orange County, and here are the figures. Between January first, 1903, and April first, 1910, out of five hundred and forty-three patients fifty-five per cent came from three large towns and less than forty-five per cent from all the villages and hamlets and farm sections together. Out of a total of sixty-four committed for delirium tremens there were two farmers and two farm laborers. Dr. Woodman says that the pathetic accounts concerning farmers' wives driven by hard life to insanity or suicide are imaginary. Only two farmers' wives are found in a group of thirty-seven, and in both of these cases farming had been given up some time previous, and the women with their families were living in villages. We hardly need to record the fact that farm life at the present time has less of isolation and less of unrelieved labor than any town or city occupation. The free mail delivery and the rural telephone unite to brighten the most hidden homestead, and to bring into social relations the most scattered populations. Our farmers buy and sell by telephone; and our farmers' wives visit by telephone. The country is lonesome only to those who do not know anything about vegetable life or animal life, and this can easily be acquired by mothers and daughters. The herd instinct belongs only to the very cheapest class of untrained minds.—The Independent.



Woodrow Wilson's Tribute to Business Men.

Woodrow Wilson has written for the January issue of the *World's Work* an article entitled "The New Freedom." Referring to the problem of corporations, he says:

"What we have to discuss is not wrongs which individuals intentionally do—for I do not believe there are a great many of those—but the wrongs of the system. I want to record my protest against any discussion of this matter which would seem

to indicate that there are bodies of our fellow citizens who are trying to grind us down and do us injustice. There are some men of that sort. I don't know how they sleep o' nights, but there are men of that kind. Thank God, they are not numerous.

"When I hear judges reason upon the analogy of relationships that used to exist between workmen and their employers a generation ago, I wonder if they have not opened their eyes to the modern world. You know we have a right to expect that judges will have their eyes open, even though the law they administer has not awakened.

"Since I entered politics I have chiefly had men's views confided to me privately. Some of the biggest men in the United States, in the field of commerce and manufacture, are afraid of somebody; are afraid of something.

"American industry is not free as once it was free; American enterprise is not free; the man with only a little capital is finding it harder to get into the field, more and more impossible to compete with the big fellow. Why?—Because the laws of this country do not prevent the strong from crushing the weak. That is the reason, and because the strong have crushed the weak, the strong dominate the industry and the economic life of this country.

"There is a great deal that needs reconstruction in the United States. I should like to take a census of the business men—I mean the rank and file of the business men—as to whether they think that business conditions in this country, or rather whether the organization of business in this country is satisfactory or not.

"I know what they would say if they dared. If they could vote secretly they would vote overwhelmingly that the present organization of business was meant for the big fellows and was not meant for the little fellows.

"What this country needs above everything else is a body of laws which will look after the men who are on the make rather than the men who are already made. Because the men who already are made are not going to live indefinitely, and they are not always kind enough to leave sons as able and honest as they are.

"Our government has been for the past few years under the control of heads of great allied corporations with special interests," he says. "It has not controlled these interests and assigned them to a proper place in the whole system of business; it has submitted itself to their control."

EDITORIALS

The Annual Catalog.

The Annual Catalog of the Brethren Publishing House is now ready for mailing, and may be secured free of charge by sending a request to the House. The new catalog contains a list of the books and merchandise handled by the House.



Foreign Trade in 1912 Beat Record.

The year 1912 will go into history as one of great prosperity, notwithstanding the depressing effects of the Presidential election and the long pre-convention campaign. The year went out with a regular boom in nearly all lines of trade; it was notable especially for the vast increase in exports. We sent abroad a total of \$2,400,000,000 worth of goods, or an increase of 14 per cent over the banner year 1911. And we imported goods to the value of \$1,800,000,000, or an increase of about the same per cent.

Exports of grain, cotton, rubber and leather showed a marked gain. The "balance of trade," as it is called, or excess of exports over imports, was about \$600,000,000 in our favor, which was the greatest in our history with the exception of the years 1900 and 1908. Bank clearings, railroad earnings, postal receipts and other items which are regarded as sure indexes of trade conditions all show unusual prosperity. The railroads do not seem to be afraid of any panic ahead, but are investing heavily for new rails, rolling-stock, etc., in order to provide for the still larger volume of commerce which is expected.

There is some anxiety felt lest there shall be a falling off in our trade with Russia. Our trade treaty with that country went out of effect with the close of the year. Treaty relations with Russia were broken off at the instance of Congress, in revenge for Russia's having ill-treated American Jews who went back there. This is the first time in eighty years that this country has been without a treaty of trade and amity with any leading power. It is believed, however, that our trade will not suffer greatly, and it is hoped that another treaty may be arranged before many months.



Prayer Rules Life.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in addressing a large audience of the Y. M. C. A., told of his faith in prayer and of how, when he

faced the crisis of his life and his happiness and usefulness to the world depended upon the decision, he prayed to God for four years night and morning to guide him in the right path.

Suddenly one morning before the sun was up and dawn had broken he arose from his bed and lighted a lamp, and then he said the path of his life was as clear to him as though there were a sign pointing which was the right road to take. He took his pen and paper and immediately committed himself, in writing, to the life he had led. What the crisis was or how he committed himself he did not say.

"No man can prove to me that there is nothing in prayers after my experience," said Mr. Rockefeller. "God answered me. There is not a man present whom he won't answer if he asks sincerely.

"Don't look for an easy answer or an easy job. Don't mind if the hands get soiled. Don't look around for a job that just suits you. Take the first job that comes along. I have with me today a Bible I treasure above all else, because my mother gave it to me thirty years ago. I prize the book, because it tells me that night and morning my mother is praying for her boy. I think I've got the best mother in the world. Every man here thinks he has the best in the world, too.

"The old year is dead. No doubt it contains some records that we would like to tear out, but we can't do it now. The new year is here, with every page clean and white. You will begin a new record. Men, shall we write a clean, strong, manly record? Have we the courage to do it? There can be no shirking in answering this young man's question."



The Country Boy's Creed.

Perhaps the country boy of the future may in spirit proclaim Edwin Osgood Grover's Country Boy's creed: "I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out-of-doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life for man. I believe that work is work wherever we find it, but that work with Nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do but on how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in town; that my success depends not upon my location but upon myself—

not upon my dreams but upon what I actually do—not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life."

Germany's Emperor Farmer.

The German emperor has just bought two sheep farms in German Southwest Africa for £4,800. The export of wool is at present small, but it is believed that in the course of time this will become a valuable source of income to the colonists, and the kaiser desires to encourage this branch of colonial activity. In choosing the farms his majesty acted on the advice of Herr Heckel, a gentleman attached to the imperial court, who is visiting his brother's ranch near Windhoek.

In acquiring two farms in South Africa the German emperor is finding a further outlet for those business qualities which, had he been born to commerce instead of to a throne, would have assuredly won for the kaiser a high position among merchant princes. It may not be generally known that his majesty is already the owner of a porcelain and tile factory at Cadinen, in East Prussia. This commercial venture has proved very successful, owing to the kaiser's active participation in the management. No detail has proved too insignificant for him to master, and the emperor is not above recommending personally his own wares and finding new markets for the Cadinen products. These wares are on sale at a shop in Berlin called "The Royal Hohenzollern Stores," and at one time it was his majesty's custom to pay visits of inspection to houses and buildings where the Cadinen tiles had been used.

The emperor is a keen agriculturist, and all the latest practical developments of this important science find illustrations on the farms which form an important part of the royal estates in Silesia. His majesty is also financially interested in the Hamburg-American line, and almost invariably attends the launching of new liners from the Vulcan yard. One of these, the *Imperator*, is to take the water this month, and the German emperor has again signified his intention of being present.

The Problem of the Newlyweds.

Mr. W. H. Slingerland, in the *Child*, made the following fitting remarks:

The Newlyweds of 1912 are cynically represented as seriously discussing this mo-

mentous question: "Shall we raise a family or buy a motor?" and are quickly deciding upon the latter, because to have children is old-fashioned, while to possess a motor car is truly up-to-date and right in style! One can almost agree with Cosmo Hamilton, the English author, that the great need in America today is an apostle of marriage, children and the home. He says we are glorifying old maids and old bachelors, raving about "individualism," which is only another name for unrestrained selfishness, craftily seeking the elusive dollar, sordidly devoted to business, and with mental aptitudes only for material prosperity. The realms of highest thought are untraveled, the gamut of the emotions unknown, while the sweetness of family life and the virtues and sanctities of religion are left behind in the race for pleasure or swallowed up in the maelstrom of self-indulgence. It is a hard and bitter arraignment, but too well based in truth to be arrogantly denied. The newlyweds, and the longer-weds would do well to choose children in the home rather than motor cars in the garage, if they cannot properly have both; fewer fine clothes and big parties, and more real family life, including intimate companionship of husband and wife; less broken homes and divorces, because of more expressed affection and mutual forbearance; and less of sliding down pleasure hill to certain financial and moral ruin, and more of steady climbing toward honorable success and an eternal heaven. If this be treason to the "modern idea," make the most of it.

Consider These Items Before You Buy a Farm.

An instructive article entitled "Judicious Farm-Selection" appears in the current issue of *Farm and Fireside*.

"Having decided on a district that is adapted to the line of farming that he wishes to pursue and having informed himself regarding the quality and resources of the community, the farm-hunter may fittingly begin his search for a farm. If possible, it is preferable to see a place both in the spring and fall before purchasing it. It is well to look over the farm from all viewpoints and to visit it alone if it is possible to 'shake' the real-estate salesman or the farm-owner. The prospective purchaser should study the drainage conditions, both natural and artificial. He should know the number of live stock the place will support, the crop yields of each field for a series of years, the amounts to feed annually bought

and raised for the stock, the distance to town, creameries, grain-elevators and canning-factories.

"A study of the express, freight and passenger rates to marketing and purchasing centers is essential, as well as complete knowledge regarding the local rural delivery, telephone and telegraph service, banking facilities, the presence or absence of co-operative buying and selling associations, the frequency of severe storms, droughts, frosts and forest fires, and the chief agricultural occupation of the district.

"Whatever you do, Mr. Farm-Hunter, don't tie up all your capital in paying for the place and have no reserve for running expenses. At best it will be several years before the farm is returning much of a revenue to you, so apportion off a generous amount of your available funds for working capital and for rainy-day emergencies. Then you will be in tiptop shape to begin operations, and you will not have to worry over where tomorrow's dinner for the family is coming from. Play the game safely and rather buy a smaller farm than to involve your all in the land and equipment and perhaps go hungry for many days and ultimately lose your farm because you 'bit off' too big a chunk."

Impatient Youth, Stand-Pat Middle Age, and Reminiscent Old Age.

In the January Woman's Home Companion

ion appears a New Year's talk in which people are urged to live in the present and to enjoy the present. Three letters are reproduced in the article—the first from a young woman, the second from a middle-aged woman and the third from an old lady. The girl of twenty years writes:

"I've just got to endure the conditions now and stay here in this stuffy little town; but some day I am going to shake the dust of it from my feet and go to a big city and make something of myself."

The middle-aged woman writes:

"There is no use trying to get my children to see things differently. I guess if I wasn't their mother they wouldn't even respect me. They think I'm old-fogy. Maybe I am, but I just tell you this—I am going to stay so. I don't approve of new fandangles, and I never shall. I don't know what the world is coming to."

The old lady writes from an old ladies' home:

"If I could only get away from here! The old ladies quarrel among themselves and are a fearfully selfish lot. I used to have such a different life. Why, I had a Sunday-school class of twenty-three girls, and they all loved me, and I used to help them to be good and sweet and happy. I know I did; they used to tell me so. We had beautiful times together. It seemed then as though I was doing something worth while, and now here I am, useless and without a chance to do any of the worth-while things."

SYSTEMIC EFFECT OF ALCOHOL USED AS A BEVERAGE

L. H. Pate, M. D.

TO properly study a question it is necessary to separate it into its parts that we may understand more clearly the relationship that each part bears to the whole.

While others on the program will give to you the several parts as assigned them, in this symposium on the evils of strong drink, it shall be my endeavor to give you the scientific part, or systemic effect of alcohol when used as a beverage. What is said of alcohol is also said of its congeners: all spirituous and malt liquors.

To many the study of the sciences is laborious and uninteresting. Yet it is by the proper pursuit of these studies that we

are enabled to observe the effect and arrive at the cause of things. Science is unerring and never teaches an untruth. It is the divine law that governs the universe and all things in it, from the smallest atom of matter on the terrestrial, to the largest of the heavenly bodies in the celestial spheres.

Those of you who are conversant with physiology will, I trust, be able to keep the connection in this paper, and it is the inalienable right of every person to understand the evil effect of strong drink well enough to shun it.

Physiological Effect on the Nervous System:—Alcohol never acts as a true stimulant to the brain, the spinal cord, or the

nerves. On the contrary, its dominant influence is depressant. The increased activity of thought and speech after its use is not due to stimulation, but to depression of the inhibitory nervous apparatus. The activity is therefore that caused by lack of control, and is not a real increase in energy. So far as the brain is concerned, it does not increase the vigor of thought, nor its depth, nor does it enable a man to work out a problem which is difficult. On the contrary, it rather benumbs the activity of the mental process. The effect of moderate doses differs from the effect of large ones in degree but not in kind. Reflex action may be increased by the same depression of inhibition, but not by reason of any true stimulation of the spinal cord. In large doses it produces lack of coördination by depression of the brain and lower nervous system, the loss of coördination being due largely to impairment of sensation, so that the sense of touch and the muscle sense are interfered with. This effect makes a drunken man fail to recognize the angles or uneven surfaces of surrounding objects, and the impaired mental power, and disordered judgment, combined with the imperfectly acting motor and sensory pathways, cause him to stumble and fall. The highest nerve centers are first affected.

Action on the Circulatory System:—Careful scientific research has proved that alcohol is in no sense a true stimulant to the circulation. If the dose is large enough to cause any change in the circulation, it is in the nature of depression rather than stimulation. These results are observed at the laboratory and bedside. Alcohol does, however, produce very marked alterations in the distribution of the blood, as is seen in the flushing of the capillaries of the skin after its moderate use. Hence the red, swollen and flushed face of one under its influence. This altered distribution depends upon, or to, the inhibition of the vaso-constrictors. Little if any effect of alcohol is exercised upon arterial pressure when given in medicinal doses. In very large toxic doses alcohol depresses and finally paralyzes the heart and vasomotor system. The function of the red corpuscles is impaired, preventing the oxyhaemoglobin from parting with its oxygen, thus retarding oxidation in the tissues. It is a matter of observation that persons addicted to the use of alcohol are frequently obese on account of imperfect combustion of fat and its consequent accumulation in the tissues.

Temperature:—Alcohol never increases the number of heat units in the body, though

in its oxidation more heat is made than when no alcohol is used; the increased radiation or loss of heat from the skin and lungs under its influence more than counterbalances the gain caused by the drug.

By its irritating effect on the mucous membrane of the mouth and the stomach it produces a sensation of warmth, and warms the extremities at the expense of the body by increasing the circulation of blood to these parts. This increase in peripheral circulation is due to an increase in the rapidity of the flow of blood and to dilatation of the peripheral capillaries. If it be used to excess, the temperature rapidly falls, owing to the increase of heat radiation, produced by the free distribution of blood, as has been described, and secondarily by the depression of the vital forces, for in overdose alcohol always acts as a depressant.

Action on Digestion:—Alcohol added in any amount of food in a test-tube containing digestive ferments retards or inhibits digestion. When excessive amounts are taken into the stomach it disorders digestion by inhibiting the action of the digestive ferments.

Chronic alcoholism is generally the result of the continuous and excessive use of the drug. The symptoms vary according to the individual case. There may be (1) the moderate daily drinker; (2) the periodical inebriate, usually the highly gifted, sensitive, and sympathetic who drinks to excess at certain distinct intervals with deliberation and moral perversity; (3) the immoderate, impulsive, maniacal inebriate, who, during his usually brief existence after the establishment of the disease, is subject to constant and excessive indulgence, incapacitating him for the simplest duties of a rational life.

The habitual drinker sooner or later suffers from disturbed digestion, gastric catarrh, etc. His face is usually puffed and bloated, while the capillaries, especially of the cheeks and nose, become permanently dilated, developing into the often observed red face and nose.

The excessive use of alcohol predisposes the subject to cirrhosis of the liver; other conditions being arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries), fatty degeneration of the heart and liver, paralysis, peripheral neuritis, Bright's disease, ataxia, epilepsy, insanity, etc. Either of these conditions may afflict the patient or his progeny, until the natural forces of life, controlled by a divine Providence, draws the curtain and ends the drama of a life that otherwise might have been more useful.

TURNING THE NEW LEAF

Lula Dowler Harris

THE Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: Not all your Piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a Word
of it."

--From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Someone, sometime compared life to a book. How perfect the metaphor!

Our lives are composed of days, weeks, months and years that resemble sentences, paragraphs, pages and chapters of a book.

They are a collection of deeds, words and thoughts, which when compared to a book may be termed "The volume of life."

We are taught in the Bible that we shall be judged out of the things which are written in the books according to our works.

We have all been writing during the year that is just passed. We have now reached the bottom of the page. Before turning the leaf read and meditate. The pleasant things recorded there retain as memory gems; the mistakes, forget as quickly as you can. A retentive memory is a fine possession so long as it retains the things that will have a tendency to brighten our future. Do not spoil the new page by dwelling on the blots and blurs on the page just finished. It is bad enough to spoil one page. Turn your leaf and fasten it down. Don't even peep at the mistakes made last year.

To be sure we gain priceless lessons by experience. It is wise therefore to cull those lessons from the page just finished before leaving it. We cannot alter what is

written but we can make our new leaf better than the last.

How pleased I was as a child to turn a new leaf in my copybook. Do any of my readers remember the foolscap copybook? I had one or two when just a small child. The teacher would "set" the copy, as she called it. How carefully I followed the curves and angles of each letter when writing the first few lines. The farther I got from the copy the less particular I became.

Is not also true with life? Christ is our copy, our model, our example. Just as long as we stay near him our lives are better, purer, brighter. But when we wander away from his divine presence we grow careless, cold and indifferent. Let us glance often at the copy while writing on the new leaf. Let us widen our horizon this coming year. We will make mistakes of course as we always have done. If we do not venture we cannot win. If life is to be progressive we must do more this year than last.

Take comfort and encouragement in the thought that we have a Teacher who appreciates our best efforts. He knows our ability as no earthly teacher can ever know. We are sure to be promoted if we do our best.

No one needs to despair who has the opportunity to write on a clean page. There it lies before you clean and white. Make the most of it. Always remembering that some day the books will be opened and we shall be judged out of the things which are written according to our works.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BURNS

E. L. Craik, A. M.

SOMEbody has said that it is the province of the poet to express in beautiful language what many others but dumbly feel. He may use the vernacular or the polished style of Pope, but so long as he voices the great primal passions of humankind, we are attracted by content rather than by form. The message will guarantee life to the production. To be able to take up the type of thought of the common people and to embalm it in verse is the mark of a master, and in this humble field perhaps nobody has wrought

more effectively than did Robert Burns.

Though untutored, he had a supreme faculty of mind responsive to outside impressions. The world had for him many sorrows and disappointments, but these only nurtured in his mind a simple but distinct system of philosophy. Lord Byron hated his fellow-men because of his own misfortunes and ills. Burns believed that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," and so abstained even from harsh criticism. He could not look with complacency upon the great struggle of humanity about him.

Read the poem "Man Was Made to Mourn" and discover what depth of sympathy he had for those low in the social scale. What a sensitive nature he must have had to enter thoroughly into a sense of the wrong sustained by a wounded hare, a mouse turned up by the plow, or a flock of fowl scared from a pool of water. These were commonplace and far beneath the consideration of his contemporaries, and yet he made them fit subjects for classics.

The charge has been made that he was irreligious, an infidel, or an atheist. Have you ever read "The Cotter's Saturday Night"? Could an irreverent spirit ever have produced such a masterpiece? Here he places before us an humble peasant's home in which the family altar is kept up with characteristic Scotch punctuality. To Burns there was something peculiarly venerable in the expression "Let us worship God," when uttered by the sober head of a family introducing evening worship. To this sentiment of the poet the world is indebted for this matchless poem. He is thoroughly impressed with the belief that the cottage leaves the palace far behind. It is upon the "hardy sons of rustic toil" that old Scotia's happiness depends. He prays that they may not depart from the path of virtue and that they may avoid luxury's contagion.

He was naturally meditative, and mankind furnished him much study. He saw in life pain and troubles without end. He

felt them in his own life. He saw other men, ignoble, honored, as it seemed, in spite of their laxity,—lords, dukes, and nobles. But to Burns, "the rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that."

But he realized that a better day was coming. Human brotherhood was to him the inevitable result of right living, right thinking and right praying. "An honest man," said he, "has nothing to fear." He asserted this even in the presence of death. To him this transition was one to be welcomed by man. Even if mortals have been the sport of passions and instincts, the Creator well knows this, and intends, notwithstanding, that they shall be happy. On the whole he was optimistic in his continual poverty, want, and trouble with landlords. His pleasures were "as poppies spread."

Burns failed in life not because he had no high ideal and was inherently wicked, but simply because his gentle nature was too pliable to come in contact with the rougher and more debasing side of life. Herein lay the tragedy. He yielded to temptation, and although setting forth great truths of wholesome philosophy in his charming dialect, was himself unable to guide his own steps in accordance therewith. Judging him by his ideals, his intentions, and his thoroughly altruistic emotions, we may well say in the language once applied to the lamented Brutus: "Here was a man."

LIFE IN THE COAL MINES

S. Z. Sharp

RECENTLY we had an opportunity to study life in the coal mines. We watched the operations of the miners under ground, ate at their tables, listened to their conversation at their firesides and slept in their cabins. In their life, habits and mode of thought, they form a distinct class of humanity. It is true, in some respects they are like other men. As Shylock says, "If you prick them they will bleed, if you tickle them they will laugh, and if you poison them they will die," but they are a distinct class in this that they feel a strong affinity for each other and a repulsion for others, especially for the wealthy who, they think, oppress and exploit them. With most of them it is true, "once a miner always a miner" in spite of the dust and grime and danger of losing

their lives, to which they are exposed. They know not how soon the roof of the mine may fall down, the gas or dust explode, or a blast may go off prematurely, yet when once fairly initiated they would sooner work in the mine than anywhere else. There is something that fascinates them. Good wages, regular pay and regular employment may have something to do in the matter. In spite of high wages, very few can save any money or own their homes. Generally the habitations of miners are miserable shacks. However, there is a difference in different camps. In some the operators own all the houses or shacks in which the miners live. The stores from which the miners must buy at exorbitant prices, and the saloons which the miners are so apt to frequent, as well as the gambling

dens which are connected with the saloons, belong to the mine owners.

Miners get good wages; if they did not they would soon be on a strike and the mine owners do not care if they must pay good wages for they expect to get all the miners' money back again at any rate. They do it in this way: After fixing the price of coal to make themselves safe, they require the miners to buy all their provision at the Company's stores; then they give checks to patronize the Company's saloons whenever they wish, and whatever is left of the month's wages is lost in the Company's gambling dens conducted by the Company's expert gamblers. When any one gets into the habit of gambling he is so fascinated with it that he can not refrain from it though he is sure he will be fleeced, hence when the monthly pay day comes and the miners' accounts are balanced he has little left. Some miners make six dollars a day on an average, yet have nothing left at the end of the month. Besides the habit of drinking and gambling, the majority are inveterate users of tobacco, generally in the form of cigarettes.

It is the hard, dangerous life of the miner as well as his desire for companionship that drives him to the saloon. More decent habitations, more generous treatment and more uplifting environments would have a different effect on the miners. In

trying to induce some to give up their evil habits they claimed that those habits had destroyed their will power, that they could not change however much they might desire.

The great majority of miners are foreigners, consisting of English, Welsh, Poles, Austrians, Greeks, Italians, etc. We found very few Germans, French and Spaniards. They come to this country hating their own governments which oppressed them and when they obtain citizenship here, they join the Socialist party almost to a man. Under present conditions the Christian religion finds very little room among them except that of Catholicism.

With all the evil habits prevailing among miners they possess some of the most noble traits of soul. We doubt whether any other class of men can produce more heroes than that of the miner. What greater heroism could be displayed than that which was observed at Briceville, Tenn., Dec. 9, 1911, when eighty-four men lost their lives and where their companions rushed to their rescue in the face of death? This is but one of the many instances which might be cited.

Belonging to different nationalities there is not as much clashing or friction among them as one might suppose. Belonging to the same union they become melted together and for generous hospitality and neighborliness none will excel the miner.

SHOULD OUR COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS DRIFT TO THE CITY?

W. H. Engler

HOW many of our young men and women in the country have considered, or are considering, going to the city would be difficult to tell. Probably there are few who have not at some time given the subject some attention.

Some of our young men and women go to the city to their advantage, while thousands of others make a sad mistake by doing so. It is very important that we consider the matter seriously, in order to understand the advantages and disadvantages of such a course of procedure.

The city needs the country boy and girl. It is the young blood from the country which keeps the city fresh, interesting and progressive.

But before our country boys and girls decide upon a city life, they should thoroughly understand its requirements, count the cost, and consider their own qualifications.

The city doesn't need any man whose ambition and qualifications are not above that of the day laborer. Common labor in the city is not remunerative.

Every farming community offers better inducements in wages, when cost of living is taken into consideration. The young woman going to the city without certain essential qualifications, had better stay at home. For her there are three openings—the shops, clerking, or servant work. Many of them would be benefited by choosing

(Continued on Page 74.)



Remembering the Folks at Home.

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LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Hotel Smith, Genoa, Italy.

Dear Children:

YOU will see we have moved north to our sailing point. We left Rome with a bright morning about us and the sun continued to shine all day. Up till towards noon the train was not crowded, and we enjoyed very much the ride across the plain. It is uninteresting, for little is grown in the field and there are few, if any, villages. The people are very poor that here and there do try to make a living. About eleven an Italian family that was able to travel second-class came into our apartment. First they lunched after their fashion, and as they became more familiar they took all the room belonging to them. It was not the most agreeable. At Pisa they left the train and the apartment filled with men. From there on to Genoa the ride was exceedingly dirty. It seemed that half the distance was through tunnels and the coal smoke did its perfect work on every one of us. We felt like asking for refund on our tickets for having the road underground so much, for this is the most beautiful part of Italy. But I have an idea if we asked, the railroad company would tell us at what enormous expense they built the road and we better be satisfied with what we paid.

At Pisa we saw the leaning tower and got a good idea of how badly it is to one side. We are glad we did not come here for a day. At the station a man was selling towers in Carrara marble, the finest marble in the world. He asked 3.50 lira and mama said too much and offered him 2. He shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Soon he came back and made the price three. Mama said two. He fussed around a little bit and said he would take 2. She did not expect him to take her up. That is Italy. Bro. Barnhart bought a shawl in Rome for 5 lira. He had jewed the girl down till he felt almost ashamed of himself. Then right after she offered us the same thing for 4 lira, and we were afraid to make her any kind of an offer.

Nature certainly has chunks of beauty here piled up sky high. What little we could peep out between tunnels we saw vine clad mountain sides and people living in villas all the way up the sides. It must cost much money to make these vineyards,

for the mountains in many places are so steep that they must have built eight feet of wall to get five feet of space to plant a row of grape vines. Likewise the olive orchards. But up and up and all through the mountains where one would think it would not be good for a bear to live, are fine homes and vineyards. It is a sight never to be forgotten. The tunnel trips were interesting because they run along by the sea and cut the way through the high cliffs overhanging the sea. Here and there we would shoot out into the open and see the sea to our left, with the setting sun shining in golden light over its quivering bosom, and while lost in admiring this beauty the train would duck into a tunnel and we would have to sit in dirt and smoke. These mountains of northern Italy carry the prize for beauty and grandeur, and there is no use saying anything else. What must they be in the spring time when the fresh spring effect is on? Now the grape is gathered and the vines look dead. The leaf is falling off.

We passed the famous Carrara marble mines and wished we could visit them. The finest, whitest and prettiest marble of the world lies here in mountain heaps and is gotten for the taking from the bosom of the earth. We saw slabs and slabs of it at the different railway stations. It would be hard to imagine where they could place more of it. Here it is a drug on the market. In America it is one of the highest priced marbles we have.

We noted on the way through northern Italy that the properties were all enclosed by a high stone wall. The entrance gate was always arched above. In the arch was the image of a patron saint. I guess that is not idolatry, for the people call it Catholicism. But it comes awfully close to it in my judgment. On the other hand, there is a beautiful sentiment behind it, for it means that this saint shall rule and possess this property in partnership with the owner.

We reached Genoa at seven and started to leave the station. A short time before arriving we had in our apartment a man who lives in Chicago and is going back on the same boat we are. He said they had a few cases of cholera in Genoa now. Well, as we started to go out the station we were

sent back because we came from Rome. Into a room which we were shown our record was taken; name, what hotel we were stopping at, and where we were going. I showed him my certificate that I had from the hotel in Rome and he passed us on. We then went through the gates and to the bus. Here we met a lady from New York State going home on the White Star steamer, sailing a day earlier than we. Mama

says: "Why did you not take that boat? I said: "Because it reaches New York two days later than ours." We had written the hotel for a room and it was waiting us. The lady had to go to another hotel. To day we will close up our sailing matters and then see if Columbus is still under his monument. We hope to get some word from home here yet today or tomorrow morning

SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

WE are closely allied to the past. As our foremothers used to fear the worst when signs and omens were against any purpose which they were anxious to carry out, so in this day there are daughters and women foolish enough to keep the mediums and soothsayers of various kinds and degrees, in their offices. Recently, a woman was considering a somewhat hazardous undertaking. She said, "I'll not do one thing until I have consulted a medium." She traveled to a neighboring city where the daily paper contained several names of clairvoyants and mediums, and went the rounds. She was encouraged to go on and carry out her purpose. So reassured she proceeded to carry out her plans. She was a woman of ordinarily good judgment and she went about her business quietly and methodically.

Now for the sequel. It was a hazardous undertaking, one that she would never have embarked upon without that medium's assurance that all would be well. But it has brought disaster and ruin to her financially, it has wrecked her hopes and today she mourns over the easy credulity that made her a victim of superstitious fancies. "Never again will I put any faith in one of them. They tricked and cheated me." Thus she bemoans her fate and warns others against believing their prophecies.

One of her friends who was in the habit of consulting a medium every few weeks, said, "Well, they've told me the most wonderful things."

"I don't care what they have revealed to you. I know that I'll never darken their doors again," snapped the woman who had lost her all.

In our large cities, there are many victims of this foolish practice. The advertising columns of a daily newspaper are proof

of this. The very fact that men consult a medium in regard to their projects, prove that they are not satisfied with the mental calibre God gave them. The woman referred to, had she trusted her own judgment would have been spared many regrets and much unhappiness. But she was afraid to do that; like most women she was timid and feared the risk. She was easily frightened and so she became a prey to superstition. Where there is fear there is superstition, where there is more fear there is more superstition. That is why the majority of worshipers in the temples of Japan are women and children and in India nine tenths of the pilgrims are women. They worship their heathen gods because they are afraid of something, always they fear some evil.

In Macbeth, Shakespeare gives us an account of the superstitious fears that drove a guilty man to ask help from a witch. Macbeth had murdered Duncan, king of Scotland. To be sure his wife, the Lady Macbeth, was really to blame for the murder. After it was committed neither of the two had any peace. Macbeth wanted the throne, there were difficulties in the way and so to learn all he possibly can about the situation, Macbeth goes to see a witch. The horrible scenes attending this consultation need not be described here; familiar is the chorus of the witches:

"Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire burn and caldron bubble."

They were in a dark cave, where a boiling caldron was filled with horrid things intended to brew a charm. The witches rehearse the ingredients of the caldron and they waited there for Macbeth's coming. Occasionally thunder is heard and so Macbeth enters the cave and finds everything in readiness to work upon his guilty fancy.

The witches comfort him and assure him that if he be "lion-mettled, proud and take no care" then he shall have the crown for which he plotted and sinned. They talk him into a sense of false security, they say:

"Macbeth will never vanquished be, until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him."

Macbeth, glad and relieved, says that he knows that will never be, the earth bound roots of the trees can never be loosened and the trees of Birnam forest shall never come marching to Dunsinane. So Macbeth is sure of victory, sure that he can carry out his plans. And because his hands are already red with blood, he determines to destroy his enemies and take possession of the throne.

But see how the witches' prophecy works out to his ruin! In the castle of Dunsinane, a servant comes to Macbeth and tells him that as he looked toward Birnam, he saw the woods begin to move towards them. Macbeth who has "supped full with horrors" is angry and threatens the servant. But the first glance in the direction of Birnam wood shows a moving grove. The soldiers have covered themselves with branches of trees to disguise their coming as they must march on an open plain, and so his enemies are marching upon Dunsinane. Lady Macbeth dies and Macbeth himself is beheaded.

Superstition and fear are always closely allied. Blessed are those brave souls who look up through trouble and pain and say, "Though he slay me I will trust in him." They are willing to leave it all in God's hands. We close our eyes at night with but little idea of what may be on the morrow, but we can trust.

Hawthorne says: "Our individual fate exists in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out, but its ultimate shape is prior to all our efforts." What indeed may lie in wait for us tomorrow, next week? We are as utterly powerless to predict our own future as that of the veriest stranger. But we can ask the Lord who sent a pillar of cloud to guide the Israelites by day and a fiery beacon by night to lead us. The future days are like ships sailing on the ocean of time. We do not know what freight or cargo they carry; we do not know whether the skies shall be fair and sea smooth, or whether we shall encounter icebergs and perils manifold. So let us trust.

"Jesus, Savior, pilot me

Over life's tempestuous sea.

Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee—
Jesus, Savior, pilot me."



POSSIBILITIES OF CHILDHOOD TOLD BY ONE MOTHER.

"My little girl, now a little past 3, dresses and undresses herself practically alone, she sews (very crudely, of course), threading her own needle, she feeds herself, she draws objects so that their identity is easily recognizable, she has begun to write, she knows all the seven primary colors and several shades, she skates on roller skates—and in general has a control of her mind and body far in advance of her years," writes Miriam Finn Scott in the January Metropolitan.

"And this is not because the child is precocious; in my opinion she has merely attained what should be the normal development of the average child, if only the possibilities of childhood were realized.

"The commonly praised 'self-sacrificing' mother—she who never lets her child do anything, who continuously showers attention upon it, who ceaselessly waits upon and does things for her child—is the mother who frequently complains that children are a great care and that it is difficult to manage them. She is the mother who in but a few years is frequently changed from a young, energetic woman into a worn, nervous creature; she is prematurely aged. But the saddest part of the story is the fact that despite all the time and attention that her children receive, they often turn out to be far from healthy, very irritable, very nervous and are usually dependent and helpless for a far longer period of their life than they normally should be.

"If only the time that is so generously lavished without thought by the mother upon the child in doing useless things for it, were spent by the mother in trying to find out what the child really needs, in trying to understand the child, she would come to realize that what the child requires is not overattention and suppression, but freedom and sympathy. And if knowledge, sympathy and freedom were introduced into the simple routine acts of the child's life (often the cause of extreme irritation to child and mother) much of this needless irritation and nervous strain would be avoided, and not only would the child be developed but in the end the mother would be given more time for her other duties, for rest and for self-improvement."

SHOULD OUR COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS DRIFT TO THE CITY?

(Continued from Page 69.)

the latter instead of the two former, but as a general thing the country girl does not like the idea of being a "hired girl," and is compelled to secure one of the other positions, which will scarcely pay her board. If she has a good education, she can get employment of character. And this leads to the first requirement. Don't go to the city unless you are qualified to do some of the city work. Work which will at least put you in a position for advancement. The country boy and girl can best secure this education for business life away from the large cities. The commercial schools, shops and factories in the smaller towns give them better opportunity to learn than those in the city.

In the city competition is great. For every good position there are several applicants, and the question will be asked you, "Do you live at home?"

This means a great deal when asked of a boy, and has a deeper significance when addressed to a girl.

Honorable employers realize that one of the requirements of faithful service is that the employee shall have enough wages to pay his expenses. If not they know that trouble is sure to follow, and therefore, they ask a question, which to the applicant may seem impertinent.

If the boy or girl have a city home, they are willing to take them on a small salary at first, but if not, their sense of business and experience teaches them that the wages must be supplemented by assistance from other sources, which is almost certain to jeopardize their usefulness.

Established character is another requirement. The city is a mixture of good and evil. And it is often difficult to tell one from the other.

The machinery of a city runs at high pressure. It turns out human wrecks very rapidly. If the boy or girl goes to the city as a drifter, without purpose, and a well defined character, the machinery of the city, swift and merciless, will destroy their manhood, their womanhood, their minds and their bodies. Good character is everywhere valuable, but in the city it is at a greater premium than in the country.

But in the city, the process of testing is quick, and it moves forward with great regularity.

The country boy or girl should not go to the city to receive an education, or learn a trade. The city is a place of activity. It

is not a very good place for preparation.

The country boy or girl is sometimes referred to as an "easy mark" by a certain class of the city people, who desire to form their friendship for purposes of a selfish character. City friendships are just as true and lasting as those formed in the country, but they should be made with caution. The good people of the city are somewhat suspicious of strangers. Before giving their confidence they like to test the newcomer. Therefore, the boy and girl should not think strange of this because the best people are slow to give their confidence to strangers at first sight.

It pays to make friends slowly in the city, and you may be assured that if you are upright, true and noble, you will find just as good friends there as any you had "back home." But exercise patience, and above everything else, learn to exercise caution in the selection of your friends. It is the way they do things in the city and it is best.

In this way you will learn to measure character and in the end you will find friends who will do you good, but don't take up with any until you have applied the rule of "finding them out." Just one more thing, and, to me, it is the most important of all. Hold fast to the dear ones "at home." Don't forget them or let them forget you.

You may never realize the anxiety, the love and the hopes and sometimes the fears, that father and mother, and the brothers and sisters sometimes conceal. No matter what your success or failures may be, you can at all times depend on that mother's love. She may not be able to tell you how to do your work. She may not understand what you are doing, but my boy and girl, she has a wealth of love which you need in your business life. Her letters may not explain how you should treat your associates, but she understands her God and your God, and that to you is of greater importance than anything else.

Don't make your letters short—good enough for the "old folks." Keep the fires of love burning on the altar of your hearts. Conduct yourself in the city just the same as you would if your mother were by your side, and you will always go in the right path.

Hold on to the old home and its love. Hold fast to your purity, your Bible and your God, and then you need have no fear. Keep your life pure, and do not obstruct the channels of love from home, the dearest spot in this wide, wide world.

UNCLE SAM DOES NOT LOOK WITH FAVOR ON THIS NEW GARB



U.S. "This style will never fit me, it would hamper me at every step."

AN EASTERN PROBLEM

THE Protestant Church of Canada, in a large measure, realize the coming into the country of thousands of immigrants from Europe and elsewhere, with their erroneous beliefs, their false notions of government, their ill-conceived ideas of education, liberty and civilization, constitutes one of the most serious of problems.

It is now generally felt that if we fail to

educate these masses, if we fail to instill in their minds right conceptions of government, if we do not put forth well-directed efforts to make of them good Christian citizens, they will be a menace to the state, seriously retard the growth of the nation, and imperil the stability of British institutions.

This is just as true of the United States as of the British institutions.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE HELMET.

J. C. Flora.

"And for an helmet the hope of salvation."
1 Thess. 5: 8. Eph. 6: 15.

We have now to call your attention to a very interesting and important part of the Christian's armor, and that is the helmet, which is to protect the head. It is perfectly clear that there is no part of the Christian that can be more exposed than the head. That being true, the protection there is essentially requisite. It is said of Goliath that he had an helmet of brass upon his head. Now, as truth is to gird the loins, righteousness defend the breast and faith to be the shield—so the helmet is to be our hope of salvation.

Hope is the expectation of some future good. It is something essentially connected with faith and yet it differs from that grace. Faith has more to do with the certainty and truth of things, hope with their excellency and desirableness. Hope is sometimes superior to desires and longings; although these generally accompany it. The object of hope implies salvation. Salvation implies enemies and perils and salvation from both. The Christian has enemies—the world; his own heart; and the devil. He is in peril from these. They endanger his spiritual and eternal safety. Besides there is the enemy, the last enemy,—death; and that of which it is the last, the dreadful precursor, the wrath of God, the second and eternal death. Now the Christian hopes, that is, confidently expects to be saved from all these enemies, and to be delivered from the wrath to come. Not only this, but he expects to enjoy the blessings of positive salvation, even immediately and in an eternal life. His hope embraces salvation here and salvation forever.

Now this hope is a grace of the spirit and is the effect of a renewed heart. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." God is also the Author of the hope. "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." Hope as an anchor of the soul must have ground by which it holds the soul in blessed security. As a building it must have a strong founda-

tion. Now this basis is threefold: First there are the promises of the Father. "In hope of eternal life which God promised." Titus 1: 2. The ground of hope is God's revealed engagements to save us from all our enemies and give eternal life. These promises are many, precious and immutable. Second, there are the works of the Son. As the Father hath promised, so the Son hath obtained for us the blessing for which we hope. He hath lived for us, fought for us, suffered for us, and obtained eternal redemption for us. Now in receiving Christ by faith, he dwells within us, the hope of eternal life. Third, the influences of the Spirit figure largely. The Spirit is the divine agent that illumines the mind with hope, which lights it up in the breast. Dwells in us as the earnest, or pledge of the full inheritance. The Spirit testifies that we are Christ's. Engages to lead, support and bring us to the enjoyment of everlasting life. Such then is the Christian's helmet, "the hope of salvation."

We derive great advantage from the helmet. It animates for the warfare. This is illustrated by Caleb and Joshua. David says, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" It supports in suffering. In times of suffering we are in danger of adopting ungodly methods of deliverance, or of sinking under them. Jeremiah says, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." "He that believeth shall not make haste," that is, he shall patiently hope. Hope also supports us in trouble. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

It will put us in possession of the victory and the reward. No real evil can befall the child of God. He shall end his days in hope. "The righteous have hope." Paul says, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." The Christian is now grappling with the last enemy, and as he struggles with him, exclaims: "O death, where is thy sting?" We need to become more familiar with God's promises. We need always rest on Christ. We should cherish the influence of

the Holy Spirit. Hope alway to the end. As your hope is, so will be your comfort and joy.



THE CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger.

THE last sermons preached by John Wesley were preached in this chapel. His body lay here in state while vast multitudes came to take a last look at the man they had learned to love and respect. From its pulpit has gone forth a missionary throng to the uttermost parts of the earth. The story of the City Road Chapel is interesting to every one who is anxious to see the will of God prevail on earth.

As we know Whitefield and the Wesleys had renewed the practice of field preaching. They wandered from city to city and from place to place preaching that sinners must repent and have faith in God, demanding the purest morals of their converts. Outside of London at Moorfields was a deserted old foundry. Wesley became convinced that he should have a comfortable shelter for his increasing congregations, so in 1739 he resolved to make use of this neglected building. He borrowed money and a new roof was put over the foundry. The inside was repaired and some seats were furnished. Pews were not permitted. The benches were intended for the plain and poor alike. The pulpit was of plain boards and the chapel seated about 1,500 people.

In these prosaic days it is difficult to realize what this religious movement did for the people; often while Wesley preached, a strong current of emotion swept over the people; sinners wept and confessed their sins. The audiences overflowed every part of the ruined old church; the people seemed to be always eager and responsive. Often at five o'clock in the morning the lanes and fields of Moorfields glittered with the light of numerous lanterns carried by the worshippers at that early hour. For forty years the City Road Chapel drew its immense audiences and held its place as a center of reform.

The source of Wesley's power was his singular truthfulness and sincerity. The Anglican clergy were inclined to look for promotion and high salaries. Wesley labored for forty years without asking for anything more than his \$300.00 a year. He lived on as little as possible and gave away all he could spare in charity. He was never weary of visiting the sick and the unfortunate.

We are not surprised that to this man

came a plan to help people somewhat similar to the institutional church of today. In one part of the City Road Chapel was a dispensary—the first in London. Medicines were given freely to the poor. In another corner a free school where poor children were supplied with books, and so taught to read and write. An almshouse was kept up for the old and decrepit, so that the poor were comfortably housed in their last days. Then a "Lending Society" existed where the poor could borrow small sums of money and so tide over some temporary embarrassment. And all the time by example and precept Wesley taught industry and thrift. In 1763, the Thames was frozen over, and the rich held revels and fairs on the ice and the sufferings of London's poor were greater than usual. Wesley fed many at his own expense, while his large congregation raised over \$2,000.00 for the poor. Wesley gave so liberally that a rumor was started that the old walls of this church were used as hiding places for money and treasure and some thieves attempted to find it. Twice the building was broken into but no money or treasure was found. Some linen and a chandelier were carried off. It reminds us of Jean Valjean in one of Victor Hugo's stories, who carried off a bishop's silver candlestick. Then overcome with remorse he wants to return it and is finally arrested with the candlestick in his possession. When the bishop shields Jean Valjean he is so overcome by the kindness that it leads to his conversion. The thief who broke into the City Road Chapel was one of their own members. For another theft he was sentenced to be hanged and then his conscience compelled him to send for his friends; he confessed that he had broken into their church and asked their forgiveness. His brothers visited him in prison and remained with him to the last, comforting him.

A spirit had sprung from this old church that was moving over all the earth; the followers of the Wesleys were becoming numerous. Charles Wesley, who wrote many hymns and sang them, died at the age of eighty. He had accumulated no money, so his friends paid the funeral expenses. The Wesleys gave liberally, generously of anything they possessed, but asked for nothing in return. At eighty-four, John Wesley still preached with power and throngs attended his services. At eighty-six he admitted that he was growing old. On the 2d of March, 1791, he died; his friends sang a song of praise as the spirit took its flight.

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

For the Toilet.

We are assured that, in these strenuous times, women get gray hair very early in life, and for some reason, women (no more than men) do not welcome the frosting of time. Grayness early in life is hereditary in some families, while others go down even to old age with very little loss of coloring. Many would-be wise ones contend that the woman who early acquires a grayness is usually the nervous woman; but this is not the rule. About as many sluggish, ease-loving women as their active, restless, nervous sisters, are found with whitened hair. It is also claimed that the general health has much to do with the color of the hair. Perhaps. We know that the state of health affects the condition of the hair, but many a well, strong woman past middle-age, has whitened hair, while a confirmed invalid, though she may have faded, dry hair, is not getting gray. Bodily infirmities affect the health of the hair, because the hair is part of the body. A weakened physical condition, and a state of extreme mental unrest alike tend to age one; but the cause of graying of hair is not known. Nothing seems to stop the whitening, once it is begun, or restore the color, once it is lost. It is claimed that tonics containing sulphur or iron, or both, have a tendency to restore life to the hair, but these should be given by a physician, and, unfortunately, physicians' prescriptions are not always infallible. Even the best-informed dermatologists acknowledge their inability to do more than dye the hair, and they do not recommend this. Massage of the scalp will often give tone and life to the hair, darkening it slightly; but just moving the fingers over the hair is not scalp massage. The finger-tips must be held so firmly against the scalp that one can feel it move over the skull underneath. The very best advice that can be given is to keep the hair clean, well combed, well brushed, and make it as soft and glossy as one can by taking the best of care of it and the general health of the body. Gray hair is lovely, if kept nice; white hair is beautiful, and gives to the fading features a softened expression which nothing else can do. Nothing is more unlovely than poorly dyed hair, and the hair-dresser's skill costs too much for the ordinary pocket-book to consider. Even the young face is more lovely under, soft gray hair, if well kept.

Wastefulness in Dress.

In the days of long ago, a garment, once made, was a useful thing as long as it hung together, being passed down the line as a made-over, after it became unsuitable for the original owner. In trying to settle the blame of "the cost of living" bestowed on the women-folks, Good Housekeeping says:

Not only has the price of wearing apparel increased, but the number of hats and garments a woman thinks she must have has also increased almost incredibly, the limit being fixed only by her ability to purchase. Then, too, the style changes much oftener, which necessitates more frequent purchases, and the discarding of garments, even when they are almost new. In the large cities, women of the wealthy class are spending exorbitant sums for a blouse, a pair of shoes, a parasol or pair of slippers; the amounts spent for jewelry and articles of personal adornment are astounding. Today, \$400 dresses are not unusual, or considered so very costly by the well-to-do class. Then, too, a dress or "gown" must not be worn more than one time, or at most a few times, and the extreme woman insists on having a different dress for each event—the tea, the country club, the automobile, the seashore, the horse show, and for each evening entertainment. Each occasion of the social whirl has its demands, and money is spent recklessly simply to "do as other people do," regardless of how the money comes. This is one of the serious problems. The woman who has the temerity to dress according to her means, or to wear a garment that is out-of-style, no matter of how good material, must be possessed of a quite sublime courage. The plainly dressed woman or girl is invariably the neglected, if not cruelly snubbed woman, no matter how brainy, or how cultured she may be. Every society woman recognizes "style," but very few of them know the less apparent evidence of mental or spiritual merit.



An Old-Time Toilet Recipe.

Baked buttermilk is said to have been responsible, to a large degree, for the beautiful complexions among our forbears. It is claimed that its use, even for a few days, brought great improvement, but continued for five or six months daily, its effects were wonderful. Here is the recipe,

copied from an old "beauty" book: The proportions were one gill of real buttermilk to a pint of fresh milk. Pour this into a jar with a close-fitting lid, and place where it will keep hot all day, but it must not be set on the range. In old times it was set before the fireplace. By night the milk should have turned to the consistency of clotted cream, and must then be poured from a height from one vessel to another until it has returned to the smoothness of fresh milk. It was then sweetened with cane sugar and corked down tightly in a stone bottle and placed before the fire, but not too near, and left for five or six hours. At first baked buttermilk is not very much liked, and the fancy for it is an acquired taste. If it were not acid, it was not considered to be perfectly made, and it should effervesce when the bottle was opened, which assured one a refreshing drink if well iced, and was considered a remarkably efficacious means of improving the complexion. Every night, on retiring, the would-be beauty of a hundred years ago bathed her face in fresh buttermilk, or wanting this, in the baked beverage. It was claimed to remove all tan, freckles, and to prevent wrinkles. Any one wishing to test its efficacy will find it not expensive or harmful, even if it does not "work the charm."



With the Sewing Machine.

When basting, be sure to baste straight and close enough so that the seam will not gap and pull apart; make the notches meet, and it is a good idea to pin the seams at the notches and at intervals along before basting, as the side next the sewer inclines to pull a little, making it shorter than the under seam.

If the shoulder seam is put too far forward, it gives a round-shouldered look to the garment. The head should be held perfectly straight, and the shoulder seam should then be in a direct line with the back of the ear.

The arm-hole should be cut as light as it can be worn with comfort and ease by making short slits under the arm in front of the bust a little at a time with the point of the shears, until it is comfortable. The arms-eye should not bind. It is always easier to make the opening larger than it is to decrease the size.

The arm-seam underneath should make a straight line from under the arm to the hip; it should pull neither back nor front. No pattern will fit two figures alike, but there are a few directions that will apply to all.

A very trying process is the putting in of the sleeves correctly, and much of the comfort as well as the good appearance of the garment depends on the fit of the sleeve.

When ready to put in the sleeve, the waist should be tried on, and the very top of the shoulder should be marked with a pin, or a notch, or thread. The sleeve should be put on, and also marked on the center of the top, and as the pattern directs, have two rows of shirring run between the notches on the top of the sleeve; the under seam of the sleeve should be about two, or two and a half inches forward of the underarm seam of the waist, and the shoulder-marks on the top of shoulder and sleeve top should be placed together; gathers should cover the space in front five to seven inches, being a little the thickest together at the top, and spreading two and a half inches back and front of the top.



Renovating Black Silk.

To a sufficient quantity of ox-gall add boiling water sufficient to make it warm, and with a clean sponge rub the silk well on both sides, squeeze it out well, and with a fresh dipping of the sponge, go over it again in like manner, until the silk looks clean and brighter; rinse the silk then in fresh cold water, changing the water several times, until the last water is quite clean, then hang in the open air to dry; before it is quite dry, bring it in and pin in shape on a board or table. If it needs stiffening, dip the sponge in a thin glue water and rub on the wrong side before hanging to dry.



Culinary Matters.

It is claimed that under-cooking is the cause of much of the trouble where chocolate is found indigestible; it should be boiled in water from half to an hour, and scalding milk added just before serving. It is claimed that it should be cooked until it will "coat the spoon."

When using oyster stuffing for the turkey, it is better to partly roast the fowl, then withdraw from the oven and stuff. If stuffed before cooking, the oysters are apt to be cooked too much. Add the oysters to the crumbled bread that had been rubbed with butter and moistened with the oyster juice. The raw liver of the turkey may be used in the dressing, if liked. Oyster dressing may be made by itself and cooked in the pan with the turkey, and in this way can be put into the oven at any time wanted.

-:- RECENT BOOKS -:-

Physics of Agriculture.

Prof. King's motto is, "Strive to know Why, for this teaches How and When." Farmers ordinarily have concluded that a textbook on physics belongs in the hands of a high school student, rather than in the library of a farmer. We are now entering an era of farming when the practical scientific knowledge, which has been held in cold storage at the experiment station and the agricultural department at Washington, must find its way to the soil of the thousands of farmers of our land. Prof. F. H. King, formerly Professor of Agricultural Physics in the University of Wisconsin, has devoted his life in gathering practical information for the practical farmer. In this volume, "Physics of Agriculture," he has prepared a storehouse of information which will be of great value to those farmers who will acquaint themselves with these facts. Among all the agricultural books that have come to our notice, this is the best and greatest collection of practical scientific facts that we have ever seen. The book is a valuable mine of information. This is the fourth edition. It contains 604 pages with 276 illustrations. Published by the author, F. H. King, Madison, Wis. Price \$1.75 prepaid.

Blue Anchor Inn.

"Blue Anchor Inn," by Edwin Bateman Morris, is one of those pleasing stories which is full of amusing settings and rippling humor from beginning to end. A nice-looking young lady for business reasons needed a husband, in a hurry. A splendid looking young man lent her his name for five hundred dollars, expecting immediately to be freed from the transaction. Then she changed her mind. And Mr. Brooke found himself married to a lady whose face he had never seen. Mr. Morris has made his book sparkle with fun and wit. Published by the Penn Publishing Company, 226 South 11th St., Philadelphia. Price \$1.25 net.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

As Far as He Went.

The boys had made good use of the steep hill in their search for winter sport, and

their sleds and bobs had worn a track down the hill, where the snow had turned to ice.

A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Chesterfield (he was really very polite) collided with a fat woman just at the foot of the hill, lost his footing, and fell; the woman fell also, landing on top of the polite gentleman. And down the hill they went, Mr. Chesterfield forming a toboggan on which the fat lady rode in safety. Faster faster they went down the icy incline, not stopping until the foot of the hill was reached. Then the fat lady heard a very weak voice saying, "Pardon me, madam, you will have to get off now—this is as far as I go."—Everybody's.



Hardly.

"Come now, Hemma," said the White chapel bridegroom, "you're goin' to s' 'obey' when you comes to it in th' service ain't you?"

"Wot, me?" cried the bride. "Me s' 'obey' to you! Why, blime me, 'Enner, you ain't 'arf me size!"—Tit Bits.



That Fixes Them.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she said, "last night I had such a delightful dream! I positively dreamt that you and I—only you and I—mind—were traveling on our honeymoon. Do you ever have dreams like that, Mr. Smith?"

"I am afraid I used to, Miss Antique," he answered, "but now I am more careful over my suppers."—Yonkers Statesman.



A High Liver.

"They say he lives on the fat of the land."

"Yep; he makes an anti-fat cure."



It Happened in Milwaukee.

Operator—"Number, please."

Subscriber—"I was talking mit my husband and now I don't hear him any more. You must of pushed him off de vire."—Milwaukee News.



The Dear Departed.

Customer (missing his favorite waiter)—"Where's Charles today?"

Waiter—"I'm sorry, sir; but 'e's gone."

Customer—"Gone! Do you mean he's
defunct?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir; an' with everything 'e
ould lay 'is 'ands on."—The Sketch.

Our Needs.

"Stedfast men are needed in public life,"
says Supreme Court Justice Pitney. "men
ble to resist the tumult of the crowd."
and we also need a stedfast crowd—a
crowd able to resist the encroachment of
stedfast men.—Life.

Correct.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is
demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can
ock the boat himself and persuade every-
ody that there's a terrible storm at sea."—
Washington Star.

Getting Started.

Recovered Patient—"Please tell me just
what was done at the hospital, doctor."

Famous Surgeon—"Well, we anæsthe-
tized you, removed your tonsils, adenoids,
nd appendix, attached two floating kid-
neys, and then—"

Recovered Patient—"Then! Then what?"

Famous Surgeon—"Then we started to
perate."—Life.

Naturally Literary.

"Colonel Brown seems to be very liter-
ry," remarked a visitor to the Brown
ousehold to the negro maid, glancing at
pile of magazines lying on the floor.
Yas, ma'am," replied the ebony-faced girl,
yas ma'am, he sholey am literary. He
es' nat'ally littahs things all ovah dis year
ouse."—Woman's Home Companion.

Not Crazy.

"Do you think Oscar proposed to me
merely on account of my money?"

"Well, my dear, you know he must have
ad some reason."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Real Logic.

"Have you a piece of toast in your
ocket?" said an inmate of an insane asy-
um to a visiting physician.

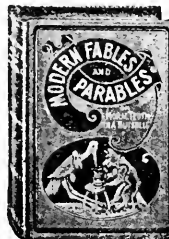
The physician answered that he did not
out asked the fellow what he wanted with
toast.

MODERN FABLES and PARABLES

OR

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By W. S. HARRIS



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"You see," said the poor fellow, "I'm soft boiled egg and I want to sit down."

❁ ❁ ❁

She Knew.

He—"My dear, you talked in your sleep a long time last night."

She—"What did I talk about?"

He—"Why, it seemed to be mainly abuse of me."

She—"I wasn't asleep."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

❁ ❁ ❁

Torturer.

"Nobody knows how I have suffered she complained.

"Does your husband abuse you?" he friend asked.

"No, but he can sit for hours without hearing a word I say."—Chicago Record Herald.

❁ ❁ ❁

Forthwith.

Author—"The very first thing I sent to a magazine was accepted."

Young Friend—"Was it poetry or prose?"

Author—"Prose. It was a check for year's subscription."—Boston Transcript.

❁ ❁ ❁

She Had Her Choice.

"Why should I marry you?" she asked superciliously.

"Well, of course," he replied, "you can die an old maid if you want to."—Lippincott's Magazine.

❁ ❁ ❁

THE CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

(Continued from Page 77.)

His funeral was held at five in the morning and a vast throng of people filled the City Road Chapel. Their tears fell fast, for they loved their leader.

In the tombs and graveyard of the City Road Chapel lie 5,000 dead. They were the early followers of John Wesley. The first burial took place in 1779. The last to be buried there was Jabez Bunting in 1858. December 19, 1870, a fair white shaft of Sicilian marble was uncovered, erected to the memory of Susannah Wesley the mother of John and Charles Wesley. In the center of the graveyard, shaded by an elder tree, a plain tomb, enclosed by an iron railing marks the vault where John Wesley was reverently laid, amid the lamentation of his people; the gray dawn seldom broke on a more touching scene.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE

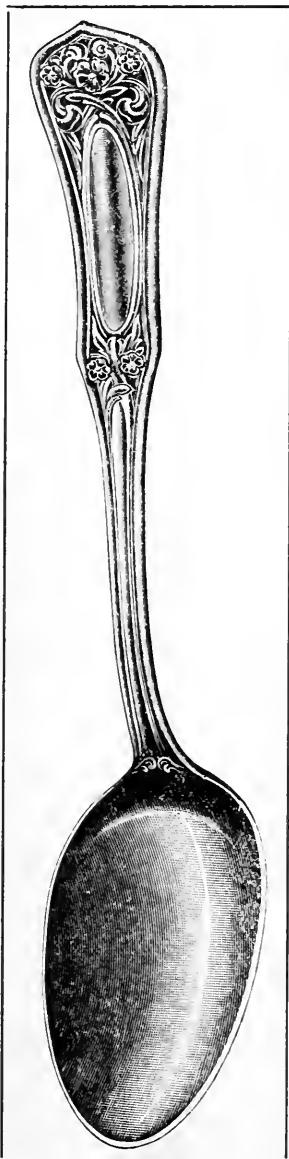
ELGIN,

ILLINOIS

January 28
1913

Vol. XV
No. 4

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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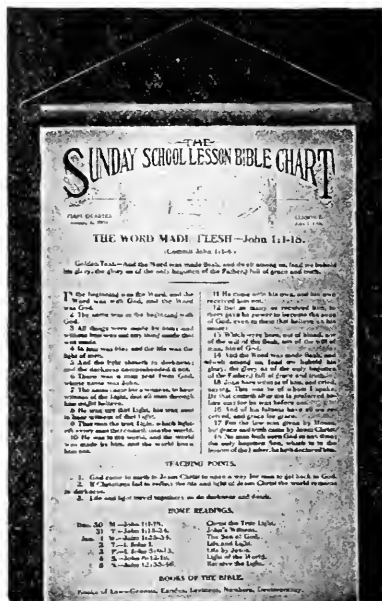
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

January 28, 1913

No. 4

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Borrowed Money.

IT is unfortunate that one who has so much influence as Dr. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania should advocate an ideal for young people that is obviously false and unsafe. In an address which he gave in a Unitarian church of Philadelphia not so long ago he encouraged young people to borrow money to buy fine clothes if they could not get them any other way. Just why Dr. Patten should speak thus it is difficult to tell, but you know this is the age of sensation and there is no cheaper and quicker way of securing the attention of the public than by making a sensational statement whether it be true, half true, or wholly false. In speaking of clothes Dr. Patten said: "Were it not for the fact that the girls who comprise the industrial classes crave the very best things in this world the sociological problem would be difficult to master. . . . Every girl who earns her own living wants the best that money can buy, and if she does not get it by reason of her own labor then she is simply following the laws of nature when she resorts to other measures to obtain the things that other better dressed women have." He continues to say that "if she cannot get clothes through her own work she must get them the best way she can."

It is just that problem, the problem of the underpaid which social workers are trying to solve, but fortunately most of them are working at the other end of the situation and are endeavoring to raise the wage and improve the living conditions rather than encouraging the girls, boys, men and women to live on borrowed money. It is no shame to borrow to bridge over temporary difficulties or with which to buy property but to borrow money to buy a piece of finery is another thing. Does Dr. Patten know that the girls who work in the large de-

partment stores and whose wages are down to the living line and below are frequently tempted to get the clothes "the best way they can" at the expense of their purity and better ideals? Would the doctrine such as his give them the assistance they need? It is the duty of every one to dress beautifully in the better sense of the word. It is one thing to be beautiful and another to appear snobbish or tawdry. And furthermore dress is not the "best thing in the world." Every sensible person knows that. Another statement of Dr. Patten's is almost startling. "It is a mistake for a working girl to continue to wear old clothes and hand over all her earnings to her own family," he says. It is unfortunate when a girl has to do more than her share of supporting her own family, but what do you think of the advice that encourages her to neglect her father, mother, brother or sister? We cannot discuss the lecture as a whole. We simply mention some things which illustrate an attitude which is entirely inconsistent with Dr. Patten's position as teacher of economics. Such an attitude, we are glad to know, is not representative of a very large class.

Another Attitude.

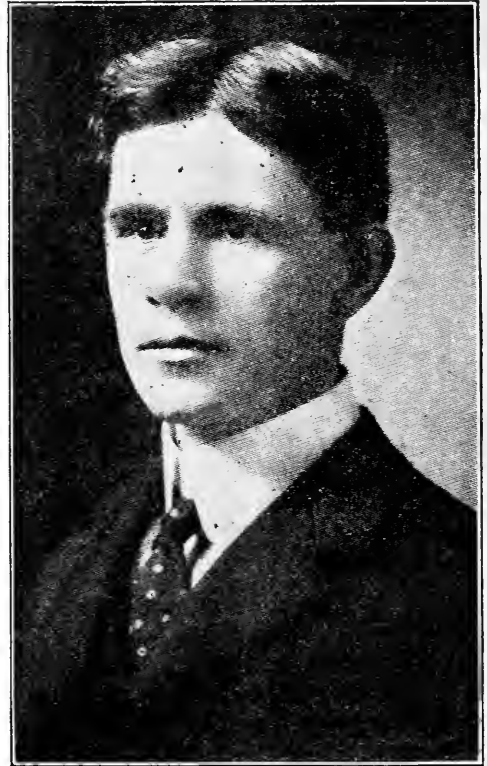
Our attention has been brought to another attitude lately which has to do with the religious side of social progress. The writer thinks that it is a waste of time and effort to send the message of Christ to the "slums"; since it is much easier to secure converts in the rural districts and in small towns. The one who took this position like hundreds of others throughout the country, believes that slums are synonymous with wickedness. In the first place the word slum is an unsafe term to use and may mean something widely different to different individuals.

The word slum is not synonymous with wickedness. There is wickedness in the

poorest tenement and back alley districts of the cities but the most flagrant and vicious evils are not found there by any means. There are few classes of people in the United States that need more genuine sympathy and constructive charity than those who live in what are usually called the slums. It is a narrow interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus that leads a Christian to do as the priest on the road to Jericho did, pass around on the other side. There is a comparatively large body of earnest workers—Christians—in this country who by legislation, education of the public, by spending their means, by example, by urging contractors to build more intelligently, and in countless other special ways are gradually ridding the larger cities of the slum districts. It will take a generation or so to do it but the work is being done nevertheless as we have been trying to show in these pages from time to time. What those "wicked people" in the "slums" need is a job paying at least a living wage, a sanitary place in which to live in decency and privacy, a park within convenient reach, a public playground nearby for the children and a **sane, practical preaching of the religion of Jesus Christ.** There are more heroes among the poor than those who have never known what it means to be in need of food and fuel really think. The husband and wife who struggle in the face of poverty all their lives and raise a family the best they can knowing that no legacy or prominent position will ever be theirs and that their sole income will always be the wage of a common laborer, should be given the consideration they deserve. Their character may have fewer spots than the more pretentious. What they need is a sympathy that not only invites them to church services but which assists them in getting better wages as the cost of living goes up and which protects them against those business men who swell their income by exploiting the helpless.

Wisconsin Ahead Again.

When we are looking for progressive legislation we usually turn to Oklahoma or Wisconsin, not that the other States are so far behind but because there are a few States in the country in which they are always trying to do something for the good of all. Wisconsin is one of these States. Their latest move is State life insurance. The ball was started rolling when Robert M. La Follette was Governor. He sent a message to the State legislature of which the following was a part: "With the exception of the corporations which control



Hon. Herman L. Ekern.

the transportation facilities of the commonwealth there is no class of corporations more in need of careful and economical administration than those which make a business of life insurance. It is the business which gathers the savings of the youth and mature manhood, to safeguard old age against poverty; to provide sustenance and shelter and the comforts of home for the widow and orphan." The matter was taken up by the legislature and now a plan is completely worked out by which any citizen of the State may secure life insurance with the protection of the State and at less expense than formerly. The new department is in charge of a commissioner of insurance, who is now the Hon. Herman L. Ekern, and the details such as medical inspection, care of funds, and writing of insurance are cared for by existing offices. The State Treasurer looks after the investments, the Health Department the medical inspection and policies may be secured by applying at State banks, county, town, and village clerks. Thus it will be seen that there will be a few overhead charges which go to pay high salaried officials in privately

conducted insurance companies. All persons between the ages of twenty and fifty are eligible to State insurance and policies are written for amounts of \$500 or multiples thereof. No policy will be written for more than \$3,000. The usual plans of insurance are offered: Ordinary Life, Twenty Year Payment, Endowment at Sixty-five, Ten Year Endowment. Other plans are contemplated. Old age pension and government insurance have been in successful operation in many foreign countries but heretofore the State legislatures of this country have not been very much interested in such enterprises. On the twenty-fourth of last October the first policy was written in Wisconsin.

Colony for Inebriates Proposed in Michigan.

Among the bills introduced in the legislature of Michigan which is now in session is one which provides special hospitals and colonies for inebriates and other drug

friends of various kinds. The bill, which has been introduced by Representative Leonard, proposes that a special board of inebriety be established which shall have charge of the State hospitals and colonies. Permission is given police judges the privilege of sending habitual drunkards and those addicted to the excessive use of drugs to the colonies. This plan is not a novel one. New York City has established a farm for inebriates and at other places the plan has been found to be successful. Fresh air, regular employment and restriction will frequently help a man out of drunkenness unless he has gone too far.

Representative Middleton introduced another bill that is similar to those on the statutes of most States. It provides that saloons have no screens or other obstruction in front of their places of business. The bill is a good one but one difficult to enforce. There are so many ways in which it may be evaded.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

President Wilson's Chicago Audience.

The worthy gentlemen of the Commercial Club would not deny that Mr. Wilson spoke on this occasion to an unusual and exclusive audience—to men of millions, rather than to men of ideals—to trust magnates and trust lieutenants—to men who believe that the chief end of government is to glorify Big Business and exalt it forever. He spoke to a club not a handful of whose members ever supported him or any candidate representing his principles. Mr. Wilson brought to this financial minded audience the same message that won the confidence of American voters last fall. . . . Mr. Wilson made his remarkable speech without giving cause for offense or excuse for antagonism. On the contrary, he appealed for coöperation—but coöperation only on condition of unbiased devotion to the welfare of the people. . . . President-elect Wilson has put the nation in his debt by his magnificent statement of democratic principles applied to modern needs. But the gentlemen of the Commercial Club, if they heed the message he brought them, will owe him most of all.—The Chicago Journal.



Bryan on Cabinet Appointments.

The St. Louis Republic says: "Woodrow

Wilson's debt to Bryan is the biggest debt possible in American politics. Proper acknowledgment of that debt is expected. Popular belief is that it will be paid." . . . Cabinet positions ought not to be regarded as currency with which to pay debts. They are responsible positions, and in filling them the President-elect should look to the future and not to the past. A public official has no right to discharge political obligations at the expense of the public. The men selected by Mr. Wilson for the cabinet should be selected not because of personal service rendered to him, nor even because of past service rendered to the party. The individual counts for little; the cause counts for much. An individual, if he has had a proper motive for working, finds sufficient compensation in the triumph of ideas, principles and policies; he does not need the consolations of office. . . . The Commoner declines to discuss cabinet possibilities, but it ventures to express the hope that Governor Wilson will be governed by a higher motive than gratitude in the selection of his official household.—The Commoner.



The Wilson Policy.

Woodrow Wilson's Chicago speech adds substantial reasons to those already accu-

mulated for confidence in the incoming administration. Simply as oratory, it should rank high. In substance and tone it was extraordinarily appropriate to the occasion; in its appeal it was considerate but firm, and modestly eloquent. To the mass of American citizenship, however, the great virtue of this speech is the heightened assurance it gives of the dependableness of Woodrow Wilson's democracy.

Conspicuous in the speech was a plain notification that the only business men with whom President Wilson dare counsel are those who intend the same things that he intends. A severe indictment this, of the good faith of leading business men; yet one which is fully warranted by President Taft's experience as a human island "surrounded by men who know precisely what they want." But its importance as an indictment of such men is slight in comparison with its value as an assurance that their reign is to end with the outgoing administration. This assurance in itself might be of little value. But Mr. Wilson bases it upon and buttresses it by political and economic principles which proclaim as utterly hostile the things that he intends to those that Big Business wants.



Arbitration of Pecuniary Claims.

Agreement has been reached between our Government and that of Great Britain as to the composition of the tribunal for the arbitration of pecuniary claims, as provided for in the special arrangement recently ratified by the two governments. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada, will represent Great Britain, and Chandler P. Anderson, counselor of the Department of State, will represent the United States. The third member of the tribunal will be chosen by these two, and will not be a citizen of either the United States or of Great Britain. Cecil J. B. Hurst, of the British Foreign Office, will be chief counsel for Great Britain, and Edmund L. Newcombe, Canadian Deputy Minister of Justice, will be associated with him. Severo Mallet-Prevost, of New York, will be chief counsel for the United States. Robert Lansing, one of counsel for the United States in the fisheries arbitration and the Alaska boundary arbitration, will be associated with him. The amount claimed on both sides amounts to about four million dollars, and a schedule of these claims has already been agreed upon. The treaty under which this tribunal is created provides that all outstanding claims

between the two countries shall be submitted to arbitration, and a supplemental schedule may be submitted to the tribunal before it meets.



Canadian Prosperity.

The "Westerner," a magazine published in Seattle, has in its December number a very interesting article by E. H. McPherson, entitled "The Last and Best West." This article is illustrated with a large number of photographs of different sections of British Columbia; and some of the statistics showing the development of the Province within the last few years are astounding. Mr. McPherson takes the growth of the city of Vancouver as a sort of index to the development of the entire Province. For example, the population of Vancouver has increased in ten years from 26,000 to over 100,000 (with suburbs 150,000). The bank clearings in 1901 were \$47,000,000, while in 1911 they amounted to more than \$500,000,000. In ten years the assessed value of property increased from \$20,000,000 to \$136,000,000, while the value of improvements grew from \$7,000,000 to \$37,000,000. Building permits in 1902 were about \$833,000, and in 1911 \$17,000,000. As a climax to his article, Mr. McPherson says: "The patriotic British Columbians proudly point out the Single-tax system as one of their chief assets. By this theory, the natural resources of the country bear the entire burden of taxation, while man's energy and industry are exempt. In other words the land is taxed but improvements are not. While there is some difference of opinion as to the entire justice of this plan, it has certainly induced building, improvement, and the development of the city as well as of the agricultural lands of the Province. When a vacant lot is taxed just as high as the neighboring plot holding a 14 or 18-story building, the owner of said vacant land bestirs himself to either sell out or equip his property with a similar building.



"I was talking to Digby this morning about the latest Dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."

"I should think not! Digby married one."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



"What is your favorite flower, Duke?" asked the heiress. "But I ought to know without asking."

"Well, what should it be?"

"The marigold."—Kansas City Journal.

EDITORIALS

The Educated Man.

Isaac Ogden Rankin has said: "We must define that educated man in terms of life and not of mere scholastic experience. And we must define him in terms of the whole of life. Washington and Lincoln were educated men, though they had little experience of the school. The educated man is a rounded character, well adjusted by nature and by training to the world in which he is called to live. He has learned self-mastery, consideration for the rights of others and the final art that schools so often fail to teach, of knowing how to learn and keep on learning. Knowledge that is applied to life and is increased in using; sympathy that is ever awake and active as a motive power for action, humility and curiosity that deepen and broaden the soul in following out the thoughts of God—these are elements of the education we desire for all men upon earth."



Seeks Doom of Cigarettes.

Once more the cigarette is in peril. While Dr. D. H. Kress is busy in Chicago schools showing horrified little boys all about their blood pressure, Miss Lucy Page Gaston, superintendent of the Anti-Cigarette League of America, is ready to make a legislative foray on the State capitals of Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska, Kentucky and Illinois in the interest of the Kansas anti-cigarette and tobacco law.

"Now that we have heard from the London Lancet and other medical authorities on the injurious effects of cigarette combustion," said Miss Gaston, "we hope to arouse the people of Illinois to demand a real anti-cigarette law from the new legislature."

"Five times has the Illinois house passed an anti-cigarette bill, only to have it die in the senate committee. In 1893 it was commonly understood this death had been worth \$34,000 to certain persons and in 1911 it was said one senator received a present of \$10,000."

The board of education recently opened the schools to a campaign of anti-cigarette instruction. Dr. Kress and other demonstrators have been explaining and illustrating the work of tobacco in weakening the heart.



Coal Shows Nation's Gain.

The wonderful prosperity which the na-

tion has enjoyed during this calendar year is emphasized by a report just made by the United States Geological Survey which shows that using the coal mining industry as a barometer, the demands of business never have been greater. During the year all previous records in the production of coal were broken and approximately 550,000,000 short tons were produced, an amount 10 per cent greater than the previous high record which was established in 1910. Had there not been a decrease in the production of anthracite coal because of the wage controversy in Pennsylvania the record would have been even more notable.

The revival of the iron industry stimulated the production of coal in the Eastern States, bumper crops of grain and other agricultural products increased prosperity among the farmers in the middle West and decreasing supplies of natural gas and fuel oil in the mid-continent fields removed competition with the mines of the South-western States and materially increased the demand for coal. Railroad consumption and activity in nearly all lines of manufacture have been in excess of the records of previous years according to the report.

The production of coal would have been greater, say the government experts, had not transportation facilities been inadequate and had the supply of miners and mine laborers been greater.

Notwithstanding the two months' shut-down in the coal mines of Illinois in April and May, 1912, pending the adjustment of the wage agreement, the geological survey estimates that the production of coal in the State during 1912 will show an increase of about 10 per cent over 1911.



The Importance of the Trivial.

When you have leisure and are in a meditative mood, you will find it an interesting pastime to follow back some of the important events or conditions of your life to their source. If you do so you will observe this curious fact, that most events, even of the highest import, have their germ in something which at the moment seemed as trivial as a nod of the head, and generally quite as unpremeditated. Just as the greatest animals grow from microscopic eggs, so do the greatest events originate in microscopic incidents.

To a certain business man the postman brought an envelope which seemed to contain a common circular. Being busy at the time, too busy, in fact, to look for the waste basket, he left it lying unopened on the

desk. Some months after he chanced to notice it, and preparatory to throwing it away he casually opened it and extracted—a warrant for five hundred dollars to his order, and it happened to be one which would have lost its value of collection had it been deferred a week longer.

It is a common thing that opportunity knocks but once at each man's door. Nothing could be further from the truth. Opportunity is knocking all the time—it is our fault if we do not grasp it. No one knows in what corner or under what humble disguises good fortune may be awaiting him. If he only jumps at that which looks attractive and passes with contempt that which seems superficially worthless, he is likely to let the main chance of his life slip through his fingers.



Vocational Training Needed for Farming.

"Agriculture has been a process of mining. We need the new education so that the farm may become a workshop, furnishing a field for skilled labor, intelligent management and the profitable employment of capital."

The above observation epitomizes the arguments for vocational training for children in the farming regions advanced in a recently published pamphlet by Edward A. Rumely of Laporte, Ind., with the title, "Some Thoughts on Agricultural Education." The author is a prominent Indiana manufacturer whose interest in industrial education dates back to his student days in Germany.

To summarize, points dwelt on in Mr. Rumely's pamphlet are:

1. The industries in the cities and the methods of farming must be changed so that henceforth we shall sell labor power rather than the natural wealth of the land.
2. In order to make all labor effective so that it will create large values vocational training is essential. City children must gain skill and knowledge for industrial effort; children destined for the farm must be given a broad school training that will give

them understanding of the scientific principles as well as skill and enthusiasm for the work itself.

3. Vocational training is needed for the child's own intellectual and moral development, and on that account alone it must be included in all primary school courses.

4. Teachers equipped by years of special training are an urgent need.

5. To set the standards, develop methods of instruction and equip teachers in large numbers a central normal school should be developed.

"A survey of our national activities," says Mr. Rumely, "reveals one significant fact; we are still bartering away the solid things of the earth in return for the use of capital, business and labor values and personal services of other peoples. Our forefathers, with a virgin continent behind them, could well afford to do this, but for us that time is long past. Our whole economic policy from now on must aim to create values out of labor in the cities by building up secondary industries that take the raw materials and convert them into highly manufactured products. Instead of selling our steel and lumber in the raw state at 1 cent per pound, we must sell our iron in reapers and engines at 10 cents per pound, in automobiles at 50 cents a pound, and in typewriters and cash registers at \$2 per pound. This same ideal of selling labor instead of natural wealth is binding upon the farm. We do not need better agricultural education to increase the wheat crop from thirteen to thirty bushels per acre merely for the sake of increasing our total yield of cereals. I doubt with our present population whether it would be a good thing to increase the yield of wheat from thirteen to an average of thirty bushels per acre for the sake of growing 1,700,000 bushels annually instead of 700,000,000, for that would simply hasten the day of soil exhaustion. Our aim should be rather to get the same amount of cereals from a smaller acreage, so as to leave more land free for other varied crops."

A VALUABLE BOOK

Olive A. Smith

Dr. A. A. Lindsay, of Portland, Oregon, is the author of an interesting little book entitled, "Mind the Builder," which is becoming popular among students of the newer psychology.

Dr. Lindsay draws clearly the distinction between the objective mind, which he styles the architect or designer of life, and the subconscious mind, the builder. In the most reasonable manner, these sim-

files are carried throughout the entire work, and the author succeeds in stripping from the subconscious its element of mystery. He also succeeds in making an investigation of these activities seem desirable in the interests of a higher moral and spiritual training. He believes it possible to "take the individual with diseased body, inadequate mind and discouraged heart, and redeem all through remedial, constructive and reconstructive power of the Designer and the Builder whose offices science now invokes."

In the chapter on "Body Building or Physical Culture," the author enforces the thought of one's personal responsibility for the proper development of his own body and that of his children, through the parental power of impressing ideals. He believes that all the tendencies toward cellular construction resulting from heredity can be corrected by parents if the objective mind is used in the right direction. "The mother's conscious mind could be the absolute designer, formulating at will what should be the form and feature of harmony of her child; she can offset the club foot of father and grandfather, the objectionable in her own features, prevent voice or accent of father or her own manners she dislikes, all by making a design in her will or reasoning mind with appointments of perfection along these lines, then by auto-suggestion, suggesting to her own subconscious mind to build for these results in the body and manner of body action of her forming child. And certainly if things physical can be so ordered and avoided, the qualities undesired can be omitted and the desired entered in department of character."

In the succeeding chapter entitled "How Body Tissue is Modified and Made," Dr. Lindsay denies the idea that all body disease begins in mental attitudes or from mental causes. While the subconscious mind is supreme in its power as far as the individual is concerned, it operates under law, and in harmony with every other law. The law of gravity would not interfere to prevent a man's body from falling to earth, if dropped from a height. His body is subject to the physical laws and is therefore affected by climatic and chemical states.

The author believes, however, that this subconscious builder might accomplish greater good in keeping the body in order if properly trusted by those powers which we use so continually in our struggles with life as we find it.

"The designer, the conscious mind, must

desire the correction, must believe the subconscious can make such correction and then leave it with the builder to do as the plans indicate, and must not be changing the plans; must not doubt the power and the will of the subconscious to make the cure, even to adding new structures or correcting the old as well as restore function."

In the chapter treating of "Mental Culture," Dr. Lindsay makes much of aspiration, of reflection, personal reasoning and concluding, as opposed to a commonly accepted idea that mental greatness comes as a result of seeing, hearing and reading widely.

The chapter entitled "Man As He Is and How He Got That Way," is one of the strongest portions of the work. The following extracts show the trend of the author's argument:

"The subconscious mind is the seat of character; it is the receptacle of the conclusions of the voluntary mind. An individual thinks upon a subject or lets another think for him, but in either case the seat of character is the dump ground for the conclusions. After these conclusions are registered the individual acts involuntarily and unconsciously in accord with the conclusions.

"In an average home, getting money for actual living or for surplus comprises the largest part of the conversation in the hearing of the child, which leads him to the conclusion that making money must be the chief aim in life and the purpose of his existence. If that is a conclusion then it is an impulse over the soul and he unconsciously and involuntarily acts consistent with that. No son or daughter can arrive at the age to take up life activities for himself or herself under a wholesome and safe attitude towards the world with these conclusions which are the foundation of their characters.

"Psychologically speaking, the conclusions of reasoning mind, the designer, were designs given to the subconscious mind, the builder, and had to become a character structure consistent with the conclusions.

"I know mankind, as a rule, would not build such structures knowingly as they involuntarily, as individuals, become."

There are three methods of character building mentioned. The first, involuntary soul culture, or that which comes from affliction or tribulation, which we all seek to avoid. The second is that of self, or auto-suggestion—becoming passive with definite purpose to impress certain changes in the character. The third, or "ideal meth-

od," is to receive suggestions mentally and audibly, from a second person.

The chapter on "Concentration and False Affirmation," is the one which defines clearly the difference between the true psychology and the many unreasonable claims made by leaders of various cults. There is small virtue, says the author, in concentrating the objective, or will mind, for the curing of the body, the modification of character or the effecting of business affairs. It is exhausting and usually brings no realization of things desired.

"A false affirmation made, such as a declaration of perfections in physical health, mental or spiritual excellence or affluence which does not exist at the time, either in form or degree, makes it impossible to ever attain.

"A superb deception of the soul causes the vision of the perceptive faculties to become altogether disordered and hallucinations increase.

"Aspiration must precede realization. Omit aspiration, or the principle of designing, and no change will take place.

"Aspiration is looking with the will mind toward the subconscious to make real your plan. False affirmation is with the will mind assuring the builder you are already perfect and it gets no impulse to modify."

In regard to the mystical "fore knowledge," the author believes that the soul has such knowledge of what is to be experienced, and that it is occasionally pushed

across the threshold of consciousness. "But," he says, "the best lesson is in the grand attitude toward the soul of the man who knows. Since it is possessed of the knowledge and is the power over the body if the will is coöperative, the man does not ask to consciously know all the subconscious holds, but trusts that power and intelligence to arrange his daily program with reference to what it knows is yet to occur. This supreme trust will bring order into the life, takes away all anxiety, all fear, and the trusting one knows that the outcome of every matter will be for the best."

The book continues the line of thought begun by "The New Psychology," a larger volume published by the Lindsay Publishing Company a few years ago. It is exceedingly well written, reverent and modest in tone. The closing chapter deals with the subject of "Individuality, or Science and Individual Perpetuation," and presents the belief in immortality in the most logical manner.

"Individuality being the most persistent factor in the human soul, whose inherent impulse is for individual continuity, is sufficient to assure every one upon the matter of living on as an individual. Be at rest; be not anxious concerning anything. Love a great deal; serve all the time. Do not be self-conscious; trust your soul. Seek success with content, and you will live forever as an individual, exalted, greatly glorifying your source."

PRAISE FOR THE COUNTRY BOY

Isaac Motes

I WAS recently privileged to hear a great address to the young men of St. Louis by Mr. Fred B. Smith, the well-known Y. M. C. A. worker, on the subject, "Beware lest you forget God," the thought which runs through the Book of Deuteronomy, where Moses warns the young men of Israel against the mistakes he had made.

As contributing causes which lead shallow young men in modern city life to forget God, Mr. Smith mentioned "the on-sweep of a cheap grade fun," the multiplication of picture shows, and the impossibility of any young man who could find satisfaction and enjoyment in being perpetually in such places to ever make a good citizen and a forceful member of society. One of his strong statements was

that you "couldn't breed a great nation in 5-cent shows," and he went on to explain how the restless, unnaturally stimulated desire of empty-headed young men in the cities to go to these shoddy places of amusement every evening after supper was sapping their sturdy qualities of mind, unfitting them for the responsibilities of earnest living and good citizenship and practically condemning them to intellectual death.

Addressing his audience of perhaps five thousand young men Mr. Smith said: "Who is going to run this great city of St. Louis thirty, forty or fifty years from now? Well, of one thing you may be sure—it won't be you. It won't be the young man who finds his intellectual level in 5-cent shows—whose taste is so perverted

that he derives pleasure from such cheap, inane amusements. Out yonder somewhere on a farm is a boy—a boy who never attends picture shows, but who walks out under God's bright firmament at night and studies the stars. His life is cool and sweet, sane and serious, devoid of unnatural hot-house excitements peculiar to cities, and as a result that boy will some day come in here and run this town."

I was deeply impressed by these strong words, because they so exactly bear out my observations of life in the city, and the difference between country boys and the young men who hang around pool halls, dance halls and the dirty 5 and 10-cent shows in our large cities, many of them either immoral or suggestive of immorality, or at least questionable in the character of the pictures they show and the plays they put upon their stages. And even if they are not immoral it is enough to condemn them when you say they are frivolous and deadening in their influence on the intellectual and moral life.

It has been my observation that country boys are more serious minded and manly than the youth in the city who is continually running after the excitements, diversions and amusements peculiar to metropolitan life. The city youth's nature calls for constant diversions of some kind, however cheap, while the calm and more natural life of the country boy has given him a taste for the elevated and earnest things of life.

I have also been led to believe that the country boy is really better educated than the city youth. At least he has builded firmer foundations for an education. He knows what he knows more thoroughly than does the average city boy. It may surprise some country people to hear it, but I believe the good rural schools are in some important respects better than city schools. The buildings in the cities and towns are much finer, but the foundations of an education are laid firmer in the country schools. The great fundamentals of an education are learned more thoroughly than in the city schools. There are more frills of education taught in cities, but these frills do not discipline the mind like the great fundamentals—spelling, mathematics, the sciences, history and geography, Latin, civil government and the like.

These fit the intelligent farmer boy for his life work, even if he has to stop with this amount of schooling, while they furnish a good foundation on which to build a higher education if he is able to go to a

university. With these foundations, if he goes to a university he is almost sure to become a better scholar than the boy from the city whose mental powers have been leached out by feverish rushing after the cheap excitement of his hot-house life.

Also it is remarkable that college men from the small colleges in the towns and small cities of the agricultural States are generally better students than those graduating from universities with bigger reputations in the great cities. During a five years' residence in the city I am sure the brightest young man I met was the only son of a Kansas farmer, and a graduate of the Kansas State University at Lawrence, a small city containing between 15,000 and 25,000 inhabitants. I do not know that his curriculum of studies was as complete as that of many other universities, but his education seemed to have rounded out his character, and to have made of him a student, a serious-minded, well-groomed, intelligent, thoughtful young man for whom the cheap and tawdry diversions and excitements of city life had no attractions. There was a seriousness about him in striking contrast with the type of superficial young man of his age in the city—stenographers, bookkeepers, drug clerks, salesmen, opera house ushers and the like.

So let not the country boy for a moment think of disparaging the opportunities afforded by his home life and his rural schools, even if that home life is uneventful and somewhat monotonous, the school buildings unpretentious and the quality of instruction not up to university standards. It is at least thorough as far as it goes, and that is a very important consideration, whether the young farmer is to depend on this schooling for his success in life, or whether he will use it as a foundation for four years at a university.

The very absence of exciting diversions in the country supplies the best atmosphere for natural, harmonious mental expansion and for study in school, and it is these sweet, healthful, sane surroundings which fit the farmer's son for coming to the city some time, if his tastes lead him that way, to help run the city or to take some other place of responsibility, pushing aside the city youth who has dwarfed his mentality by hanging around 5-cent shows and pool halls.

Some humorous paragrapher on the daily press has said that "Country people have a better time than city folks because after the evening chores are done country people can rest, while city folks must rush to the picture shows," implying that this fe-

verish craving for excitement, for being always "on the go," has such a grip on them that their going to these cheap places of amusement becomes a necessity, whether they feel like going or not. But this is

said in a humorous way, for city people really want to go to these shows every evening. It is the natural seeking of their level, and this is the saddest feature about the whole matter.

THE INSPIRATION OF A NEW YEAR

IT has always seemed to me fortunate that Christmas and the New Year should come in the cold, dull season. Otherwise the winter months would seem to stretch out in interminable dreariness. As it is, however, we say, "After the New Year we will do things differently." So there is always a feeling of hope ahead. Monotony is the thing that kills, and the very fact that we can anticipate a time of change is in itself inspiring. Yet how often we fail to make the change when the time comes.

New Year's Day, radiant with inspiration, passes, and we sink back into the old ruts.

Yet for young and old the New Year should be a time of awakening; not a time merely of good resolutions; for resolutions, as we usually think of them, are hackneyed, and have no real life in them. Those of us who would make this year count should make up our minds that we will put behind us all the things that are hampering our activities, deadening our mentalities, weakening our convictions. We must understand, first, that there are just two things that make life worth while, and these two things are love and labor. Of course, we don't believe it. Many of us do not value love as we should, hence we come to old age with empty hearts. Most of us do not value labor, and we end our days without having given to the world our best.

The man or woman who begins the New Year in the right way will say: "This year I will love much; this year I will labor." With twelve months' adherence to this resolution, there must be a wonderful harvest.

None of us, who put our minds to love and to labor, can fail. These two things, and these only, bring life's real rewards.

Bettina says that I teach a hard philosophy. That she wants to play. That good times are essential.

I want her to play; I want all young things to have good times, but when the playing ceases to satisfy, then it is well to think of the real things of life.

The great curse of the day is frittering—the restless, incessant going from one thing to another. If women were happy, if men were satisfied with their lives as they are, then there would be no need for change, but how many satisfied people do you meet? I do not know many, and I am sure that you do not.

A woman said to me the other day, "I am going to make this year different from all the others; I am going to wake up. It seems to me that I have been dead the greater part of my life. I mean dead to new sensations, to new emotions, to new enthusiasms, and new inspirations. This year I'm going to live more vividly, more vitally. I'm going to get hold of some work that interests me, I'm going to hunt up some new people to care for, I am going to love my old friends more. In fact, I'm going to create a new world for myself."

In a sense, we are all masters of our own fate, and at no time should we feel this as much as at the beginning of a new year. Only the inactive, the indolent need find life uninteresting. Each year should be a progress toward a desired end. Let this year be your start in the right direction.

AN UNWISE PROPHET

ACCORDING to a statement which recently appeared in the New York Times, one of the cardinal "princes" of the Roman Catholic Church has ventured to predict that that church will in the future be the church of the American people. He did not claim that it would be so to the exclusion of all other creeds; but, in his opinion, it is des-

tined to be the dominant religion in this republic.

Now, if this attempt to gauge the future of a nation of one hundred million souls were made by any other than one of the leaders of the Roman hierarchy, it might well be set down as a mere empty boast, in line with similar vaunts that have lately been made by irresponsible persons; but

coming from so high a personage, it is entitled to serious consideration. It is doubtless intended to encourage the rank and file in the great campaign "to make America Catholic." It is a safe and logical proposition that "the future can best be judged by the past," and if we apply this rule in the present case, we are confronted by some very remarkable facts. It is not so long ago since all Europe was Catholic. What is the situation today? As Dr. Mangasarian has pointed out, more than half of the ancient Catholic territory has been lost to the Roman Church. Here is the roll call:

Lost by Rome

Germany
Holland
England
Scotland
Switzerland
Sweden
Norway
Denmark
France

Portugal
Italy

Still Held by Rome

Austria
Spain
Ireland (partially)
Mexico
South American States
Central American States

If we seek the cause of this phenomenal decline of a once great religious cult, it is easy to find. The Church of Rome has ever been the foe of popular education and the ally of oppressive monarchies. Wherever its power has prevailed, illiteracy has flourished. It has been the practical expositor of the doctrine that the people of any nation are unfit for self-government. What was the condition of the Philippines after three centuries of Rome rule? And what of Central and South America? Portugal, though nominally Catholic, repudiated the authority of the church when it stepped into the ranks of the progressive nations. Spain is almost ready to follow its example and to make a complete cleavage between church and state. And so it has been with the whole long line of European countries that won back the liberties of which Rome had despoiled them. In no single case was the question one of spiritual doctrine; they simply compelled Rome to relax its grasp on the welfare of the

nation, to cease forever from troubling its politics and interfering with its highest material interests.

With these historical examples before us, there would seem to be little to justify the confident prediction of the cardinal "prince" that the Roman Church will ultimately be the church of the American people. Hopes of the rehabilitation here of Rome's lost splendor are a fool's dream. Three years ago Bishop McFaul of Trenton, N. J., reckoned that the Roman Church has lost 25,000,000 American adherents in a single generation, and should have had 40,000,000 instead of 15,000,000. She may count as loyal followers those multitudes who have left the Rome-ridden countries of Europe to seek political and religious liberty and better general conditions here. It is certain their experience has not inspired them all with a desire to come again under the domination of a power that seeks absolute control of their liberty, their conscience and their political allegiance. Europe long ago learned that "Rome" is not a religion, but, as Lecky the historian says, "a vast and highly organized kingdom, recognizing no geographical frontiers, governed by a foreign sovereign, pervading temporal politics with its manifold influence," and this fact has been forced upon our own nation by recent events, for the whole attitude of the hierarchy, cardinal "princes" and prelates together, in the crusade to "make America Catholic" has been repugnant to the patriotism, the intelligence and the sound common sense of our people. It will probably not be long before some representative of Rome here will attempt to disavow the absurd pretensions set up by cardinals and papal organs, and such action is likely to be accelerated by the influence of Roman Catholic laymen, who in this matter seem to have more sense than their ecclesiastical superiors.—Christian Herald, Jan. 8, 1912.

THE GROUNDHOG

John H. Nowlan

THIS is an animal found in many States, its range being from North Carolina almost to Hudson Bay and westward from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River. It may be found west of that stream, but as its favorite habitat is among the hills, on the plains of the West

its place is taken by its cousin the prairie dog.

It makes its home usually on sloping ground so that the burrows may have an upward slope, which allows the rain to drain away from the bed. Sometimes the entrance is on open ground, but generally

it is beneath a stone, root of a tree or an overhanging bank. Inside the burrow divides into several channels, each of which usually has an opening leading away from the main one. These are well concealed beneath roots, grass or weeds. Well back in the burrow a large chamber is dug and in this is made a bed of soft, dry leaves.

The ground hog is a member of the marmot family. The distinguishing characteristics of them are short legs, heavy bodies, and chisel-shaped teeth. Each jaw has two broad incisors, the enamel on the front side being very hard while the back portion being soft causes them to be always sharp. Their favorite food is cabbage, melons, corn and the like, though they are by no means choice, eating what comes handy. They have good appetites, and the amount that they destroy in a season is surprising to one who has not observed them. If they do not find cultivated crops to their liking they content themselves with grass or leaves. In fact the mulberry tree is a good place to find them.

Though appearing awkward, they run rapidly, and are expert climbers.

They come out to feed in the cool of the morning and evening, but during the heat of the day may often be seen sunning in the mouth of the burrow or near it. When feeding they are very watchful, rising on their hind legs and looking around every few minutes. Should the feeder see or hear anything suspicious away he goes to his home where he again sits and listens, unless the enemy is in full view. Should the hunter take advantage of the good target now shown the chances are that unless he can shoot accurately enough to cause instant death the groundhog will make his way to the interior of his home before dying.

Should the hunter's dog overtake him before he reaches his burrow he will turn to defend himself which he does successfully unless the dog knows how to prosecute the war.

On reaching the burrow he often goes but a short distance till he turns and awaits the enemy, at whose approach he utters a shrill defiant whistle.

If you find a burrow and wish to learn whether or not the owner is at home roll a stone down the front entrance and then listen closely. If he is there he may be heard digging and banking the earth behind him. It will be almost useless to dig for him unless you are an expert knight of the pick and shovel, for he soon extends his burrow and will bank the earth behind him

so solidly that no trace is left to show where he retreated. If you can afford to wait a few days you may get him by means of a trap but if in a hurry try drowning. Insert a long slender pole or a grape vine to get the bearings of the hole, then go up hill and with a post hole digger tap the run from above. When it is found tamp earth tightly in all other openings, carry a barrel or two of water to pour into the hole and you may succeed in capturing him. I say "may," for sometimes he stubbornly refuses to come out and be killed, but "holds the fort."

If you would like to get a snapshot of him find a hole where you are reasonably sure one resides and about noon on a bright summer day focus your camera on the opening. Attach 25 or 30 feet of tubing to the bulb, carry the bulb up above the entrance (your camera should be below the hole to get the best view), and conceal yourself as well as possible. Remain perfectly quiet, watching and listening intently and if at the expiration of an hour or two you hear a slight rustling, press the bulb. If you can hang a large mirror down hill in such a position that the entrance will be reflected in it so much the better; then you may see without being seen.

Commercially he is valueless. His rusty brown fur has no quotations on the market, but if you know how to tan his hide you will have a piece of whang leather that will serve many useful purposes on the farm.

He is an outlaw in the State of Illinois, a bounty of twenty-five cents being paid for his scalp.

Some time in October he disappears from view. Going to his bed of grass he curls up in his chamber and sublets his living rooms to the possum, who may be found in possession till about March or April. By this time Mr. Woodchuck, the true name of our subject, has exhausted his store of fat and wanders forth to appease his awakened appetite. Evicting his tenants, he puts his house in order for his family of "pigs" who may be seen basking in the warm rays of the June sun.



It behooves our people to give full and immediate attention to "colds."

A cold is an infection and a person with a cold is an infection-bearer. Govern yourself accordingly.

Keep away from a person with a cold. It's catching.

The victim of a cold is in a receptive condition for more dangerous infections.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD

Lula Dowler Harris

THE great tabernacle was packed to its doors. Two overflow meetings were being conducted in different parts of the city.

The choir of one thousand voices had made the great building ring with their songs of love and praise.

The great evangelist had delivered his message. The text, "What will you do with Jesus?" was ringing in the ears of ten thousand people.

God was working upon the hearts of the people.

People were going forward by the hundreds seeking the salvation of their souls. Personal workers were blending with the vast audience.

One man arose and passed out a side door into the night. "No, I'll not do it," he said as he lit a cigar and hurried up the avenue.

James Wallace was the only son of Deacon Wallace, a good old Methodist, who had been praying long and loud for the salvation of his only son.

As he and his wife saw James arise that night, the old man clasped his wife's hand and said,

"He's goin' Ma." He did go but not the way they wished him to for as we know he left the tabernacle. Going straight to a cool-room he soon forgot the meetings in the excitement of the game.

Going home just at the peep of day, his feet seemed to mark time to the text: "What will you do with Jesus?"

Unable to rid himself of the ringing words he determined to leave the city.

Hastily packing a bag he returned to the dining-room where his father and mother were eating their morning meal. Swallowing a few bites and gulping down a cup of hot coffee he arose and bidding his parents good-bye was gone before they fully realized he was going.

"I'm afeerd hit's no use, Ma," said the old man shaking his head sadly, "I'm afeerd hit's no use."

"Don't say that, Pa, he'll come back all right."

Weeks passed, the meetings closed, James Wallace had not returned, neither had he been heard from by his parents.

As the great preacher was bidding Deacon Wallace good-bye, the old man said:

"Preacher, will you kinder keep an eye

out fur Jimmy? You be lots of places, maybe you'll run acrost him. And if you do, preacher, tell him his ma and me's most awful lonesome without him."

Two great tears rolled down the wrinkled face of the speaker and splashed on the clasped hands of the two men.

"I'll do it Brother Wallace, I'll do it, sir," said he.

Two years later the great evangelist passed through the same city, the home of Deacon Wallace.

The train stopped five minutes for lunch. He scanned the faces on the platform; yes, there was one man he knew; "Why, how do you do, Brother Wallace? You remember me don't you?" "Well! Well! if it ain't Brother Scott. Seen anything of Jimmy, Preacher?" asked the old man with trembling lips. "No, I haven't. Hasn't he come home yet?"

"No, not yet. He wrote me a letter over a year ago sayin' he'd come home sometime."

"And Preacher, I've been here to meet every train since the day ma got that letter. She keeps thinkin' Jimmy will surely come today. I don't know what we'll do with ma if he don't soon come." With a "God bless you" and a hand clasp the preacher was gone.

Three years later, in the heart of a great city we see a man trying to make his way through the crowded streets. He has the appearance of one who is down and out. His clothes are seedy and his gait unsteady.

Pausing near the window of a mission house he listened to the singing of a hymn, the first he had heard since he walked out of the tabernacle five years ago tonight. Yes, he remembered the air, but the words were strange. Yes, that was the tune he had heard his mother sing:

"I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King.
With Jesus my Savior
I'm the child of a King."

But they were not singing these words. Nearing the door of the mission house, drawn as if by a magnet, he pushed it wide open just as they sang:

"Some mother's child,
Some mother's child,
Then deal with him gently
For he's some mother's child."

Making his way to the altar he knelt down without speaking a word to anyone or anyone speaking to him. In a few minutes he arose to his feet, tears streaming down his face.

As they finished singing, James Wallace—for it was he—told how he had been convicted of his sins five years ago in the city of his birth and from which he had wandered far and wide. He told how the text, "What will you do with Jesus?" had rung in his ears ever since. He said the tap tap of his feet seemed to echo the words. The ring of his hammer when he worked seemed to repeat the text. The ringing of the bells and the rattling of the train all said the same thing: "What will you do with Jesus?" He said he had tried to drown the voice in the wine cup but it would not cease. He said his heart had felt like lead in his breast for five long years, rising sometimes it seemed to almost choke him. As he walked to a seat he said: "Thank God the weight is gone, I have settled the question. I will take him as my Savior."

The next day James Wallace, neatly dressed, swung aboard a westbound express.

When the train stopped at Detroit a clerical looking gentleman boarded the train. James recognized him at once as

the evangelist who had driven that teahome to his heart.

He made his way to him as soon as he was seated and made himself known, adding, "I am now a child of the King."

"Thank God, Jimmy," said the good man, "you are going home aren't you? Your father and mother are expecting you. Your father comes down to every train to see if you have come."

"Yes, indeed, I'm going home, and I find father and mother living I mean stay right there and atone for my past life."

"Pa, hain't it about train time? I'll light the lantern while you draw on your arctic Better bundle up, Pa, hit's stormin' right smart. Seems to me Jimmy's comin' tonight, sure. I baked some punkin pies today. Jimmy all'es liked 'em so well. I'm keeful now Pa, and don't slip."

Slowly the old man made his way toward the station. His eyes were so dim he could no longer see the way by the street lamps so he carried a lantern. His form was stooped and he tottered along with his cane in one hand, the lantern in the other.

As the train pulled out of the station, the evangelist heard the old man say, "Well, if it hain't Jimmy. Ma'll just die for joy, my boy. Come along, come along."

A BIT OF BLARNEY

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

BLARNEY CASTLE dates back to the middle of the fifteenth century. A descendant of the infamous Jeffreys bought both the castle and the village of Blarney, early in the last century. It is a beautiful ruin, ivy-colored and surrounded by large groves. Near the castle on a little declivity stands an old tower with the remains of a winding stair-case. This is built of the same stone as the castle and is equally curious, it was formerly the bell-tower. The groves were the pleasure-grounds of the castle, and in their day must have been very picturesque. They are partly surrounded by a thick high hedge; you enter through a rustic door, and find yourself in a walk between some very old trees. After you have wandered through the grove you go to the lake about which so many legends are told. Quantities of valuable family plate are said to be deposited in this lake awaiting the return of the rightful owner of the castle.

Where is the Blarney stone did you ask? The castle is unroofed and grows all around in the old windows between the stones. The Blarney stone fastened into the wall and held in place by iron clamps some three feet below the surface. Any one who goes to the trouble of kissing the stone is called a "pilgrim." There is supposed to be a mysterious virtue in the kissing of the stone, it imparts a gift of eloquence and persuasiveness. Irish orators are proverbial for the silvertongue and powerful plea. Many of the Irish people are strikingly agreeable in conversation, they have that tact for which most of us are striving, and a graciousness in accosting acquaintances which is most desirable. An Irish girl usually displays a charming facility in conversation, she takes time to scatter kind words, and smiles along the way.

A bit of blarney goes a long way toward smoothing the rough places in every

intercourse. Women particularly should have that quality which makes for mutual satisfaction and regard when talking with their friends. The witty mocker, the cynic, the clever critic, may serve to amuse a passing hour, but that is all. Those with whom we live should have the qualities which ease the strain of the life-struggle: sympathy, gentleness and a readiness to atone an offense. In asking favors soft speeches and complimentary things are most effective. And some people call this "blarney" and wonder whether we are sincere. Now why should they question the sincerity of one who has pleasant things to say, and believe at once the ugly, stinging criticism which they may hear? Believe me, it is an achievement to speak the truth in love, as the Apostle Paul phrases it. Young people should acquire the habit of pleasant, tactful speech, of being able to put in the word in season that will smooth out a difficulty or clear up a misunderstanding. The Irish have a happy faculty for doing this; they are simple and natural, and their talk abounds in the most unexpected turns, full of point, yet evidently the inspiration of the moment. Perhaps it is their familiarity with Blarney castle and its one that has made them proficient in its art:

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses
O he never misses
To grow eloquent."

Some people are slow to learn the difference between bluntness and frankness. We are that spontaneity which has nothing to conceal or cover over and so relates things as they are. But we do not admire a person who makes an art of being disagreeable, whose little speeches find the weak spot with a fatal instinct. Tact and good manners make it necessary to hold back some unpleasant facts in general conversation. It is not necessary to tell your friend that her new library table is poorly chosen, and not in good taste. If you do those things you need not be surprised to find yourself disliked and unappreciated. One who told another, "You must control yourself, you know that temper is a besetting sin," was grieved to see a friend of that same temper revealed in a hasty reply. If we go down into the underlying motive for many of these speeches we shall find there an ugly desire to make people unhappy or uncomfortable. If we are quite honest with ourselves we shall find that we do not love the neighbor to whom we say these things. We are like

Maggie Kulp, a good woman in the main who got into trouble by describing a neighbor's careless housekeeping. She was surprised when a friend told her of the mischief done.

"Is she really hurt at what I said?"

"Yes, Maggie, she says she cannot understand what made you talk like that."

"Hurt?" repeated Maggie, as if that were the only fact she could consider. "Well, my stars, what does Lena Goens expect? Here she is leaving the house and children go just anyhow and when some of us said something about it she up and acts as if we had done a dreadful thing. Why if I left my house go like hers I'd expect people to talk! An' anyway we never said nothing but the truth and she knows it is the truth." Yet Maggie Kulp did not look altogether comfortable as she went about her kitchen attending to several things. She stirred the potatoes and turned the slice of ham that was sizzling; it might have been the heat of the stove that made her cheeks burn, but she seemed slightly worried.

Her neighbor said little in reply but that little was not reassuring. "Maggie, you know that as a neighbor we have always been good friends. Now I am going to say that I do not think it was kind of you to talk about poor Lena Goens. She had no chance and her lot is hard enough without any adverse criticism from old housekeepers like ourselves." And then after a few questions regarding the correct measurements in putting up sweet pickles, she went to her home next door.

And Maggie who was given to plain speaking, was left alone to think it all over. It was not a pleasant half hour to look back upon. She had been strictly truthful in describing Lena Goens' careless ways, but what she said had been repeated and exaggerated by the gossips of the town until it made trouble between Lena and her husband.

Life is short and made up of toil and sacrifice, many days of sunshine but some of gloom. A bit of blarney will lighten some burdens, and bring joy to heavy hearts; you can say the pleasant, kindly word just as truthfully as the critical, disagreeable comment. Why should it be counted more Christianlike to say unpleasant truths than pleasant? We have often wondered why the happy, kindly, soothing speech is almost considered with suspicion as if there were some ulterior motive for it. Don't plant thorns, you never can protect yourself against them.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Hotel Smith, Genoa, Italy.

Dear Children:

MAMA and I are in from a tramp about this city. But first we bought our ticket, or rather paid the balance on it and saw that all was right for our going aboard tomorrow. Then we ran across the ever interesting information that the boat does not sail before six o'clock tomorrow evening, which means a half day late, and that it will stop at Palermo, Sicily, a day and that we shall be one day late into New York on schedule time. All this because Naples is quarantined. So you must not look for us in New York until the 27th if we are on time. If we do not reach pilot before five on the 27th then we lie over at sea until the 28th. This, of course, does not cut our Elgin run any, but it will almost entirely preclude any chance of us getting home early in case of sickness. Then it gives us one day more at sea and this we would gladly do without, but we can not help it. I understand we shall have a whole day in Palermo and in that case we shall see some of that burg.

But Genoa. It is a city to itself and there is no use talking. We strolled its streets, some of which are not over seven feet wide and to look up between the six and seven-story buildings to the sky did look odd, to say the least. Our window opens to a street not over six feet wide. Here the people pass and hand carts go, but of course no teams. Just a few streets in the city with street cars and wagon widths, all the rest too narrow. The shops are full of interest. Mama bought herself rich in handkerchiefs, a whole dozen for me, pure linen, for \$1. Then she spent \$1.20 on herself. Then she bought some for presents.

Our hotel is on a street where the shops occupy the first story of the building, and a street runs between the outside shops and the inside ones. It is all in the dry, and is the oddest thing we have seen in a long time on the street business.

We shall see more of the place, for we do not leave here till tomorrow afternoon and mail again. God bless you at home. Mama and I are well and as happy as we can be and be away from home.

Later.

On board Steamer Irene, North German Lloyd, on the Mediterranean Sea south of Sardinia, Sunday morning.

Since I mailed you my last letter ever have been moving rather rapidly and I had little time for writing as I should have done. This is Sunday morning, and I am catching up in my notes as one of the first things to do today. How smooth the sea is this morning! It is glassy and the sun is shining so brightly and it is warm that one is uncomfortable with light clothes on. I just wonder if you in Elgin will have a bright day also.

Wednesday afternoon it rained, and we did not go out sight seeing but I finished writing all the letters that I owed answering in America, India and China. Then we went to bed rather early, for in spite of having a back room and all such things it was so noisy that we could not sleep well. Once I jumped out of bed and went to the window to see what was the matter and found four Italians on the street making a fearful noise. They called it singing.

Thursday is sailing day, but as the boat did not leave till evening we were not in a hurry about that. We called to see if mail came at all and found none. Then we went and visited what proved to be the finest cemetery in the world. Its grandness is hard to conceive of, and there is one of them and that is in Genoa. Few persons get out to see it. We spent the forenoon walking through its sepulchral buildings and studied carefully the plan of construction. It is a marble palace for dead in which the bodies are laid away in niches in marble walls instead of being buried in the ground. Before the graves on slabs are inscriptions or else some beautiful statuary. I bought a book of pictures of the place giving description, and I think I shall write an article for the Inglenook on the "Finest Cemetery in the World."

We came back to the hotel, had luncheon, mostly small samples, paid our bill and were taken to the boat. I have been managing the trip business by paying at five per cent more than our bill to the hotel to give to the servants, and then they did not stand around and expect tips at the door. This proved very satisfactory and the servants were most obliging and showed near-

disgust or lack of attention. So we had a little trouble, and by making two trips reached our state room 273 without excitement whatever. We have a splendid room, wider than the one on the boat coming over and with a sofa in it, beyond that practically the same. The hotel service has been better, more fruits and things of that kind that one enjoys when he has so little chance for exercise. We have an abundant deck room and so smooth sea, so that all has been just delightful as it can be.

Because of cholera at Naples our boat would not touch there and so they touched at Palermo on Sicily. The touch proved to be a whole day's stop, and at breakfast was announced that passengers could leave at any time, but must return at six in the evening. They assured me that they would come to port early, or near six, and I arose at 5:30 and came on deck to get the first glimpse of this new land to which we were bound. The dark twilight of the night was on and I could see but dimly to the west of us the outline of mountains. Soon a brighter light brought out one detail after another and we at last were in the harbor of Palermo, one of the prettiest in the world. The halo of morning gray tinting in a delicate blue, which hung over the mountain, was like a huge veil from sky down over the earth, and one could hardly tell where sky ceased and earth began. Never did I see such hues on mountainsides.

But I was just entering deeply into wondering at the beauty about me when the noise of a gun was heard repeatedly over the water.

I asked a friend what meant the shooting. He replied: "It is a great sport. They are shooting skylarks." A closer investigation showed a number of small boats in the harbor near the mouth, and the sportsman was trying to pick the birds on the wing. This cruelty to one of the finest creatures of the earth marred the enjoyment of the hours.

Breakfast was over and I said to mama that we were going on land to spend the day. She said she did not care to go along. The ship had announced that guide, tips and all to see the sights of the city of Palermo, about 300,000 could be had for \$3.75. It seemed very high, and so a party of four of us men started out to see for ourselves. We went ashore in one of the many, many colored boats which ply the harbor and started up street. We were met by the Italian card seller until our pleasure nearly reached an end. We saw

some of the sights of the town, but learned that Monreale was the great thing to see, but that that place was distant from the town. We also learned that the place could be reached by tram and started. We reached the end of one line, had time to wait, and the party wanted something to drink. We went into a garden. The others took wine and I lemonade. We came out to make close connection and saw our car just leaving. We made a run, followed the car for a block when finally it stopped to let us catch up. We ran as hard as we could, lest it would leave and we would not have another for half an hour, and when we got on it stood there fully ten minutes. The Italians laughed, jabbered among themselves, and one even tried to tell us something, but we sat there and wiped perspiration and smiled within ourselves. It was intensely hot, so much that the sunny side of the car was closed. It finally all turned out that the car had stopped for an incline motor car to come out of the ground and push us up the hill, and our car had simply run up to that station to wait for its passengers. That was all.

Our car climbed the mountain side of one of the prettiest of valleys, and how beautiful it was to look over the valley! Sicily is a pretty land and the prettiest I ever saw. At the top was Monreale. Here was a fine church built before 1132 and having in it some very fine mosaics. In fact, for sublime simplicity this church exceeds anything seen on this visit in Europe, far ahead of St. Mark's in Venice, though the latter has more square feet of mosaics. On the ceiling were mosaics in marble and gold. On the walls a good account of Bible events from creation down to Isaac, and incidents in the life of Christ. We sized up everything worth parting money for and came back down to the end of the incline and had luncheon. Macaroni and salads made up what I partook of. Here we met an Italian lad eighteen years old, who had spent six months in New York, knew a little English, said he was a Protestant and could swear in English to beat all records I have had to listen to in a long time. He went with us to the catacombs of this city and say, that was the most gruesome place I ever witnessed. Instead of putting the bodies in coffins and burying them, after they were dried by some process they were tied up on the walls and we walked through aisles and aisles of bodies, skin on their head, grave clothes in shreds and hanging flimsily on,

(Continued on Page 105.)

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE GOSPEL OF WORK.

Richard Braunstein.

There are many kingdoms that we may enter if we so desire. Not among the least of these is the kingdom of earth's resources for man's advancement and development. "Not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom," said Carlyle. This is eminently true. Not what we have given to us in this world, but what we do with it is the measure of our kingdom. The earth was prepared before man was placed upon it. Then man was created for the earth. This is his kingdom; all its wealth, all its resources, all its forces are his; but he must subdue them. He must make them his ministers. He must win his kingdom before he can enjoy it. This is the spirit of the command given to man in the Garden so long ago: "Subdue the earth" and "Have dominion." This kingdom can be entered only through the gate. When the Master Teacher dwelt on earth, dropping pearls of speech among other great things he said, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it." He was not only speaking of the Kingdom of Heaven. Among other kingdoms which he had in mind was this kingdom of which we are speaking. In this instance the gate is **labor**. Thomas Carlyle says: "The latest Gospel in this world is 'know thy work and do it.'" By no man has the grandeur, the divineness of this gospel of work been more grandly set forth than by that rugged philosopher of Chelsea. He says that labor is worship: "All true work is sacred. There is divineness in it. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain; sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler's calculations, Newton's meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms and martyrdoms up to that agony of bloody sweat man has called divine."

Through this gate man has marched from barbarism to the kingdom of civilization. This has felled the mighty forests, drained the pestilent swamps and in the place of scarcely peopled desolation produced fair cities and tall buildings and mighty industries and all the charms of our modern life. Nature willingly bows and yields up

her treasures to man when he asserts kingship. Man is the magician whom the genii of earth and sea and air obey and at whose feet all their treasures will be laid.

The water power of the world was ere a single mill wheel hummed; gold veining the rocks ere a miner's hammer broke the silence mid which the savage walked and hunted, naked and unconscious of the wealth beneath his feet or the used power above him; all the material for railways to cross the continent bridges to span its mighty rivers lay used. Then came man obedient to heaven-given law of work and lo, the tory sprang up, and the whirl of machinery filled the land. The earth flung treasures at the miner's feet; the iron pathway was flung over the mountain side far up the dizzy heights, and now from the Atlantic to the Pacific we hear the strain of labor: "This is the kingdom which we have entered by the gate of

Henry Van Dyke in his "Toiling of lix" tells how Felix sought the Lord Life. He pondered over musty volumes he shut himself up in silence, but the lion tarried. The Master would have of the dreamer. Felix prayed and fasted and was a penitent. He lived in a hermit cell. Once he heard a voice which "Seek aright and thou shalt find." Felix continued his lonely vigil and praying and his fasting. He meets a man of God who leaves with him a fragment of a papyrus book. Felix reads on the parchment: "Raise the stone thou shalt find me; cleave the wood there am I." Felix learns that by toil shall find his heart's desire, so he returns again to his fellows and took his place in the ranks swinging a ponderous mallet against "iron in the rock," heaved groaning tackle, drove willow wedges **found it good**. He found sleep sweeter the blood ran swifter through his veins. He had a clear conscience, knowing that was doing his part. He was no long dreamer but a doer of deeds. His life was taking form and bearing fruit. He was contributing to the world's work his share he was earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Once he saved a fellow man from drowning and he was conscious as he plunged into the flood, of some one at his side. At close of day he again so

temple and prayer and lo! Through the
ness of the temple he saw One whose
ds bore the marks of labor and a brow
bore the print of care. The vision
ke:

Evermore thou needest seek me;

I am with thee everywhere.

Raise the stone and thou shalt find me;
Cleave the wood and I am there."

The true price of success is not found
having a wishbone instead of a back-
bone. The true prince is not he who wears
the title another has bequeathed him.
The true prince is he who has won his
glory by honest toil, whose hand is un-
stained by wealth wrongfully gained, whose
heart is true and honor unstained by deeds
of shame. A man may be poor but never-
theless he is a king if he does his work in
market place and the field as he finds
it. Again, to quote Van Dyke's poem:

This is the gospel of labor—

Ring it ye bells of the kirk—

The Lord of Love came down from
above,

To live with the men who work.

This is the rose that he planted,

Here in the thorn-cursed soil—

Heaven is blessed with perfect rest,

But the blessing of Earth is toil."



LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME.

(Continued from Page 103.)

letons galore, ghosts and hobgoblins by
hundreds and thousands. A fair light
came in from an open window at one place,

I took my nerve, set my camera on
an empty coffin, brought the opening down
a 32nd, and made an exposure of two
and one-half minutes. If these corpses

do not move, I am pretty sure of a good
picture, and if I got it, it is a prize. Of
course, I bought post cards that are good,

I wanted to test these corpses and see
they would all keep quiet long enough to
have their pictures taken. Poor things!
Many of them never had them taken while
living.

When we hired a carriage, drove around
for a while and finally returned to the
city at about four in the afternoon, hot,
tired and dirty. My, how good to sit in
a steamer chair beside mama who had
been on deck all day! She said the day
had been long and warm, but she read
most of the time.

I was very glad for what I saw during
the day. The ship party that went out
cost \$4.25 each before they got back and

then had some extra tips. It cost us \$1
each and we had more satisfaction, more
fun, and more interesting things to see
than they.

Everything is a hold-up in this country.
I got a good hair cut and general trim-
ming up, everything satisfactory as I could
ask for. If I had been an Italian it would
have cost me about half a franc. Because
I was an American, just one and one-half
francs. And there is no use fussing. They
have it in for you and, judging from the
way others speak, we fared best of the
party. In Rome mama wanted honey for
breakfast and I asked for it. They brought
us in less than a half a pint in a jar. We
ate it in three mornings. They charged
us two francs. Good honey, good price.
It was slung honey, and they slung on the
price. That is all.

Our state room has a ventilator that
opens out near the promenade deck. The
first morning they took a notion to wash
the deck. They forgot to shut the venti-
lator. I sleep in the upper berth just be-
low the ventilator and was awakened by
a good sprinkling of cold sea water on my
arm and face. I of course took in the sit-
uation and turned over.

Since all Americans on the boat are in
first-class we are quite a mixture. There
is the swallow-tailed, smart set who wear
flashing diamond pins and think they are
something. They can pick their teeth at
the table and do other stunts that show
they are playing out of their own arena.
But for the most part we are steady, sim-
ple, earnest people, belonging to the less
showy walks of life and resting and enjoy-
ing the trip.

Opposite to us at the table are two young
men, illustrators for magazines in New
York, fine fellows who have been touring
Europe on motor cycles. There is no end
to their interesting story of fun and adven-
ture. They climbed the Alps and have
gone everywhere, save on the water. Have
been arrested, cleared, moved on, tied up
in the rains, stayed in any old shed and
eaten most everything. But it is the trip of
their lives and I am nearly to the place
where, if I wanted to do Europe again, I
should want a motor cycle and have an
extra seat for mama, and make all the
trips in Europe that way. For the most
part, they have good roads and get along
well. You see more and enjoy more.

But I must close and go on deck. Stew-
ard wants to fix up our room. Already we
are beginning to set our watches back and
in twelve days or less we shall reach New
York.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

FISH RECIPES.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

Halibut Salad: Chop very fine one pound of cooked halibut. Season with a few drops of onion juice, two teaspoons of lemon juice, a little paprika and salt, and a few grains of cayenne. Add one-third cup of thick cream which has been beaten until stiff and whites of three well-beaten eggs. Put into buttered moulds and cook in the oven until firm. When quite cold garnish with mayonnaise, around and on top, after removing from moulds.

Fried Smelts: Clean, wash and dry fish. Dip each fish in egg, well-beaten, one tablespoon of hot water, then in fine bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot oil. When done and brown lift and place on soft brown paper. Dust with salt and serve.

Shrimps: Put two tablespoons of butter in a chafing dish; when hot stir in half a grated onion, one-half cup of boiled rice, one gill of cream, one-half pint shrimps and a tablespoon of tomato sauce. Stir till it boils, then let it simmer five minutes.

Broiled Sardines on Toast: Drain sardines from can. Broil over hot coals, allowing three minutes for each side. Have toast ready, cut size of three of the sardines. Serve with parsley or lettuce leaves.

Cooked Haddock: Put three pounds of fresh haddock skinned, into a wire pail or basket and set in a kettle of hot water with a tablespoonful of vinegar and boil twenty minutes or until done. Flake from bones and spread on a platter. Pour over it a gravy made of one pint of milk and a little butter. Mix one cupful of cracker crumbs with a little melted butter and spread over all, then brown in oven and season all with salt and pepper.

Halibut Steaks and Lemon Sauce: Lay the steaks for an hour in iced salt water, wipe dry, coat with cracker dust and beaten egg. Fry a nice brown. Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter light with strained juice of a large lemon. Mix with this and whip to a cream four tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Fill emptied halves of small lemons with this and garnish the dish with them, serving one with each portion of fish.

Baked Shad: Wash well, remove fins, cut in medium sized pieces. Line a shallow tin with wax paper, place pieces evenly

on this. Bake one hour. Brown evenly and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley. Cover bottom of tin with milk and butter when baking. This is very delicious served on lettuce leaves or with creamed vegetables.

Fried Scallops: Place scallops in a mixture of oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Roll them in cracker crumbs, then in egg and again in cracker crumbs or whole bread crumbs. Fry them in smoking fat a golden brown. Prepare but a few at a time so covering will not be dampened. Serve on a napkin with quarters of lemon and sprinkle over them parsley chopped fine.

Baked Blue Fish: Clean fish, wipe dry, cut down back and lay in a dripping pan. Pour over it a cup of hot water in which have been melted two tablespoons of butter. Bake one hour, basting every ten minutes, twice with butter, twice with gravy. Take up fish and keep hot while you strain gravy in a saucepan, thick with flour. Add a teaspoon of flour, juice of half a lemon and a little grated pepper and salt. Boil up, pour half of the fish and the rest in a dish. Garnish fish with quartered boiled eggs and lettuce hearts.

Lobster a la Brochette: Three medium sized lobsters, two tablespoons of sweet cream, a little salt and pepper. Boil lobsters in hot water five minutes. Take meat from shells and cut in small pieces. Place a row of lettuce and celery leaves, then a row of lobster in a dish until all lobster is used. Place oil, pepper and salt on lobster a heat or broil five minutes. Serve on slices of hot toast.

Lobster Curried: Prepare as for salmon only cutting in larger pieces. One tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of butter rubbed together, the yolk of an egg, one teaspoon of curry powder, salt and pepper and a cup of cream. Mix and pour over lobster. Bake until well browned.

Lobster Delight: Put in a pan one tablespoonful of butter and one-half cup of water. When the butter is melted, add two cups of lobster, cut into small pieces, one tablespoon of vinegar, a little salt, pepper and mustard. Cook until heated through and serve hot.

Lobster Hollandaise: Cook one and

cups of finely cut lobster in one-fourth of butter five minutes. Add one-half spoon salt, a few grains of paprika and little lemon juice. When well blended, one-third cup of rich milk, and yolks two eggs slightly beaten. Stir until thickened and serve with toast or crackers.

Lobster Salad: Take all meat from the lobster. Cut in small pieces, then place in a platter. Chop two hard boiled eggs into small pieces and sprinkle over salad. Before serving put cold, crisp lettuce on the platter to put salad in. Pour dressing over it and serve.

Lobster Salad With Cream Dressing: Take one fine lobster and when cold pick to pieces. One cup of salad oil, one-half cup sweet cream whipped light to a cupful froth, one lemon, juice strained, one spoon of mustard dissolved in vinegar, one tablespoon of powdered sugar, one spoon of salt, pinch of cayenne pepper, two tablespoons of vinegar, beaten yolks two eggs. Beat eggs, sugar, salt, mustard and pepper until light, then add the lobster. When the mixture is quite thick whip in the lemon. Beat five minutes before putting in the vinegar. Just before serving add half the whipped cream to this dressing and stir well into the lobster. Line a bowl with lettuce leaves, put in the salad and cover with the remaining whipped cream.

Salmon Fish Balls: Two cups of salmon, one cup of mashed potatoes, one-half cup butter, a pinch of pepper and a little salt. Work the potatoes in with the salmon and moisten with the butter until it is soft enough to mould and keep its shape. Roll the balls in flour and fry quickly in hot or cooking oil till a golden brown. Remove from the fat as soon as done and lay on a sieve to drain. Serve hot.

Salmon and Macaroni: Mash one-half cup of salmon. To one-half cup of rich cream add four tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs. Heat and add one tablespoonful of butter, two beaten eggs, a dash of pepper and a little salt. Mix well. Butter cups, fill with cooked macaroni and fill with salmon. Set cups in a pan of hot water and bake twenty minutes.

Salmon Canapes: Cut some slices of fine bread a quarter of an inch thick. Dip these with a plain cutter into fancy shapes and fry them in clarified butter until they are well browned. When cold spread butter over them, lay on the buttered slices of smoked salmon. Serve the canapes on small individual dishes.

Salmon Omelet: One can of salmon minced fine, three eggs well beaten, one-half saltspoon of salt, a dash of pepper. Fry some pieces of salt pork in frying pan, remove pork when done and pour mixture in. Let it fry on top of stove for ten minutes, then set in hot oven twenty minutes or until brown.

Salmon Cakes: One cup of canned salmon, one cup of cold mashed potatoes. Mix together, season with salt and pepper. Make into cakes, roll in beaten egg and fry on both sides until brown.

Fricassee Salmon: Cut one and one-half pounds of salmon into pieces, one inch square. Put pieces in a stewpan with one-half cup of water, a little salt, white pepper, one clove, blade of mace, a little sugar and a little mustard mixed with a half tea-cup of vinegar. Let boil and add one can of preserved tomatoes, a little minced parsley and a wineglass of sherry. Let simmer gently for one hour. Serve very hot and garnish with dry toast cut in pieces.

Moulded Salmon: One can of salmon, one-half tablespoon of salt, one-quarter of a cup of vinegar, a little sugar, three-quarters cup of milk, a tablespoon of flour, two tablespoons of melted butter, one teaspoon of mustard, three-fourths tablespoon of granulated gelatine, yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Pour boiling water over salmon to remove grease. Mix dry ingredients and add yolks of eggs, butter, milk and sugar. Cook in boiler until mixture is thick; add gelatine, then salmon. Fill moulds and serve cold.

Salmon Hollandaise: Place three slices of fresh salmon, three-quarters of a pound each, in a frying pan with a little butter, one-half gill of white wine, one gill of water, juice of a quarter lemon, two pieces of parsley, one teaspoon of salt and a little white pepper. Cover fish with a buttered paper. Boil five minutes, then set in oven twenty-five minutes. Serve on a hot dish with a folded napkin and decorate with a little green parsley.

Cream Salmon: Take one can of fine minced salmon and drain off the liquor and throw away. For the dressing, boil one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Have ready one pint of fine bread crumbs; place a layer in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of fish, then of dressing and so on, having crumbs for the last layer. Bake till brown.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

Ventilation for Dwellings, Rural Schools and Stables.

"Ventilation for Dwellings, Rural Schools and Stables" is a valuable handbook for the farmer, prepared by Prof. F. H. King. Prof. King, in preparing this volume, has given the farmer much valuable information and has prepared it in so simple a form that the book is at once readable and easily understood. The book is profusely illustrated by new and valuable drawings which are an excellent guide in arranging farm buildings. A knowledge of scientific ventilation will mean thousands of dollars to the farmer because his animals cannot live in impure air and produce a maximum profit. Prof. King shows in a scientific way how to care for all the animals on the average farm. Every man who builds, or has a home should avail himself of this opportunity of gaining valuable information. The book has 128 pages with 63 illustrations. Published by the Author, F. H. King, Madison, Wis. Price \$.75 by mail.



The Golden Rule Cook Book.

Little, Brown & Company have issued a cook book prepared by Mrs. M. R. L. Sharpe. This volume is at once attractive. It is unique and delightful in that it is designed to guide those who are seeking to obey the call to a higher humanitarianism which is being put forth by the non-flesh eating men and women. Interspersed with excellent vegetarian maxims the more than 300 pages are replete with 600 recipes that will bring delight and health to those who utilize them and who wish to join in the efforts on behalf of the gentle and lovable creatures which men have been killing and eating. The recipes have been tried and carefully proven. The volume supplies all the demands that can be made by any vegetarian. The work is handsomely illustrated. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.00 net.



Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow.

Howard R. Garis has prepared a number of books of delightful bed time stories for the children. Among them are "Sammie and Susie Littletail," "Johnnie and Billie Bushytail," "Lula, Alice and Jimmie

Wibblewobble" and "Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow." Among his other books are the "Uncle Wiggily Series" and "The Smith Boys Series." "Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow" is a book of thirty-one stories, one story for each day of the month. The stories are fresh, interesting and fascinating. They are told in a joyous manner and have enough of the dramatic about them to whet the juvenile appetite for more the next day. They are simple but full of life. These bed time stories are all written by Howard R. Garis. They have colored illustrations. Published by R. F. Fenno & Company, New York. Price, \$.75.



Old Time and Young Tom.

Robert J. Burdette, author of "Snuggled with Sighs" and "Chimes From Jester's Bells," has prepared another volume, "Old Time and Young Tom." There are fifteen lectures and sketches in this volume. The longest and oldest and best of his famous lecture, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," which he wrote thirty years ago, and which he has delivered more than 5,000 times. This volume brings it to you in plain print and carries all that tender, laughable story of a life of a man from infancy and boyhood through his adventurous years, the time of his courtship and his married life to the days when his own young Tom starts his first mustache. The lecture is delightful. It will do you one good to read it. Mr. Burdette is a large hearted philosopher of human nature. Reading his lecture kindles a glow of kindly feeling in the heart. "Old Time and Young Tom" by Robert J. Burdette. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, \$1.25.

BRAIN LUBRICATOR

A tramp knocked at the door of a lonely spinster's home.

"Kind lady, arst yer 'usband if 'e a got a old pair of trousers to give away."

The spinster, not wishing to expose solitude, replied:

"Sorry, my good man, he—er—er ne wears such things."



Bacon—"Did you say he awoke one to find himself famous?"

Egbert—"No; I said he dreamed he famous and then he woke up."—Yon Statesman.

"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady. "What reason did he have for deserting me?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you, I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he has."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official, feebly, as he proceeded to draw a warrant.



A man who had received a jury notice and added deafness as his excuse for not attending.

"I really am deaf," he said to the clerk who was enrolling the names.

"Prove it," said the clerk.

The man hesitated, then his face brightened as an organ commenced to play in the street outside.

"Can you hear the organ?" he said.

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"Well, I can't," replied the man triumphantly.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



What makes Bliggins think his children are so exceptionally bright?"

"A profound faith," replied Miss Cayce, "in the theory of heredity."—Washington Star.



Why did the elopement fall through?"

"We had a signal arranged. She told me to come to her window and make a noise like a robin. I did so."

"Yes?"

"Then her father popped out and made a noise like a shotgun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Friend—"You are wasting your time painting pictures, old chap."

Artist—"But I sell my pictures."

Friend—"That proves what I said. It shows that you could sell anything, so why don't you take up something there's big money in?"—Boston Transcript.



Railroad Attorney—"You are sure it was the Flier that killed your mule? What makes you so positive?"

Passenger—"He dun licked ebry other train on the road."—Puck.



And so, after inviting your friends to a dinner, you were not served with any of the bird!"

"Oh, yes; I got the bill."—Smart Set.

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"WATCH YOUR STEP!" HIS MOT

I AIN'T no socialist, 'cause my pe raised me thinkin' socialists was nu but I been thinkin' lately the res us is the nutty ones. When them cialists was gabbin' years ago, tellin nobody had a right to hog the road, a fellow oughtn't to put it all over ano fellow just 'cause he had money an' other fellow didn't, we just took a wall



'em. Us fellows di know no better. people had us bluffed. An' w some gink in a lined overcoat lered out, 'I sav first,' we let him ble up the plank re an' let him carry our stuff an' soal for doin' it. Wh was a kid the roads could kil brakeman every hour, an' charge they liked, an' lawyers to congre get what they cou throw down and away from us, the express co

nies an' the meat butchers run the gov ment. When a fellow said he was a cialist, the preachers led a mob to tar feather him. They said he was an ana ist, an' wouldn't cut his hair. Times changed a heap since them days. If t guys try to steal your leg now, you 'Mister, mebbe you saw it first, but my leg, an' I need it to walk with guess more of us mutts has got brains. 'Twon't be long 'fore you'll forget t was anybody that could crack the and make your daddy dance an' your gr maw jump through a hoop. This America's goin' to be a great place to

"Change to car ahead, please.

"We ain't goin' any further.

"Let 'em out. Lively, please.

"Watch your step!"—Chicago Eve News.

Willie (appearing at the door, dripi —"Don't lick me, mother! I just s four men and three women from dr ing."

Mother—"How?"

Willie—"They was jest going on th when I broke through!"—Puck.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY

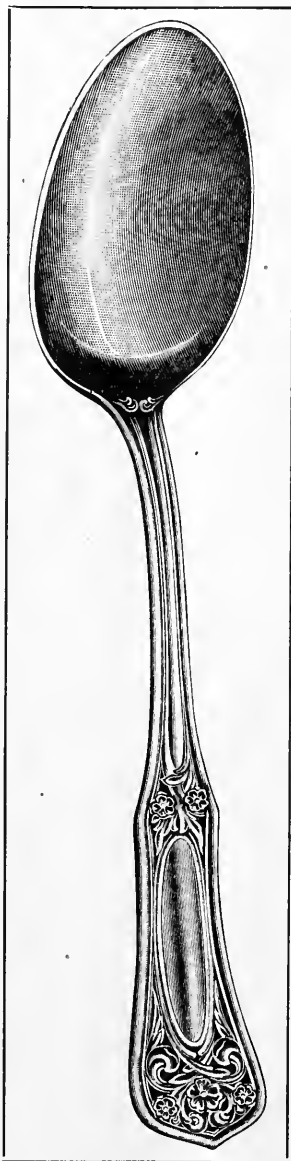


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 4
1913

Vol. XV
No. 5

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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you a decidedly favorable impression of the lesson. 4. If hung in the dining room it will lead you to talk about the lesson while you eat. 5. It will awaken a relish for further study.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

February 4, 1913

No. 5

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

"The Country Life Problem."

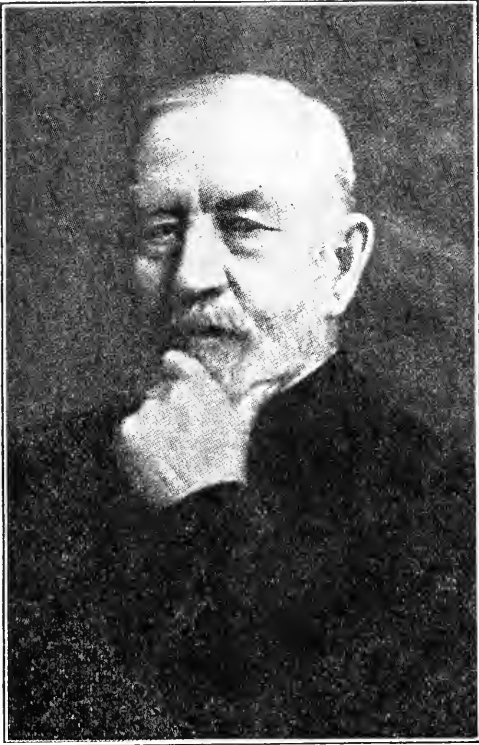
WE have just finished a long article on the so called rural life problem in one of the contemporary magazines and in the whole article there is not one clear cut statement of what the writer is talking about. One general statement follows another telling what ought to be done and that the rural problem is a serious one but just what this problem is, the writer does not tell, and we are compelled to believe that he does not know.

What is this problem of the country? Perhaps the city man can tell better than those of us who live on the farm since he looks at things from a different point of view. There is no one problem, which when solved will make country life spotless and without blemish. There are several problems. The city has its problems, such as overcrowding, parks and their distribution, playgrounds, fire protection, tenement construction, sanitation, pure food, factory building, occupational diseases, child labor, hours of labor and so on. Is it not reasonable that the country should have its share of problems too? There are problems in the country. If you do not believe live there awhile yourself. There was a time when farmers could make a good income by speculation, buying cheap land and selling it later at a price double or treble the original cost. It is different now. A young man must pay a good round sum for every acre he gets and the income must come from the soil, and not speculation. It is for this reason that to make a living on the farm today requires a slightly different kind of training than it did in former years. Look around about yourself. Are not the younger farmers paying more attention to pure bred stock, to soil fertility and business methods than in former years? They have to adapt themselves to the de-

mands of the age. There are also problems in connection with agricultural education, that is the education that should be offered the country boy and girl in the common schools. These difficulties are being gradually worked out by county superintendents and progressive teachers who are in sympathy with farm life. By far the greatest problem is the religious one because this has to do with the making of character. Some writers and speakers seem to think that the farmers are dead



Kenyon L. Butterfield.



Henry Wallace.

spiritually, but that is not so. The average country church may be just as spiritual and earnest as the average city church, and yet does that mean so very much? Are the city churches reaching humanity as Christ would have them? There is entirely too much formality and public exhibition and traditional religion in both the city and country. It is sadly true that thousands of farmers scarcely ever read their Bibles or any other good book or paper. They farm from early morning until late at night and on Sunday go to church to hear a sermon that not only lacks culture and intelligence but an appreciation of a religion that helps and comforts in everyday life. We are not finding fault with the present generation. They are doing the best they know how, but our duty is to help the generation that is now growing into manhood and womanhood.

The cry everywhere is for leaders. That has been the cry in every age. There is nothing new about it. Leaders will be hard to find long after we are dead and forgotten. The best way to get leaders is to give each boy and girl the best education, and religion and the opportunity to use

these things after you have given them to him. The average man and woman does not think enough for himself or herself. This results in social and religious stagnation. We do not appreciate life in its fullness. Our religion is one of negation and self-sufficiency rather than development and open heartedness. Leaders are needed to bring the message of Christ and wholesome living to us. Such is the problem in the country and I suppose it is about the same in the city, but the same leaders will not do for both places.

We have leaders today, a string of men from the East to the West who captain-like are leading us to better living. A few of them are Kenyon L. Butterfield, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester; Henry Israel, editor of Rural Manhood; Walter Page, editor of Country Life in America; Booker T. Washington; Secretary of Agriculture Wilson; L. H. Bailey, Washington Gladden; Professor Holden, the corn expert; Joseph E. Wing; "Uncle" Henry Wallace of Wallace's Farmer and last but not least in energy, Jesse Field, former county school superintendent. I will pay you to become acquainted with them. Some farmers will read the above and say that it is all nonsense. That restless boy or girl of his may think differently.

The Conference of Governors.

When ex-President Roosevelt was in office he organized what is known as the Conference of Governors. The purpose of these conferences from year to year is to give an opportunity for the exchanging of views on social and political questions. It has resulted in more coöperation among the Governors and less independence in the administration of their offices. The conference for 1912 was held at Richmond, Virginia, during the month of December, and the reports contain some things which are worth noting. The subject of Penology was discussed one afternoon. Governor Baldwin of Connecticut warmed himself up by pounding prison reformers with such terms as "sentimental humanitarian" and "theoretical psychologists" and he further stated that he was in favor of returning to the whipping post as an instrument of punishment for those guilty of such crimes as wife beating and assault and battery. "The apprehension of bodily pain is a strong deterrent and whipping is often the best incentive to education and reform," he said. Several of those "sentimental humanitarians" made addresses. Governor Shafroth of Colorado told of t

success he has had in placing the prisoners on their honor. Half of the State prisoners of Colorado are working on the roads without any other guards than trustees according to Governor Shafroth. Only four prisoners have escaped during the past four years. The Colorado governor believes in paying the convicts for the support of their wives and children rather than selling convict labor to private contractors. Several of the governors gave their experience in pardoning and with the parole system in general, but little was said of scientific value. Governor Hadley said that out of 450 men under twenty-one years whom he has paroled only thirty have not been faithful. Eberhardt of Minnesota said that the prison of his State operated a binder twine factory at a profit of \$150,000 a year, but the families of the prisoners received only \$3,000 from the industry. He insisted that the State give more of the profits to the families of the prisoners where the money belonged.

The readers of the Inglenook have heard of Kate Barnard of Oklahoma. She was present at the Conference to plead her cause, the cause of the helpless. She talked to them of child labor, workmen's compensation, free employment bureaus and many other things that are foreign to machine politics and "to the victors belong the spoils." So earnest was her appeal that it is said many governors were forced to wipe the tears from their eyes while she was pleading with them to urge reform measures in their States. Kate Barnard is one of the few characters of our time who will not be forgotten in one generation. She has too many friends whom she has friended.

The Benefits of a Lecture Course as Told By a High School Boy.

The following is a part of the essay winning fourth place in the essay contest conducted by the Redpath Bureau. The author is Edgar G. Doudna, of Richland Center, Wis.



Edgar G. Doudna.

"A lyceum course is the high school of the community, organized for the adults who have not ceased growing, and who still aspire. . . . The lyceum course proves the best of instruction in social, civil, and personal needs; the soundest and most vital training in citizenship; and the finest and cleanest sources of inspiration that can come into a life and to a community. . . . Every community needs this uplift, this inspiration, this training, this vast educational storehouse, if it hopes to continue after school the lessons there begun. . . . What may it not mean to a boy to hear from some man of power, the inmost motives of his life? To some girl to hear the best music? To some father, living his life alone, to hear his problems frankly and honestly expressed? To some mother to know of the infinite possibilities and responsibilities of motherhood? To the entire community, to be bound together for betterment, uplift, growth?"

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

High-Speed Trains in Germany.

The 1912 summer time table of the German Railway Systems, says The Engineer, provides an interesting study, for it reveals that a new era of rapid transit has dawned that country. In 1911 a non-stop run

from Berlin to Hamburg in three hours and twenty minutes was inaugurated, and in 1912 the run was further accelerated. The train left Berlin at 8:55 P. M., reaching Hamburg, 178¾ miles distant, at 12:09 A. M., the speed being 55.1 miles per hour.

The return journey was made at 54.5 miles per hour. The train was a light one, consisting of four four-axle carriages and a six-axle dining car.



A Yearbook of Agricultural Statistics

Is the latest periodical publication to be undertaken by that remarkably prolific institution, the International Institute of Agriculture. The initial volume, published in 1912, gives statistics for the years 1901 to 1910 from the fifty countries adhering to the Institute, representing practically the whole of the civilized world. All the data are from official sources.



The Rice-growing Congress.

The fourth international congress of rice growing was held at Vercelli, Italy, during the early part of November. It was decided to establish an international center for rice cultivation and researches upon this subject, and accordingly the Vercelli rice-growing plant is to be rearranged and laid out with this end in view. The institution will be directed by Prof. N. Novelli, and it is expected to further the interests of this branch of research to a considerable extent.



Italian Aviation.

The Italian army is coming to the front in the use of hydroplanes, and among other performances we may mention the brilliant flights made by Lieut. Ginnocchio upon his Paulhan machine, at Venice, alighting at times amid the numerous gondolas. Paulhan, who was on a visit there, also made flights before the Italian officers. The government is taking up the hydroplane question very actively, and is installing aeroplane posts all along the coast. It intends to use Borel hydroplanes quite extensively, and has ordered nine of these to be delivered to the Venice arsenal in three months. The first hydroplane fleet is now setting out to make over-sea flights, and the pilot Chemet is to make evolutions over the Adriatic. On the other hand, the Austrian war department has just ordered one of the newest Paulhan-Curtiss hydroplanes known as "flying boat."



Amundsen Receives a Gold Medal from Peary.

On January 11th Capt. Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, received from the hands of Rear-Admiral Robert Peary,

discoverer of the North Pole, the gold medal of the National Geographical Society. Replying to the brief speech of presentation, Capt. Amundsen said: "Greatly as am honored by receiving this beautiful medal, I feel that the honor is multiplied thousandfold by the fact that the presentation has been made by the greatest explorer since Christopher Columbus. The desire to search out the South Pole, in fact, the spirit for exploration and discovery, was awakened in me by Admiral, then Lieutenant, Peary, whom I met in the Arctic 1890."



Safety Railroading.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, coöperating with other lines in the eastern territory, has inaugurated a railroad safety movement, which is the latest move of many made by the company to increase the safety of passengers and employees on its system. "Safety First" meetings are to be held in several important centers, in which lectures illustrated with photographs, lantern slides, and statistical tables will be delivered. We are glad to note that other leading railroads are moving in the same direction, for we regard this "Safety First" movement as one of the most effective agencies for reducing our present shocking annual railroad list of killed and injured.



Expedition to the Karakoram.

Dr. Filippo di Filippi, well known as associate of the Duke of the Abruzzi in his mountaineering enterprises, is preparing to lead a scientific expedition to the Western Himalaya and the Karakoram, which will probably be the most important undertaking of its kind ever conducted in that region. The proposed route lies from Kashmir over the Himalaya range and through Baltistan and Ladakh into Chinese Turkestan. The problems to be investigated concern topography, geology, gravity, magnetism, and meteorology, including the various forms of radiation and atmospheric electricity. The upper air is to be sounded with kites sent up from stations of high altitude—a particularly interesting undertaking, for the reason that the Himalayan explorer will be able to start his kite at level corresponding to the greatest height above sea-level heretofore attained by kite itself in other parts of the world. The estimated expense of the expedition is \$50,000, of which \$30,000 has already been raised.

EDITORIALS

Argentine Republic.

On another page of this issue appears a letter written by N. M. Albright from Argentine Republic to Dr. S. B. Miller of Cedar Rapids, which will prove of interest to many of our readers.

Seven C's and Character.

We are very glad to announce to our readers a new series of articles by Dr. J. A. Clement, president of McPherson College, on "Seven C's and Character." The first article appears in this issue. Dr. Clement has for years been a close student and careful observer on subjects relating to the development of life. He has treated the following subjects in this series:

- Part 1, Corn and Character.
- Part 2, Cooking and Character.
- Part 3, Carpentry and Character.
- Part 4, Cash and Character.
- Part 5, Citizenship and Character.
- Part 6, College and Character.
- Part 7, Christianity and Character.

These articles appeared in the Gospel Messenger some time ago and we now give them here for the benefit of the Inglenook readers.

Greatest Mine Output Marks the Year 1912.

The year 1912 was the year of greatest mineral output. The figures of coal production are the most sensational, all previous records having been surpassed. The estimate for 1912 is 550,000,000 tons. The production of copper was also the largest in the history of the industry. The output was 1,249,000,000 pounds, valued at nearly \$200,000,000. The production of refined copper is estimated at 1,560,000,000 pounds in 1912.

Gold mining was normal, the output being valued at \$91,685,168. Alaska's mineral output in 1912 is estimated at \$21,850,000 in value, an increase of \$1,200,000 over the figure for 1911.

In silver production in the United States the indications are for a possible output of 64,000 fine ounces, the highest figure since 1892.

In lead the preliminary figures show the output to be 480,965 short tons. The zinc industry shows prenominal activity, the production in 1912 being estimated at 338,630 tons. Quicksilver production was 25,147 flasks of 75 pounds each, worth \$42.01 a pound, or \$1,057,180.

The production of iron ore was from 25 to 32 per cent greater than in 1911, the figures for 1912 being between 54,500,000 and 57,500,000 long tons.

The United States continued to lead the world in petroleum production and maintained the tremendous record of 220,449,391 barrels made in 1911. The estimated value of the 1912 output, however, is much greater than that of 1911, the figures being \$150,000,000 against \$134,144,752.

Matrimonial Market Room.

Are They Needed in Communities Where Men Outnumber Women?

A great many girls—more than the world supposes—don't marry because they are never asked. It is not because they are inferior in any way to the more favored ones, if marriage can always be called good fortune. They are often brighter, prettier, more practical, fully as loving and in all ways eminently fitted to make fond wives and devoted mothers. They are just overlooked in the general rush.

Although the romantic cling strenuously to the belief that love is heaven-sent, devoid of all earthly alloy, ordinary common sense shows that propinquity is a great factor. Young people who are thrown together in the ordinary relations of life, in business, in society, in church, wed among themselves. Loving comes largely as a matter of association. And where there are too many girls there are not enough men to go around.

But the little town of Panther, W. Va., is an exception. It hasn't a single marriageable woman between 14 and 40 in the 800 inhabitants. Lottie Hinrichson, the last one that remained, 18 years old and a peach, has just announced her engagement.

A few years ago there were twenty girls over 16 years old who were willing to receive proposals, but the marriage list rapidly dwindled till it is now without a single name. The town has a number of eligible young men and they are hard put for sweethearts and wives. Some of them have gone a-hunting in other fields but most stay at home and mope and grumble.

What they need there is a good chamber of commerce with a matrimonial section, that will advertise the paucity of girls, the high quality of the many bachelors remaining, and then get the railroads to run Cupid specials, at reduced rates with no return tickets. The railway offices will be besieged with girls who remember that God helps those who help themselves.

Trade With Islands Grows.

For the first time and in a period covering approximately a year, the Philippine Islands have become the greatest purchasers of American manufactured cotton cloths. Fifteen years ago it would have been difficult to obtain enough American cloth in the islands to make a Filipino maiden a frock.

Reports to the insular bureau show that for the ten months ending with October, the Philippines purchased from American manufacturers cotton cloths amounting to \$4,121,646, exceeding slightly the amount of such cloths purchased by China and doubling the amount purchased by Central America. The total Philippine imports of merchandise for the ten months amounted to \$53,508,130, of which 40 per cent came from the United States.

The total exports from the Philippine Islands for the ten months ending with October were \$46,000,000, as compared with \$33,000,000 for the similar period of the preceding year.



Human vs. Animal Nature.

If you befriend the average man who is in "hard luck," by supplying him with food, shelter and employment and by treating him kindly and trusting him implicitly, it is quite possible that he may violate the confidence thereby reposed in him by "doing you" some mean and ungrateful trick. That is one of the ugly phases of "human" nature which are so much in evidence. But, on the other hand, pick up a homeless, hungry, wretched dog from the street, a poor, cheerless, friendless, frightened creature which is half-starved and has been terribly abused for no fault of his own—speak a kind word of encouragement to him, gently pat him on the head with your hand, give him something to eat and a warm place in which to sleep.

Believe me, you will surely find in that dumb appreciative "brute" the staunchest, truest friend you ever had in all your life. He will, henceforth, love you and greet you with all the sincere enthusiasm and delight that he is able to express in his doglike fashion. He will be your firm and faithful friend and confidant as long as he lives; his friendship will be as constant as the attraction of gravitation. Such is the antipodal difference between "animal" nature and "human" nature.

You can never know what sincere affection, unswerving fidelity and lasting gratitude really mean until you have experienced the friendship of a dog, and received

the tokens of unfeigned gratitude which are invariably returned for an act of kindness bestowed upon a homeless, friendless dog. The friendship of a dog is one of the few genuine sincerities to be found among the bogus possessions of this deceitful and treacherous world of ours.

Would that the fickle-minded members of the human family could exchange some of the deceit, duplicity and hypocrisy found in their own selfish make-up for the admirable canine attributes and traits of character which we call sincerity, fidelity, loyalty, and see so commonly and so generously evinced in the life and character of that faithful and unpretentious "lower animal" we are pleased to call a "dog"!



A Story of General Booth.

Someone has said that the size of a man's real heart can best be measured by his treatment of the dumb creatures around him, which reminds me of a bitter winter's night at Kiel—ten years ago or more it must surely be, writes "Kitching" in a late issue of the English Animal's Friend.

We were traveling together—the General and I—to Stockholm. Some time must yet elapse before the stupid official at the quayside would permit us to board the steamer for Korsor. The General proposed a walk. On our way we overtook a man driving a cow—to the shambles, I suspect. Man and beast were almost equally miserable-looking creatures, worn with life, and at last the poor exhausted animal sank to the ground, apparently done.

"What's the matter with it? Can't you find out?" was the General's instant inquiry.

"Is she ill?" I asked the hapless man in my best German.

"No! Only tired," was the unfeeling answer.

But whether the poor creature was ill or "only tired," the General would not leave her until by pattings and stroking and English entreaties we had succeeded in encouraging her to rise to her feet and start one more on her sorrowful way.

A couple of hours later, when we were safely berthed on the boat, and I was just closing my eyes in the sweetest of slumbers, I heard a voice—it was the General's—saying: "I wonder how that poor cow's getting on, Kitching?"



The Teaching of English.

In all probability it is true that at the

present time in the most advanced schools of this country—primary, secondary, and college, all included—the methods of teaching English are now undergoing a more rapid and radical revolution than is the case with the teaching of any other subject in the curriculum. It is only a few years since the methods of teaching the sciences have been revolutionized. In recent years methods have changed somewhat with practically all the subjects but just now it appears that the most rapid change going on is that with reference to the methods of teaching English. This appears to be

the conclusion reached by all persons attending the meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English which was held in Chicago during the Thanksgiving vacation.

It is the opinion of many of those who attended the meeting of the National Council that the changes advocated at the meeting are not only radical but practically revolutionary in character. One of the dominant ideas was to the effect that we must, at least in the elementary grades, pay much more attention to real oral composition than we have done heretofore.

IMPROVED ROADS

THE new brick roads in the country near Paris, Newman, and Danville, Illinois, are attracting considerable attention just at this time of the year. Other communities which have enjoyed good roads in summer but must now give them up in winter, are naturally envious of these favored spots in Illinois where the good road continues throughout the whole year, regardless of weather. Any body can have a fair road in the summer time—if it don't rain—but only the people along the permanent pavement can forget the weather.

Winter is a source of dread to every farmer in the black lands of Illinois. He knows that the roads will become locked up, too deep in frozen ruts or soft mud to permit comfortable travel. In fact they become impassable for travel of any kind? Suppose you read in the paper in the dead of the winter, of an advance in the price of grain or other commodity; if you live on the brick paved roadway you can load your wagon to its full capacity and drive to the market in any weather. No social events are denied the farmer on account of the roads if he lives on or near such a pavement—he can always travel.

Many brick roads have been built in New York State and Ohio, especially in the vicinity of Cleveland in the latter State. Business men in the city of Cleveland live out as far as fifteen miles, on their farms, and daily drive to and from the city. That county has one thousand miles of brick roads.

In the last ten years land values in the country about Cleveland have increased from \$172,000,000 to \$605,519,000—nearly four times in value. Much of the increase is conceded to be due to the system of per-

manent roads. Illinois is just waking up to the importance of such roads, and what they mean in the way of rural comforts and values.

Much is heard these days about the movement "back to the farm and back to the soil," the source of all human sustenance. A revolution is taking place in transportation and intercommunication. It was a slow movement years ago, when the railroads were first being built, but later came the fast mail, the express, then the telegraph, next the telephone and rural mail delivery; and last and greatest of all, the self-propelled motor. All these serve to bring the people into closer communication.

The motor is working a revolution in agricultural methods. It is predicted that soon the motor post coach will collect, transport, deliver and bring back passengers and packages; and that the motor truck will soon convey the products of the farm to the markets, in greater quantities and without loss of time. All this calls for better highways, permanent highways which will be open all the year, a demand which will come equally from the country and from the city, as each is equally benefited.

An eminent citizen, C. U. Feldkamp, of Danville, Illinois, recently visited the place of his birth in Germany, and saw again a brick road built in that country forty-five years ago, when he was a lad. He says the road is still in good condition, bearing up the daily traffic of an important highway.



A bill giving partial suffrage to women has just been killed in the New Hampshire house.

SEVEN C'S AND CHARACTER

J. A. Clement, Ph. D., Pres. of McPherson College

Introduction.

THREE moral theories have found expression in history; total depravity, total innocence, and what may be termed a dynamic theory.

According to the first named theory, the nature of the child is inherently bad. The chief concern is the curbing and checking of these evil tendencies. Jansenism in the history of education involved this doctrine. Much of early church history reflected this attitude.

According to the second theory, the child is born inherently good. Consequently it often is brought up under a negative, Rousseau type of method. The main business is to keep it from coming into contact with the corrupting influences in its environment.

Many present educationists believe that the child is not born into the world with a fixed nature which is either totally good or bad, or with a character which is either wholly moral or immoral. The child is bubbling over with tendencies that are inherited. This is the main stuff out of which the moral life must grow up, directly and indirectly, in the home, school, church, and in the varied occupations. Our chief business is to give direction to the more or less plastic tendencies of the child. This is what we may call a dynamic theory.

The ethical life of an individual is a progressive, and ever-growing process both in childhood and in adulthood. There is constant need for reconstruction, and for reinterpretation of what we know and do.

Whatever the home, school and church may do in the way of direct moral instruction, this should be supplemented by indirect instruction and training from many sources. The various occupations and the ordinary activities of life may serve as a large means for the expression and cultivation of character. And Christian activity is the most comprehensive means of all.

What is known as the more social aspect of moral growth must always find its complement in the most efficient type of individual activity. It is the thought-out and carefully planned life, a life that knows how to measure in the full real and lasting consequences, in the midst of changing social conditions, that will be most effective for character-building. Such individ-

uals will be able to bring things to pass.

There is no field of worthy human activity, so long as we are busy in it, in which moral development may not go on. And though we may seem but to see through a glass darkly at times, yet there will always be real progress, when thoughtfulness guides us, both in ourselves and in the social life about us.

Corn and Character.

Great progress is being made in scientific agriculture throughout our whole country. The soil is being scrupulously analyzed in order to discover what sort of seed will do best when put into a certain kind of ground. Great care is taken to breed up the finest quality of grains and plants. Accurate records are kept covering a series of years, in order to get a scientifically balanced judgment in the midst of varying conditions caused by the great variety of factors entering into the growth of any one product.

Scientific agriculture has grown with marvelous rapidity during the last decade or two. During the past ten or twelve years, educationists, as well as agriculturists have been watching with a good deal of interest the newer methods of farming in the States of the Middle West. It is not an uncommon thing at all to witness expert chemists making an analysis of the farmers' soils. Through this means they are increasing very materially the producing power of the land.

One of the largest agricultural colleges in the United States is located in the north-central part of the State of Kansas. And at present, their influence on the farming communities is very wide, because of the many experimental tests carefully made in that institution, because of the numerous farmers' institutes held, and because of the corn contests carried on among the boys in the country. If one stops over at Manhattan, or passes through there at about holiday time, one may witness great crowds of jubilant young boys bringing in the fruits of their own care and cultivation. Some of them come from quite distant communities by means of railroad, others in buggies, wagons and automobiles.

These contests are a success because they are the means of producing some of the fin-

est corn that can be seen anywhere in the country. The big golden yellow, and the plump white ears are a source of real joy to the growers. Such rewards as these are sure to enthrall other boys and induce them to try their hand at the business. Young boys are more easily interested when they can have before them such objective and tangible results as these ears are. It is a healthy sort of competition and it furnishes a fine opportunity for the exercising of financial ability in the younger child.

It has, too, some further advantage. No child can plant an acre or less of corn without doing some measuring, calculating, and judging, which is all his own. It is very probable that some of the best arithmetic lessons that he will ever get will come to him through this training and experience in his corn-patch where he is the chief planner and planter. For he should be allowed to determine how much seed will be acquired, and the sort of seed that he desires to sow.

Furthermore, the care which the profitable crop demands is most admirable training for any young and active life like his. Successful cultivation of a corn crop brings about responsibility, and responsibility is an invaluable part of any boy's early training. There are thousands of city-bred children who never enjoy this privilege of being responsible for a growing crop. To be busy cultivating corn and so keeping down the weeds, means the substitution of the more healthy interests for the less healthy ones, which are sure to fill the mind of an unoccupied normal person. To keep oneself busy, and to be responsible for something or for some body is to fulfill a large part of the moral law both in childhood and in adulthood.

The school census of Kansas shows at present about 500,000 children. In the United States there are about 20,000,000 school children or a little more. In Kansas there are at present about 14,000 teachers. In the United States there is an army of about 500,000 teachers. It is no small task to pick carefully the seed that shall be planted in the lives of this mass of children who each morning enter our public schools. Although millions of people have settled in the cities during the last half century, yet almost fifty per cent of our population are at present residing in agricultural sections.

Agricultural education has begun to be quite general in the country schools and also in many of the high schools of the fiddle West. And this is meeting with a

hearty approval on the part of those interested in the rural communities of the United States.

But what shall be the ultimate purpose of these agricultural courses which we are establishing? Partly to increase the quality of corn raised to be sure. But to raise better corn, and to increase the boy's knowledge of successful crop-growing without at the same time enlarging his standard of living would be crippling seriously his possibilities for future usefulness in his rural community.

Among us as citizens, among us as agricultural experts, which shall have first place in our educational system, the production of corn or the production of character? Which shall be our ultimate aim, the improvement in the quality of grain or the improvement in the quality of moral fiber in human beings? Which shall be the means and which the end? And who is there that is prepared to say that the expert is needed and shall be demanded in agricultural but not in moral education?

Corn does the best when good care is taken of it and so does character. Corn may become blighted and so may character. Corn requires time to mature and to ripen and so does character. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," is analogous to what takes place in the life of every normal and healthy-minded individual.

The full corn has passed through many stages, the fullest life must do the same. Effective morality is a growth process from childhood to adulthood. And even then it is never quite complete.

The chaotic interests of child-life are many and varied. To keep it busily, healthily and responsibly occupied is the best means of organizing its life into habits that are stable and pure.



Mr. Grump (with newspaper)—"Here's an odd case—a woman marries one man thinking he is another."

Mrs. Grump—"What's odd about that? Women are doing that all the time."—Boston Transcript.



Breathlessly he rushed into the lawyer's office. "My next door neighbor is learning to play the cornet," he exclaimed. "The man is a public nuisance. What would you advise me to do?"

"Learn to play the trombone," replied the astute lawyer. "Ten dollars, please."

A LETTER FROM ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Villa-Nueva, Cordoba, Dec. 7, 1912.

My dear Dr. Miller and Family:

Greetings in Christ.

YOUR kind inquiry discovering to me the interest you have in the Lord's work at large, arrived some weeks ago, and today I am sparing a few moments to make replies. I trust that you will not look upon my slackness in answering as an indication of a lack of interest in your inquiries; to the contrary, your letter did me a great deal of good, and I ask you to accept my gratitude in return. The article in the Visitor to which you made reference, wasn't intended by me for publication, but I find that nevertheless it has created no little interest in the minds of home-folk regarding Argentine as a mission field. My investigations here have not been thorough enough to justify me in making precise recommendations, but in a general way I may be able to tell you some things, which I hope will quicken the interest you already have in this field. I note that both you and your wife have discussed Argentine as a hopeful field for Christian colonization; many others have done, and are doing the same thing, and it was with this in mind that I came here a little over a year ago. My good opinion of the land has steadily grown ever since, although I have not been blind to some things which, to say the least, aren't very favorable to the newcomer here. I have enjoyed excellent health. I find the heat in mid-summer a little depressing in this northern-central province, but have suffered none from it. I have just returned from a week's visit at Rio Cuarto where Bro. Yoder's are at work; this is their third year here and they find the climate quite congenial to their calling. Of course everybody who comes here loses a little of the push, vim and vigor which characterized them among the busy people in the States or in England, but not all of this loss can be attributed to climatic conditions. The old-time European, with his almost mediæval customs is everywhere in evidence here. His slothful gait, and love for activity "tomorrow," rather than to-day, has been infused into the very blood of the nation; even the oxen and asses at the plow haven't escaped the malady, and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that

people who in the homeland scarcely took time to eat, after being here a few months are ready with the rest to take a two hours' siesta (nap) after breakfast. This does not mean that the working day is shortened. The workmen in the camp put in long days, and this little rest at mid-day becomes necessary to efficiency.

As to prospective colonization: I do not yet feel free to commit myself. Yes, I have visited several places which appear very promising; flatteringly so; but I shall be slow to hold out encouragement along this line until after I have fully satisfied myself of the safety of the situation. The government still has some lands to dispose of to new settlers, but my judgment upon that question as far as I have investigated would be, that one would get quicker and better returns for their labors and outlay, were they to settle in communities where the country is somewhat developed. Where one has means, be they ever so limited, I feel sure that this is the best place. I have seen lands both last season and this, where either of the crops would yield sufficient returns to pay for the land upon which they were grown. It must be remembered, that both of these years are record-breakers for Argentine. It isn't always thus. Neither are all lands such. If my first recommendations to our Board, shall advise the beginning of work in the city. At present I have two in view, each of twenty thousand inhabitants or more, and without Christian work. I think that sated missionaries will find this their best field of labor. But personally, were I to continue my stay here, I would by all means want to remain in the rural districts. These are a different class of people from those in the city; many of them are Italians, and they are proving to be Argentine, what the German farmer is and has been to the States. Without some vocation for a livelihood, one would not be able to yield a proper influence among them; they are tired to death of long gowned priests; they want somebody to teach their boys and girls who isn't afraid to do things. I am impressed with this innumerable times when I am out. A good Christian farmer would mean a lot for the community anywhere here. In the city and especially among the natives or we

do foreigners, work is looked down upon; marks the line of division between society and the "herd." One instance: Brother told me of a student who was coming to him twice a week for lessons in English; this young lad was so averse to manual labor, that the small volume from which he studied, was carried to and from the home of his teacher by a servant. This instance is one of the extreme ones.

Regarding the professions, I think there is an unusually good opening in this republic, both in the large city and in the camp towns. The practicing of medicine and dentistry are callings which prove very remunerative; of course, one must pass the required examinations in Spanish, or act as an apprentice to some doctor who has. This is often done by young men, and in the course of two and a half to three years, they are able to secure a certificate of graduation of their own, and in the meantime have enjoyed quite liberal returns for the work they have done. The fees charged by the medical profession here, are from two to five times the amount realized in the States. A medical missionary could certainly do well here. In the newer towns (many of them have several thousand inhabitants) where there is no resident doctor, one who has a diploma from a foreign land is allowed to practice on this long as no one with a national diploma moves into the district and objects, but as soon as this occurs, the former must cease his work, or practice under orders of the latter. I shall enclose you a letter from the Council General treating on this.

Now more directly upon colonization: First, I think it very unlikely that our people should take kindly to this. I myself will not advocate it until after years of experience have proven to me that it is perfectly safe, and has advantages above those offered at home. I like money, need it in my business, but I do not intend to compromise my religion in order to become an agent, as some others—well, you know what I mean. I hope and pray that if I in any way the means of having some of our people come to this land, that they will come with the thought of sacrifice, and not gain, although I believe that the latter to be had here, and plenty of it too. I see no reason when there is an open field before us, to settle at a place where we wouldn't possibly be a success financially, when there are plenty of other places here where we could prosper both spiritually and temporally. In the second place, I am not sure that colonization would give us

the best influence among these peoples. You see, it's different here than at home. There the great national smelting pot is kept at such a white heat that even the multiplied thousands of immigrants who are tossed into it monthly do not serve to lower the temperature perceptibly, but soon find themselves fused into, and a part of our national body. Here it is not so. In riding through the country by motor and train, one often sees a single city plumed and decorated with flags and festoonings, whilst in all of the others which they pass through that day, nothing of the kind is seen. You see already what that means; they are a colony. German, French, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Swiss, and scores of other peoples live in communities and cliques of their own; multiplied thousands of them never take out naturalization papers, they have no concern for the government; they are a people unto themselves, with an unwritten motto something like this: "Get as much, and give as little as you can." I am sorry to say it, but the government officials, and these colonies are constantly attempting to make prey of each other. The national, to say nothing of the universal brotherhood of man, has never even occurred to four-fifths of these people, and my opinion is that those who come here as missionaries must be willing to act as a cement to unite these national bricks together in Christ, rather than to form themselves into a distinct and separate one. Jesus by becoming a Brother to Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, laid the foundation for the greatest brotherhood which the world has ever known. Paul lost his national identity in order to be a brother to any whom he might meet. I have met missionaries here who have done the same thing, and I scarcely need to tell you that they are the successful ones. Generally speaking, the Englishman in this republic has created for himself a liberal hatred simply by holding himself aloof from the population in all except money matters. His brothers, who are missionaries here, tell me that he is by far their greatest hindrance and drawback; the effect of his influence is that of sand, rather than oil, upon the journals of Christ's great brotherhood. Men are needed here who are good "mixers," who have a love greater than that of a community, or even a nation; men who are unselfish enough to allow their own lives to be crushed and formed into a brazing which will join thousands of others together into a Christian body. But I must be closing. Already I have

taken too much of your valuable time. Any further question which you might wish to ask I shall cheerfully attempt to answer if I can, and shall not attempt to if I can't. I am delighted to hear that your children are preparing for service, also that you are good and busy in the work. My kind-

est regards to you, one and all. May our petitions for grace be mutual. Remember Argentine when taking a world view. Until I hear from you again, I am,

Yours in the interest of others

N. M. Albright,

Villa-Nueva, Cordoba, F. C. P., Arg., S. A.

FLOUR

John H. Nowlan

NOT long ago we were out with a surveying party running some lines in the western part of our county. To reach one of the desired points we had to cross the creek and one of the party suggested that we go to the old mill dam to cross. Going down the bank to reach the stone foundation on which the dam had been built, my eyes fell upon the old millstone lying at the water's edge. Inquiry revealed the fact that the mill was the same at which as a boy just out of his first term of school I had spent my vacation, and one of the party was at times a playmate with me at the old mill when we sat in the dingy, dusty old building and listened to the monotonous whirr of that same millstone as it slowly and laboriously ground the farmers' grain into flour, watched the wheel whirling in its shadowy recess beneath the mill, or sat on the bank while the big boys attempted to catch the fish that were stranded on the rocks.

One grinding and then a sifting was all that was considered necessary, and the grain was poured into the hopper with no attempt to remove any of the weed seeds, trash or other dirt usually found in wheat as it comes from the thresher.

Then I fell to meditating on the great changes of a few years. My mind wandered from that little ripple on the surface of Shoal Creek to the mighty mills clustered around that break in the bed of the "Father of Waters" that has furnished the power to make the flour of "The Twin Cities" famous over the whole land.

Minneapolis, situated at the gateway of the Red River Valley which is one of the great wheat regions of the world, is without doubt the greatest milling center in the world.

This is the land of hard or spring wheat. It is a firmer grain and contains more gluten and phosphate than winter wheat.

To make the high grade flour that is put on the market there the wheat is carefully

selected and inspected. In order to produce the superior grade many thousands of bushels of the best seed are annually furnished the farmers.

The wheat when it reaches the mill is passed through special separators to remove the grass seeds, weed seeds and other impurities.

Then it is washed, twenty gallons of water being used for each bushel of wheat after which it passes to the drying cylinders where currents of air, first hot and then cold, are passed over it.

Through the scourers it goes to remove the fuzz and dirt that may still adhere to it, then to the bins to be tempered several hours before grinding. This tempering toughens the bran so that it will not grind fine.

The grain is passed to the first break rolls which are so adjusted that the grain is only cracked. The broken grains are sifted and the residue passed on to the next set of rolls to have the process repeated. After repeated grindings and boltings the choice middlings are blended, reground and bolted to make the high grade flour, while the inferior grades, bran and shorts are removed for the by-products markets.

All told, there are some seventy streams of varying grades of fineness and fitness, what a change from the classification of our boyhood when there were but three—bran, middlings or shorts and flour!

But this is not the end. This flour is stored and after a period is rebolted, aerated and repacked for shipment.

During the grinding process several samples are taken each day and submitted to chemical and laboratory tests, where actual performance in the oven is known. These samples are kept and should a flour be reported as unsatisfactory its record can be investigated.

From the time the wheat enters the mill till the flour is loaded for shipment it is not touched by human hand.

THE OTHER SIDE OF SOUL-SAVING

Rose D. Fox

IT has been truthfully said that every question has two sides, and so, while Brother J. L. Switzer, in his article entitled "The Slums," in the Inglenook for Dec. 31, very ably presents one side of soul-saving, it seems to me that the other side has been overlooked, to some degree, at least. I have read and reread it with great interest, and a few questions have presented themselves to my mind which were not satisfactorily answered in his article.

What did Christ mean when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16: 15)? Does not this include the slums of our cities? I do not recall any place in the Bible where he said to go everywhere except to the slums, while in many places he has made it plain that we are to evangelize the world.

Taking Matthew 7: 6 alone, one might be justified in applying it to the work in the slums, but studying it in relation to other Scriptures it seems to me the argument based upon it hardly holds good. Have we any right to call the vast multitudes living in the slums, swine and dogs? Are they not human beings as well as we who are more fortunate, and are not their souls as precious as ours? Was it through any virtue of ours that we were born under more favorable circumstances? Again, what about the country boys and girls who go to the cities to find employment, and gradually sink down in sin until they land in the slums? Shall we condemn anyone for trying to help them? Suppose it were our boy or girl who had fallen. Would we not try and make every effort to save them?

I have in mind a certain rescue worker in San Francisco (whose name I have forgotten). He had been drunk in the southern part of the State for a long time, and when he came to his senses he was in a Rescue Mission in San Francisco. He had money and no knowledge of how he came there. Surely, if we can call these people swine, he was one of the lowest of them, but through the blood of Christ he was saved and cleansed from his wickedness and is now at the head of one of the most successful Rescue Missions in San Francisco. Even though we might be able to reach only one-tenth as many people in the slums as we could in other places, if

we can reach one like this man who can bring thousands to Christ, is our work wasted? Many of the most successful soul-winners were converted in the slums.

To be sure the people had to come and look at the brazen serpent in the wilderness before they could be healed, but it was first necessary that someone should lift it up so it could be seen. And how can the people in the slums come to the cross without someone first holding it up so they can see it?

In the country where the people are "hungering and thirsting" for righteousness, Satan's power is not so great as it is in the cities where the people know nothing about Christ. And when are the powers of darkness most in evidence? Is it not at night when most of the Christian people are sleeping? Can we find a better time to fight the enemy than when he is out in the open? Let us be awake to our responsibilities and strike when the most effective work can be done.

While I am heartily in favor of trying to reach the masses in the slums, I do not think the other places should be neglected. It seems to me, however, that if every one of Christ's followers were fully consecrated, there would be more than enough workers to carry the Gospel to the entire world.

We are all familiar with the story of "The Lost Sheep" in Luke 15. Can we imagine a night too dark or the way too rough for the shepherd to go and find his sheep? And no place now is too sinful for Christ to enter if he can find and rescue one poor lost soul, and God forbid that any of us should hesitate to go with him, even to the gates of hell itself, if by so doing we can find and bring back one of his children, for whom he died. Christ's blood is powerful enough to save the very lowest, in the slums or anywhere else.

In Luke 7, we find the story of the woman who came to Jesus as he was dining with a Pharisee, and washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. The Pharisee thought Jesus should not have permitted this on account of the woman's sins, but Christ told him that (v. 47) "Her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little." Let us grow more and more like our blessed Master.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Monday evening.

Dear Children:

THE two gentlemen sitting opposite us in the dining room will go ashore tomorrow at Almeria, Spain, and will carry this letter and mail it to you. This will reach you about the time you have word of our arrival, but we thought to send you one more letter from Europe.

We, so far, have nothing but a smooth sea. Real glassy sea, the kind mother thought could not be possible. The ship moves along at a slow pace, because they must be in Almeria in daylight to take on the load of grapes, and there is no use pushing when, to do so, would be to lie in harbor during the night. So our speed is nothing to be spoken of. The Sunday passed away in quietness. The Catholics had mass in second-class. We had nothing; no one stirred it. I would have been glad for services, but it would have looked like I was urging the meeting on my own account.

The board has been fine, and the service as far as we are concerned all and more than we deserve. The party, for the most part, is not stuck up, and the more we are getting acquainted the better is the association. This morning I arose fairly early and began some work. I wrote an article on Genoa which I shall offer to the Inglenook. I have two more to write and if the editor will accept, all right. If not, they can rest in peace. The day has seemed quite long to us, but we have company. Others stand longing for the other shore which is at least ten or twelve days distant yet. But in time it will pass and we shall be glad. Today we passed through a shoal of porpoises. How they did jump out of the water and run. It is the first mama saw the things, and she was much interested. She has been reading Quo Vadis again since she has been to Rome and denounces the book as a senseless thing. Just a little hard on the book, but it is a cheap, paper-backed thing and it can stand it.

We are turning up our watches these days at the rate of thirty-five minutes every morning, and by the time we reach New York we will be but an hour earlier than yourselves. Then we can think of

you better at home. Now when we wake you sleep; when we sleep you have the middle of the day.

Well, God bless you and keep you. We are both well and happy as our prison palace permits us to be. But say, second-class is worse this time than it was three years ago. I made a trip through it and found Peanut Joe of Elgin there, on his way back to America. He was awfully glad to see me and so were we.

Affectionately, Papa and Mama.

Later

In harbor at Almeria, Spain.

This morning a little before five I was on deck, for I wanted to see our boat come into the harbor at Almeria, Spain. Ever since we left Palermo I have had east for west, and it has been a very unpleasant experience. As I came on deck I saw the moon setting in the west over some mountains in Spain, and I saw the dim light of the morning sun in the east. I was glad to go right about, and it was done by the boat running so that they approached this harbor from the west instead of the east. I do not know why, but thus I found them and was righted.

The light revealed most inhospitable shores. The low mountains and the cliffs below them are barren, save that here and there stood some old ruins. Along the crest could be seen the walls with turret top which, one time, was a fortification. The fort is in ruins and the wall stands simply because no one cares to take it away. Below, along the shores of the Mediterranean, is the city of Almeria with a population of about 20,000. Our boat has not touched this port for two years and, of course, created no little excitement. The process of getting into harbor took a long time. Other boats are lying here, for this is the harbor of the famous Malaga grapes of Spain, the finest grapes grown in the world. For this purpose our boat stopped. It wanted to increase its cargo before going across the Atlantic.

After breakfast I went ashore with party, a father and three ladies, all members of his family. The ride in the little boat to the shore had a little excitement for them, but they were easily excited. By the moment we reached the shore, what sight! Perhaps fifteen beggars at once

umped upon us for money, and they are im-
pudent to a finish. Every one of them had
ore eyes; some were partly blind; some
carried little children, miserable creatures
oo horribly dirty and ragged to look upon.
It was fierce. I simply walked through the
unch, but that did not keep them from
ollowing us.

We soon hired a carriage to get away
from them. We heard the town had a bull
ing and I wanted to see the plan of the
thing. We drove through town, dirty, din-
y and just about as bad as any town we
ad visited. At last we came to the ring
and went in. It is nothing but a large cir-
cle amphitheatre with raised seats. Behind
re the stables where the bull is kept and
ne alley way to drive him into the arena.
t another place is the avenue where the
en who fight the bull come in. Back of
his is the slaughter house where the bull
dragged, and quartered for beef if he
killed. Just a little to the right is a
apel with a crucifix and other necessary
ligious furniture for the dying man to
et forgiveness if the bull got the better
him. It was really interesting and ex-
cedingly repulsive, to study the inhumane,
evilish, beastly plans to have sport at the
xpense of human and beast life. But I
ant to say that what I have seen of Al-
eria, even of her well-dressed citizens,
am sure a bull fight is at the level of their
eas.

Then we hunted up the cathedral of the
yn. It was simply an illustration of the
verty of the place, even from a Catholic
andpoint. Oh, they showed us some old
oks with music written in that perhaps
nt back some centuries, and as near as
could tell the paper was the skin of some
imal. But that was all that was of in-
est.

We dismissed our carriage, and took to
our heels. The ladies bought some crock-
ery, while I stood on the outside and
studied the rabble. A lad perhaps eight or
ten years old, came up and wanted money.
He stood on his head for money. He
begged and begged. About him were ten
others waiting to see what would be the
result of his effort. Thoughtlessly I
turned the right-hand pocket, outside of
my coat wrong side out to show there was
not a thing in it. This started the fellow.
He made a dive for my pockets and was
going to show me I had money. I pushed
him back, but in so short a time I can hard-
ly see how, perhaps twenty-five or more of
those people closed in around me. I saw
my embarrassment and pushed through the
crowd to another position. A few followed.
At last I got very much interested in look-
ing at something at a distance and turned
a deaf ear to their words and they wearied
and left me. But others came up. So I
watched, I suppose, for fifteen minutes one
of the dirtiest, meanest lot of people I ever
looked at. Sore eyes? Never did I see
such a mess. It was really revolting. One
of the ladies and myself took a stroll
through the market near. That was inter-
esting. I bought a fine cluster of grapes
for mama for four cents, and she wished
she could give each of you a bunch this
evening. I tried to get a souvenir of some
kind and became disgusted at the unre-
asonable prices asked for everything, and
proposed we go to the boat.

At the wharf I took three characteristic
pictures, came on board and found mama
ready for luncheon. All afternoon they
had been loading grapes. The Spaniards
came on board and were sent off a kiting.
I mailed some letters from here. It is
now nearly time for dinner and I close
to get ready. God bless you.

THE TEMPTATION OF MARTIN WESTFALL

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger.

THE church college buildings are
situated on their own spacious
grounds which are bounded on the
east by a mountain. Trees and
rubberies flourish in orderly profusion
nding with the rich colors of flowers and
king beautiful the entrance to the build-
known as the Theological Seminary be-

cause the Bible is taught there. The place
seems far removed from the madding
crowd like a haven of peace in a sea of
doubt and storm. Trouble and stress are to
be found only without those walls, within
there is calm and safety, the air of the spot
breathes peace and rest.

But there was no peace in the soul of

Martin Westfall as he sat by a table in his bare little room, the pages of his "Evidences of Christianity" opened before him. The lines were blurred because his eyes were full of tears and he would not let them fall. His strong form was bowed in dejection and despair. The door was locked; he wanted to be secure from interruption, he wanted to be alone to think out some solution for the problem if there was one. "If I have failed, I am a failure," he muttered to himself. But at the word "failure," he looked up and a doubt crept into his eyes. "I don't believe I am a failure," he thought. "I have a good record here, and as much ability as the average, but even so, to give up now and go home when six months more would complete my course, is galling." But what else was there to do?

He thought of the years of hard work on his brother's barren farm, the money saved by almost painful sacrifices, the small sums he had managed to earn by doing odd jobs in the town, but where there were a great number of poor students there did not seem enough work to go around. He was absolutely penniless and he had tried every means available to eke out his college expenses, now there was only one thing left to do—he must go back home.

A determined rap on the door recalled him to his present surroundings. He arose, unlocked the door and found several of the boys there. They entered the room all talking at once. Herbert Stone finally explained that they were anxious about the prize in oratory. "We want some one from the theological department to do good work of course. We have Davidson, but who will come second?"

"Unless we hump ourselves, we are going to lose the prize altogether," lamented Ross.

At this juncture, Davidson himself spoke up. "You are taking a great deal for granted when you assume that I shall win, I am not so sure in a contest of this kind. I need preparation. Now Martin why don't you try? You have it in you to be a good public speaker and you might prove to be the winner."

"No one can expect to be more than second best with Davidson in the field, but Martin go in and try anyhow. We need you in this contest, we want to make a good showing," urged Stone.

"It takes place tomorrow night, I believe," said Martin, as if he were reasoning things out for himself alone. "If I could only escape from that awful self-consciousness which seems to fetter my

tongue whenever I rise to my feet, I might think about it, but what hope is there where you think of my past efforts?"

"Only this hope," put in Davidson, eagerly. "You are the best writer in the class and if you can write with ease and facility why not speak your thought as readily? Come on, Westfall; try it at least!"

And Martin finally answered that he would think it over. "If I disgrace you you can retaliate with brick-bats or any weapon that may be handy," he averred.

"Tired vegetables, ancient eggs or anything in the way of a missile that we can find shall be used if you begin to stammer so you may as well make up your mind to talk as well as you write," was Stone's parting advice.

In truth Martin's want of courage was not due to any lack of spirit—it was caused by a candid recognition of the facts. Or in two years this contest was held in the chapel, before an audience composed of three judges. The prize was two hundred dollars, and it was adjudged to that student who in the opinion of the committee delivered the best extemporaneous sermon from a text handed him by one of the judges. He walked to the pulpit. Any student was eligible to the attempt. But as you know only those who had some reputation in public speaking ever tried. This year the number was less than in former years and so the students interested thought of Martin Westfall as a possible competitor.

Left alone, Martin pondered the situation. "I might as well remain a day longer instead of packing my trunk tonight and going home. Believe I'll go for a walk."

Taking up his hat he left his room still pondering the situation turned steps in the direction of the depot. "I can forget myself and think only of whom I serve I might be able to speak creditably at least. I have always been able to speak fluently when alone and perhaps he who watches over a sparrow will see the way to help me through. I trust him and do my utmost."

How he wanted to finish his course! He only he need not break off now. Silently he prayed for help and some measure of comfort came to him.

He stood silent while the fast train came in and a few passengers passed through the small station. Then he turned and retraced his way to the college. It was almost dark but not so dark but that he could distinguish objects and people in the gathering gloom.

Then occurred an event that interrupted

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Milo Adamson.

A HEALTHY BABY

MILO ADAMSON was born April 5, 1912. He is the son of J. D. and Dora Adamson, of Hutchinson, Kans. This photo was taken when he was eight months old and weighed pounds. The first three months he cried most all the time, but since then he has grown and done well. He has four teeth. He likes to take his morning bath and likes

to ride in his go-cart. He has plenty of fresh water to drink and eats the food which nature provides. We often laugh and say he was reared on Rawleigh Medicine, as his father travels for the W. T. Rawleigh Medicine Company. Milo is a happy little fellow. He always has a smile for everybody.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SWORD.

J. C. Flora.

"And the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God."—Eph. 6: 17.

We now come to the consideration of the last part of the Christian armor; the sword of the Spirit. You will notice that all the other pieces of the armor are of a purely defensive character. The breast-plate to defend the heart, the helmet, the head, and the shield to quench the fiery darts of the devil. The sword is designed to answer both purposes. It is to guard the Christian soldier, and by it he is to cause all his enemies to vanish. The Blessed Word is held out to us as being adapted to every state and circumstance in which we can be placed. It is that hammer which breaks the stony heart into pieces; it is that fire which consumes the stubble of our sins; it is that light which is to direct our steps in the night of perplexity; it is that cordial which is to console and cheer in sorrow; those riches which are to be the Christian's treasure both in time and in eternity.

The sword recommended is "The Word of God." Now when the Apostle wrote he must have referred to the Old Testament Scriptures only; of these, blessed and great things are spoken. Writing to Timothy, he says, "From a child thou has known the Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Jesus said: "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me." Now we have the whole book, not only the twilight of the Old Testament, but the meridian noon of the Gospel of Christ. We have both the shadow and the substance; the type and the antitype; the mystery and the revelation. As Christians we have especially to do with the writings of the New Testament. This is the portion of the disciples of Jesus. Here our duties are specified, our privileges exhibited and our blessings announced.

It is a production of the Spirit. It is not the word of man, but of God. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. It is the instrument of which the Holy Spirit makes use in effecting his purposes. It is by the word the Spirit alarms and convinces of sin; it is by the word the Spirit converts and regenerates. "Ye shall know

the truth and the truth shall make free." We are "Being born again, not corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." It is by the word the Spirit sanctifies and builds up. Gospel Heroes are to go forth crying "Unto you is the word of this salvation sent." It is the gospel of the kingdom which is to be preached. The world is in darkness and error. Hence the prayer. "O Lord, send out thy light and truth." It is by the Spirit's influence that believers can profitably use the word of God. Hence the prayer again, "O Lord, open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things."

When may we employ "the sword of the Spirit"? We should resist by the sword of the Spirit when Satan assaults us. Often when Jesus was tempted by Satan, he would defend himself by relying with God's words. The world's attacks must be overcome by the sword of the Spirit. Jesus said to Paul, "Be of good cheer for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." Faith in God's all sufficiency will overcome the world. When in danger of worldly mindedness, "Take the Sword." We cannot withstand the giant mind of men without the protection of God's Word. Sometimes we are in danger of the snare of worldly riches, then again, we should be reminded not to "Lay up for yourselves treasures here, where moth and rust corrupt."

Again our hearts may deceive us. We may become distrustful, and grow despondent. But the Lord has promised that he will allow no trouble or trial, or temptation, but that we will be furnished the grace to overcome. When in danger of being overcome into self-complacency, and self-satisfaction, we need to do as Paul,—forget self and "Press toward the mark of the prize of high calling of God, in Christ Jesus." If we are affected with supineness and indolence, we need to give all diligence to the duties and responsibilities of life. We need to work out our salvation with fear and trembling.

How may we wield "the sword of the Spirit" effectively? We need to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with it; we need to read it and treasure it up in our hearts and meditate upon it day and night.

asked to "Be mighty in the Scriptures." We ought to keep this sword polished and bright. This can only be done by constant exercise. Every day brings us a opportunity to use the word of God. We need to seek a deeper insight into God's will by constant prayer. He has instructed us that when we lack wisdom, to come and ask of him who upbraideth not but will give freely to those who seek with a humble and contrite spirit. The weapon provided is all sufficient. With this one may conquer like our illustrious Captain, from Jerusalem to Jerusalem, conquering to conquer. It is divine and omnipotent power. We should use it for our spiritual purposes.



THE TEMPTATION OF MARTIN WESTFALL.

(Continued from Page 130.)

thoughts of the contest and set him to face with his naked soul.

Just before him lay a new purse. He picked it up and looked at it and even touched it he felt sure it was filled with money. Furtively he looked all around to see if any one had observed him. No one was in sight and he hid the purse in his pocket. Of course he would return it to the owner, but he wanted to know what was in the purse; besides he must be quite sure that he returned it to the real owner, for some one having no right to it might claim it. He would give it up to the lawful owner, but in the meanwhile, he would say nothing about it to any one else in order to avoid all complications. And by and by the resolve and the stealthy glance around to be sure that no one saw him pick up the purse, Martin Westfall became a thief.

When Martin was safe in his room, he counted out the money and found that it amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars. He could only keep it! It was absurd to think that he could win that prize and keep his own counsel, he would not do so. The prize money; here was more than enough to finish his year at school. As the evening wore on, he racked his brain for sophistries to quiet his conscience. No sophistries would come.

The next morning, the very thought of the prize was hateful to him. But he needed it; he must keep it. He would not read newspapers for fear of learning who had won the money. Oh yes, he was perfectly capable, but he could not finish the year without money; here was the means to get his diploma. Martin was arguing the case to keep the purse when the competi-

tors were summoned to take their places in the chapel.

The sun's rays shone bright and warm on the shrubs and flowers but only shadow rested on the heart of Martin Westfall as he advanced towards the committee. The song of birds joyous and glad came through the windows but there was no response in his soul. He could not even pray. The purse in his pocket seemed to fill the entire universe.

One after another of the contestants went forward and spoke, and then left the room. Martin was the last to be called upon. As he advanced one of the judges handed him a text. Opening the Bible Martin unfolded a slip of paper and laid it on the pages of the open Bible. He almost reeled as he read the words found in the fifty-second Psalm, seventh verse: "Lo this is the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches, and strengthened himself in his wickedness."

By a strong effort he regained his self-control and the meaning of the text came to him sharp and clear. He began slowly and hesitatingly to speak of the man who in straits or difficulties fails to grasp hold of the only unfailing strength, nor finds his way to the only secure Refuge. Then he forgot the three men who were to pass judgment upon his speech, or sermon. Like David in his psalms of penitence, Martin spoke and his message was that of repentance and despair for sin. He stood face to face with God and in burning phrases he poured forth the shame and guilt of his soul. He forgot himself in his sin and his hatred of the thing he had become.

Then he changed his theme to that of trust and faith in a God who can bring marvelous things to pass, the God who stilled tempests and guided the feet of the martyrs up to joyful deliverance where their voices chant his love and mercy for evermore. He preached like one inspired. For he had been voicing the tumult of his soul and his peroration was a pean of victory for he had fully resolved to return the purse at once to the owner.

He noticed that the judges looked at him curiously as he passed and there stole into his heart a blessed peace. He would make the Lord his strength, come what would. It was rare that these judges listened to a sermon like this in a contest. "He's a man of rare spiritual gifts, if that sermon is any criterion," said one of the judges.

Up in his room, Martin was sealing up the purse, and addressing it to the owner. For one glance down the lost column had

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

For Cold Feet.

Many aged people and young children more than people of other ages, are troubled with cold feet. A sand bag is an excellent "comfort" for this trouble. Get some clean sand, and dry, by heating it in an iron kettle over the fire, stirring until it heats through. Make a bag about eight inches square, of thick cotton cloth, fill with the dry sand and sew up the opening very closely; cover this bag with thick flannel cloth; this will prevent the sand from sifting out. When wanted, heat by laying on top of the warming oven, or other surface where it will not burn, and when hot through, use it for warming the feet. The sand will hold heat a long time, is always ready, and can be emptied and the sack washed at any time. Or the flannel can be removed while it is heating, and replaced at once.



Wage Earning When Past Fifty.

A reader asks if there is something at which a woman past fifty, who has had no training at any kind of wage-earning can start in and make a living and \$150 clear per year. It depends very much on the woman, but even at the best, in these times, only a few comparatively who work for wages make more than they necessarily spend. Among wage earners there are several classes: One is the debtor class, who is always working to pay for yesterday's dinner, and never catching up; the fault for this does not always lie with the worker, but circumstances are often to blame. Others work to pay for today's dinner, and this is what is called living from hand to mouth, and the majority of workers belong to this class. Any little circumstance that deprives such an one of even a day's wage will leave him among the debtor class, with scant hope of ever regaining the lost footing, unless aided. The one who works to pay for tomorrow's dinner is the one who has laid by in store, whether much or little, and has learned to spend less than he earns, no matter at what cost to himself. In order to earn even a living, after fifty years old, with untrained hands, there must be determination of character, prudence, frugality and industry, at least. Yet many women do this very thing. It is remarkable, the way a woman can get along, make a living for herself and a dependent fam-

ily, when left alone, dependent on her abilities, and not only raise her family, educate them, and keep a good home on their heads, through her industry and determination to carry the project through. Children of both sexes should be brought up to work, learning to do some one thing well, and acquiring habits of industry and thrift; even when thrown out on the world at middle age, there is usually something by which a living, if nothing more, can be made. The social world is in a ferment just now, and the tossing of the waves is bewildering; but no one should be discouraged. Find if possible what you can do best, and where your market may be, and "do determinedly."



For the Toilet.

Where one has to use soft coal, and especially where one has to "stoke her own fire," dirty, or at least, grimy hands are the rule. Soap and water only seem to make matters worse, as the cuticle roughens and the hand all over is covered with blisters and seams. A much better way is to have a little of cold cream, or any clean, unsalted grease, will do, and before washing the hands at night, and if necessary, several times a day, rub the grease well over the hands, and remain a few minutes, then wash in water warm enough to take off the grease with the aid of a good, vegetable-oil soap, and when clean, rinse with cold water, rub on a few drops of the toilet mixture so often told about—glycerine, rosewater and lemon juice, and then dry; or, in most cases, before applying the mixture, applying a very little.

Another way, where the hands are very much seamed with the fine lines which ordinary washing with soap will not take off, have one of the little stiff brushes used in the kitchen, which cost several cents each; grease the hands as above, then, with a very little soap suds, hot enough to take off the grease, go over the hands with the little brush, scouring all the lines away, then dip the hands in common cider vinegar, let dry, and the hands will be much smoother and clean. Some people, after letting the grease soften the dirt, rub it off before washing; others wash the hands well, then fill with the grease and rub the grease with a bit of gauze or cot-

ld, soft rags, which can be burned after g. Any of these methods will cleanse skin, smooth it, and prepare it for re-
ng the dirt.

pair of cloth gloves, costing not more
n ten cents, and often to be had for five
s, should be kept with the coal supply,
lose to the stove, and put on every time
thing is handled. These gloves should
regularly washed and kept clean.



Sheepskin Rugs.

o clean these, make a strong lather by
ing a little soap in water; mix this
n a sufficient quantity of water a
e more than lukewarm to wash
rug in, and rub the boiled soap
parts which require additional
ning. When the skin has been well
hed in this water, prepare another suds
he same way, of the same warmth, and
the skin through this, followed by a
d, which should be enough to clean it
roughly. Rinse it well in lukewarm wa-
until all the soap has been removed,
n put it in water in which a little wash-
ng has been dropped, sufficient to make
wool a good white. After this it should
squeezed well, shaken out and hung in
open air with the skin side toward the
s, but not while it is too hot, else the
a will become hardened. Shake and
it while drying, to prevent the stiff,
ckly condition. It should be frequently
ed, and hung up first by one end, then
other, until thoroughly dried. Be sure
rub it frequently between the hands as
s drying. These rugs with, or without
ng, are excellent foot warmers for old
ple, or those sitting still a great deal.
e wool may be dyed if desired.



Cleaning Garments.

To remove stains from broadcloth, this
recommended: Take an ounce of pipe-
y that has been ground fine; mix it with
elve drops of alcohol, and the same quan-
of spirits of turpentine; whenever you
h to remove any stain from cloth, mois-
a little of this mixture with alcohol
d rub on the spot. Let remain until dry.
n rub it off with a woollen cloth, and the
ot will disappear.

Grease Spots, to remove: Dissolve an
nce of pure pearlash in a pint of spring
ter, and to the solution add a lemon cut
small slices. Mix the ingredients well,
p the mixture warm for a few days, then

strain and bottle the liquid for use. A little
of this poured on stains of grease, pitch or
oil will remove them. As soon as they dis-
appear, wash in clear water.



Contributed Recipes.

A Good Corn Bread: This may seem a
little troublesome, but the result is satis-
factory. Carefully follow the recipe. Beat
two eggs until light, yolk and white sepa-
rately; to the yolk add two tablespoonfuls
of sugar, one quart of sweet milk, one pint
of sifted corn meal, as freshly ground as
possible, sifting with the meal two tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder and half a tea-
spoonful of salt. Finally stir in the beaten
whites of the eggs, pour into a greased bis-
cuit pan and bake in a quick oven. The
batter will be thin, but if carefully prepared
bakes well and makes a delicious cake.
There may be a streak of custard running
through one portion, as slight variation of
the oven temperature may cause it to bake
more evenly at one point than another.

Careful measuring is a most important
part of cookery. The woman who "guess-
es" and apparently never measures may, or
may not succeed, but if she does, it is be-
cause long practice, or an experienced eye
gives her the power to measure uncon-
sciously. Another thing is to follow direc-
tions explicitly. If the recipe reads "Sift
flour and baking powder together four
times," do as it says; if it reads, "Beat
whites and yolks separately," it won't do
to beat them together. If you are told to
use two eggs, don't use any more, no mat-
ter how full your egg basket may be; if
you are told to use four eggs, a less num-
ber may spoil the outcome. There is al-
ways one right way, and if you "go by
guess," mix up the measures to suit your-
self, don't blame the recipe if you fail.

Right now is the time to buy white
goods, such as table and bed and toilet
linen, at the January white-goods sales.
You may pick up some excellent bargains
if you are a judge, and look for quality as
well as "bargains." One must "shop with
sense," and learn to discriminate as to the
worth of what is offered.



Overhauling Things.

The winter days are fine for overhauling
all the boxes, bags and closets, sorting out
all garments that will pay for making over,
ripping apart, cleaning, pressing and fold-
ing the pieces, ready for the spring sewing.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

HARBAUGH'S HARFE.

Many of our readers will be highly pleased to learn that "Harbaugh's Harfe," which for some time was off the market, is again being published by the Reformed Church Publication Board. "Harbaugh's Harfe" is a series of poems written by H. Harbaugh, D. D., in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect. Many of these poems are well known, and indeed, quite popular among some of our readers. Among them are "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick," "Die Schlofschtub," "Will widder Buwele sei" and "Heemweh." The poems are given both in the German and translated into the English, which will be a great help to those of our readers who do not readily read the German. The book also has a list of the most difficult words, giving their translation. It contains a number of full page illustrations and has a large, clear print. These poems are a permanent contribution to literature among our German friends and will be read with much pleasure by all those who are acquainted with the Pennsylvania Dutch customs and manners. The book is bound in cloth and is beautifully decorated with a golden harp on the outside cover. Published by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 15th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE UPAS TREE.

A Chicago lawyer, Robert McMurdy, has written a story of a highly dramatic character which is not only a story but a serious social article and so has a truthful value. It is based on capital punishment. The author uses all his art to bring a strong indictment against it. The story begins with the youth of the leading characters and leads up through love, marriage and jealousy to the case of a young lawyer charged with the murder of a rich client, a rejected girl being active in the prosecution. The details of the trial might be the scene in any criminal court of today. The reader feels the innocence of the defendant and is all sympathy, but the jury decides according to the strong circumstantial evidence, and finds the young lawyer guilty. Under the shadow of the gallows the man is saved by the confession of a dying criminal. The last chapter is a series of strong arguments put in the mouth of the lawyer against capital punishment

and an appeal to have it entirely abolished. "The Upas Tree," by Robert McMurdy. Published by F. J. Schulte & Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.35.

HISTORICAL SETTING OF THE EARLY GOSPEL.

A valuable book comes from the hand of Thomas Cuming Hall, professor of Christian Ethics in Union Theological Seminary, New York. It gives a review of the early Christian church, giving the historical settings and political conditions under which the Gospels were written. The treatment of the subject is illuminating, as well as simple and popular in style. The review which the reader gets shows the work to come from the hand of a scholar who knows how to make the reader live in the past and feel himself a part of that past. We see the political, economic, social and religious conditions of the world in which Jesus lived and moved. The work will be of great value to every Biblical student. The "Historical Setting of the Early Gospel" published by Eaton & Mains Co., 15 Fifth Ave., New York. Price \$1.75 net.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

An old couple came in from the country with a big basketful of lunch, to see the circus. The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed the street, the husband held out his hand and said:

"Gimme that basket, Hannah."

The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look.

"That's real kind o' ye, Joshua," she quavered.

"Kind!" grunted the old man. "I waked ye'd git lost."—Argonaut.

"Do you love me very much, mama?"

Mama (a widow)—"Yes, of course, my dear."

"Then why don't you marry the man at the candy store?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Do you really believe, doctor, that you old medicines actually keep anybody alive?"

"Surely," returned the doctor. "My prescriptions have kept three druggists and their families alive in this town for twenty years."—Harper's Weekly.

THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR.

THEY give me two days' layoff last week so I could go to Lizzie's aunt's funeral up in the country, an' I took Lizzie and her mother with me. Believe me, I know why eggs is worth a quart o' milk apiece. An' I know why a radish cost mor'n it does to shoe a horse. It's them mucky roads. We got stuck in th' mud so much I thought they'd bury me. My aunty put under ground 'fore we got half way out from where th' railroad dumped us to th' farm. I'd as lief live down in a well as to stay out on a farm with a road to town like a river o' gingerbread mush. I seen more chuck holes an' thank-ye-ma'ams 'n I could count. The middle o' the road was so low the water couldn't run off an' you'd a thought the farmers built it for a drain. It's them roads that's kept th' price o' farms cheap an' made all th' farm boys go to th' city.

That's what made me come. It's no white man's job to squat on a load o' alfalfa all tryin' to haul it to town an' spend half the night gettin' back agin. My old man spent twenty years on a farm, an' I'll bet he was mired in th' mud 'tween our house an' the section six or eight years o' that time. They's no sense in holdin' mass meetin's 'bout the tariff on potatoes when a good turnpike to town'd save you more wheels o' Murphys 'n all the tariff'd ever make you. They ought to be a paved road all down from every place to every other place. I don't see why this commerce commission don't butt in on this road business. Ain't a dirt road runnin' from one state to another just like a railroad? When I was a kid you told a fellow travelin' in the country by the mud in his whiskers. He came a long way it was dry caked. Wadadays he gets it on his mud guards, but it's th' same old mud. It's a good thing motor cars come to stay. Them big wheels help make the roads. If they'd pinch these blacksmiths makin' these meat cutting wagon wheels, quit makin' them roads paved in the middle an' build 'em like a crooked back.—Chicago Daily News.



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Elsie—"After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean. Don't you?"

Bobby—"Don't have to. I look at the towel."—Boston Transcript.



Young Mrs. Hardleigh-Bright gave her husband a list of flower seeds she wanted him to get.

"You want flowers that will bloom this year, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, these you put down don't bloom till the second season."

"Oh, that's all right," she explained. "You see, I made up the list from last year's catalogue."—Boston Transcript.



THE TEMPTATION OF MARTIN WESTFALL.

(Continued from Page 133.)

revealed the name and address of the owner of the purse. Martin could hardly wait to get the purse out of his room, he had the very thought of it.

Hurrying down the stairs, he dropped it in the postoffice and then went back to his room. He might as well begin packing soon so as to get ready to leave this night. But the worry, the doubt, the keen sense of mortification and failure which he had confronted this crisis at first were all gone now. He could go home to work a year longer and then come back to finish his work. At least his hands were clean and he had not yielded to temptation.

Late that night, a group of boys came trooping through the hall and burst into his room with wild congratulations. "How did you ever do it?" asked Stone.

"Where have you kept the marks of your genius all these years?" demanded another.

"It can't be true that you really deserved it, but old man you've won the prize. We could have heard you!"

"Do you really mean that I have won the prize?" Martin half incredulously, doubting his good fortune.

"The prize is yours and the judges say you richly deserve it."

Martin's face went white and still he wavered for a moment whether he was going to faint. The relief was so great. Then he said, "Well, I am most grateful and happy that the committee adjudged me worthy of the prize. It means more to me than you fellows think."

But not one of them knew how much more it did mean, for Martin never told how fiercely he had been tempted.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY PROGRESS ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 11
1913

Vol. XV
No. 6

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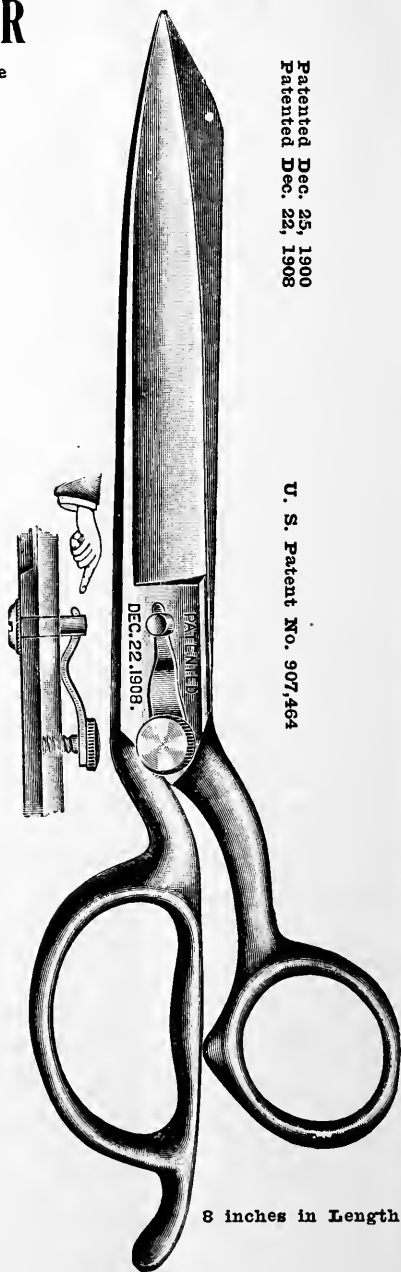
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Patented Dec. 22, 1908

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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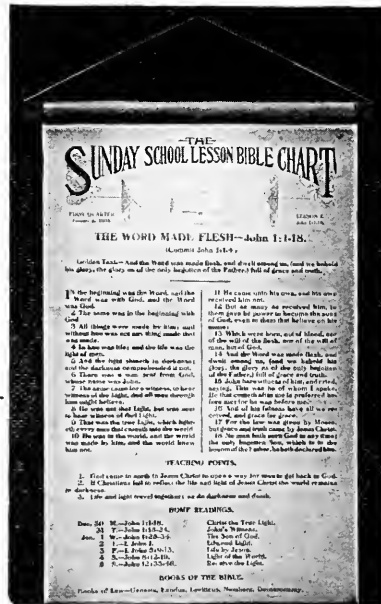
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

February 11, 1913

No. 6

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

A Hopeful Sign.

THE newspapers may be rightly accused of printing too much of the evil side of life and overlooking the great amount of constructive effort that is being put forth every day; but this criticism should stop with the newspaper. During the past year we have paid careful attention to the trend of all the important magazines that are in circulation in this country and the one thing or rather feature which has impressed us as common to all the popular periodicals is the space given to accounts of the good that is being done in the world. Most magazines have a financial question to meet. They must give the people what they want in order to increase and maintain the subscription list, so that their reading matter is a fair standard of what the public is interested in. If that be true the American people are today more interested in building up socially than tearing down. You know there was a time not so many years ago when the muck-raking fever threatened the well being of nearly everyone. The epidemic has passed and we seem to be in a healthier condition as a result.

The accounts of such characters as Kate Barnard, Virginia Brooks, Governor West, and Mayor Blankenburg have gone the rounds of many magazines during the past year. The names of the first two are household words throughout the West. Why? Because their good works have been told from one end of the country to the other by the monthly and weekly periodicals. We all like to read of such men and women. It makes us feel better and gives us a more hopeful view of life. You now it is much better to throw flowers to the living than dead.

One of the most popular features of the American Magazine is the department called "Interesting People," in which the



Hon. Rudolph Blankenburg.

biographies of men and women are given who are doing the world some good turn. At the opening of the year 1912 we mentioned a list of articles on social progress that were promised by all the leading monthlies. The effect which these articles have had on the minds of us Americans cannot be told now. It will manifest itself in the future. Even the "patent insides" of our local dailies are discussing many phases of social reform. We have every reason to hold the head up and look into the future with a hopeful countenance.

The Blankenburg Administration.

It may be interesting to the readers of



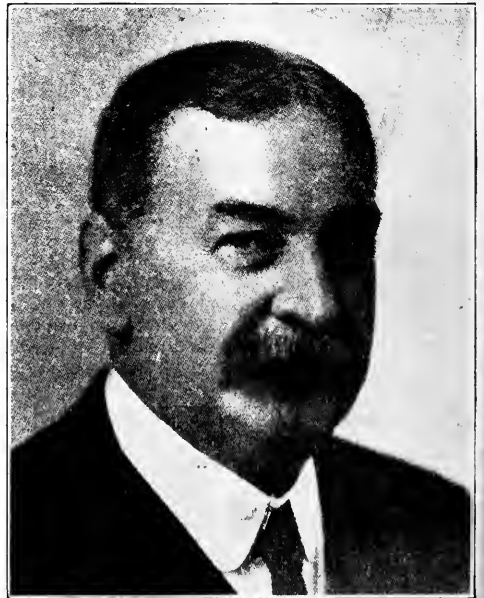
George D. Porter, Director of Public Safety.

the Inglenook to hear of what has been going on in the city of Philadelphia during the past few months under the Blankenburg administration. For many years Philadelphia has been in the control of the worst class of politicians who publicly boasted of their exploitations. They ran the city in debt and each year a new loan had to be made. When contracts for the city printing were placed only the political friends were favored. The trick was worked in this way. Specifications of the most rigid kind were drawn up requiring the very best workmanship. Reputable firms had to bid high in order to comply with the specifications and make anything. Political grafters bid low and when the work was delivered their friends in the city offices shut their eyes. The city owns an almshouse. Under the former administration specifications for the meat called for the entire carcasses of well-fattened steers weighing not less than 600 pounds when dressed. The beef actually delivered by those who received the contracts was not from young steers but old cows and of a quality that would not sell in the markets. The city was paying an exorbitant price for an article not fit to eat. Garbage collecting was another big plum. The city paid out annually at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than necessary to collect the garbage. It was such a paying contract that the company receiving it

was willing to pay its rival a sum equal to ten per cent on its stock in order to secure the contract. Corruption honey-combed the police force. Each man had to pay for his job and if he wished to hold it he had to contribute to the campaign funds from year to year. Such was the situation in the Quaker City a year or more ago when Mayor Blankenburg went into the office. It may be interesting to know that both Mr. Blankenburg and Mrs. Blankenburg are Quakers and they coöperate with each other in the reform movement.

Mayor Blankenburg was not elected by a majority vote. It was only because of a split in the forces of the "organization" that he was chosen to the office, but he has behind him the support of all good citizens of the city, even though both city councils are opposed to his policies.

On entering office the first thing which Blankenburg did was to appoint able assistants. That, the councils could not prevent. The mayor of Philadelphia has more power than the chief executive of most cities and this power may be very easily used to the disadvantage of effective administration. Among other officers he appoints the following: Director of Public Health and Charities, Director of Public Safety, Director of Wharves, Director of Supplies. He selected for these offices men well qualified for the positions and not be-



Joseph S. Neff, M. D., Director of Public Health and Safety.

cause of political affiliations. Dr. Joseph S. Neff, the former Director of Public Health, was retained because of his efficiency and the entire medical profession of the city endorsed him. George D. Porter was appointed to the office of Public Safety. For many years he had been fighting single handed in the councils for reform measures. On the recommendation of the well-known engineer and efficiency expert, Frederic W. Taylor, Morris L. Cooke was appointed Director of Public Works. Herman Loeb, who was selected for the Department of Supplies, had been a very successful manufacturer in the city. The new Director of the Department of Wharves and Docks had been making a special study of municipal problems for several years. With such a cabinet Mayor Blankenburg began his administration. One of the first things they did was to give the grafters and political bosses to understand that they would have to seek other quarters. Instead of purchasing the printing supplies the department found that it was much cheaper to install a printing outfit and do its own printing. The outfit paid for itself in a very few weeks. The garbage contract has been reduced from \$516,000 to \$225,000, a saving of nearly \$300,000. We might continue to tell of similar savings in the other departments, but enough has been said to show which way the wind is blowing in Philadelphia. Mayor Blankenburg has a gigantic task on his hands and all cannot be done at once, especially with a balky council. If reform continues in the State of Pennsylvania it will indeed be worthy of the name "Keystone State."

The County Expert.

Several issues ago we mentioned about the plan of the Department of Agriculture to send out experts in counties which desire them, to advance the cause of agriculture. A fund of \$300,000 has been set aside by Congress for the purpose. The plan applies to the northern part of the United States only. Any county can secure two or three thousand dollars of the fund yearly providing the people are will-

ing to raise an equal amount and provide the necessary assistance and accommodation for the expert. Already many counties have availed themselves of this opportunity. The first county to ask for assistance was Bedford County, Pennsylvania. Their expert has been at work for three years and it is estimated that the yearly increase in the value of farm products in that county because of more intelligent farming is \$135,000, or an average of thirty dollars to each farmer. That is not so bad for a beginning. When richer soil and other factors begin to tell the difference will be greater. The duty of the expert as told before is to make a study of the soil and climatic conditions of the county and by experiment and observation determine what methods of farming will pay best in a particular county. He is not supposed to know it all at first. He is supposed to study the methods used by the most successful farmers of the county and advise others accordingly. The usual system of the county expert is to have a central office where he may be found on certain days of the week and the remainder of the time he spends out in the country with the farmers or in the public schools, because he is supposed to cooperate with the superintendent of schools in the teaching of agriculture. His office becomes a kind of clearing house of information for the farmers. The first two or three years, of course, the expert cannot do so much, but after that he is of genuine service to the farmers. Manufacturing concerns and municipalities have their efficiency engineers. Why cannot the farmer do the same? The Department of Agriculture thinks that the man who tills the ground deserves the same show as his brother in the city. Besides the \$300,000 fund there is another fund in the Department, one of a million dollars for the assistance of the farmer. Something like \$600,000 has been spent in the South by the Federal Government in the interest of better farming with good results. Much of this money was spent in eradicating the boll weevil.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Gas-electric Motor Car

Railway officials have been watching with interest the development of the self-propelled car for use on steam roads. Under steam operation, short branch lines, carry-

ing a limited traffic, are notoriously unprofitable. Single units running at sufficiently frequent intervals give a more satisfactory service than the larger once-a-day trains; and the managers have turned to the

self-propelled car as offering a solution of the problem. Today over twenty railroads have self-propelled units of the gas-electric type running on regular local schedule. The consumption of gasoline, while varying with the local conditions, is found on the average to be low, the economy being due to the electric transmission, which lends itself admirably to the particular requirements of local service.



Lorado Taft's Opportunity.

A rare opportunity of service to the beautiful has come to Lorado Taft, who is to be free to devote his time and thought for several years to a scheme for beautifying the Midway Plaisance. Probably no task could be more to Mr. Taft's liking, and those who know the sculptor's work will feel that in giving him the commission—one of the most important an artist has received in this country—the trustees of the Ferguson fund have been well inspired.

So much of our municipal statuary is badly placed that a sculptor must feel spurred to do his best when he is given such a site as the Midway for the heroic group which is to be the chief decorative feature of the scheme. The Midway is a noble boulevard in itself, and it is lined with some of the most satisfying buildings in the new world—those of the University of Chicago. Moreover, it runs into Jackson Park, which is perhaps the chief jewel of the Chicago park system, a playground full of charming vistas and retaining, in spite of the crowds, something of the repose of a private park. When the Midway is improved with art bridges spanning lagoons, it will afford a setting worthy of the best dream of any artist, and no one will feel this more keenly than Lorado Taft, who is a loyal Chicagoan as well as a distinguished sculptor.



The Democratic Theory of Government.

Governor Wilson defined this theory with remarkable precision when he said in a speech that "government does not originate" but "responds to public opinion." It follows reasonably that all persons with opinions should regard themselves, to quote further from Mr. Wilson, "as forces playing upon the government." This being so, there is great comfort in the assurances Mr. Wilson gave in that speech that he hopes—and who could hope it with a better hope than he?—that during the next four years we shall "find a sensitive part of the government at the top." Some of us

may be especially heartened by Mr. Wilson's sensitiveness, acknowledged in the same speech, to certain economic conditions in the District of Columbia of a character familiar elsewhere. Dr. McKelway, of the Children's Council of Washington, had criticised the District government as controlled by men "with connections in speculative real estate." Quoting this remark, Mr. Wilson said: "Dr. McKelway excited me because he put under my nose a fresh trail, and the kind of trail that I always follow with zest."—The Public.



The Balkan-Turkish Deadlock.

That Turkey was about to accept the advice of the Powers and cede Adrianople to the Bulgarians in the interests of peace, was announced on the 22nd in news dispatches from Constantinople, on the basis of an acceptance by the Council of the Ottoman Empire of the proposals of the Powers. But this action of the Council was negated on the day following by an uprising of the party of the Young Turks under the leadership of Enver Bey, who forced the resignation of Kiamil Pasha as Grand Vizier, and induced the Sultan to appoint Mahmoud Sheket Pasha in his place. This transfer of power was announced in the following official statement:

"The decision of Kiamil Pasha's cabinet, taken in response to the note handed to the Turkish Government by the European Powers, to abandon the fortress of Adrianople and part of the islands of the Aegean Sea, and the convocation of an extraordinary assembly of the Grand Council of the Ottoman Empire, to which the cabinet's decision was submitted—a course contrary to the prescriptions of the Constitutional charter and violating the sacred rights of the people—roused the indignation of the Turkish nation, with the result that the people made a demonstration before the Sublime Porte and brought about the resignation of the government."

In the slight street rioting which accompanied the change of government General Nazim Pasha, former war minister and commander of the Turkish army before Constantinople, was killed, apparently without especial intent. The new government holds an attitude of refusal to the demands of the Balkan Allies and the advice of the Powers, and a renewal of hostilities is again threatened. On the 27th a committee of the Balkan plenipotentiaries in London drafted a note with which to inform the Turkish plenipotentiaries that they proposed to break off the peace negotiations.

EDITORIALS

Justice.

"You, yourself, may be strong in moral principle, but every time you stand by without remonstrance while what you know to be open vice is spoken of lightly and jestingly, and wrong is turned into right, assuredly you are offending against your weaker brother."

The extent of the harm that is done by many really good people who, by their silence, condone what they in their hearts condemn, is incalculable. Sometimes the silence is caused by cowardly "policy;" sometimes by the desire—kindly in essence—not to offend or render uncomfortable; sometimes by bewilderment as to what is best to say under the circumstances. But in all cases it is a grave mistake.

A schoolboy with beaming face brought his new teacher a nosegay of rare flowers. Delighted, she exclaimed, "Oh, where did you get them, Willie?" He hesitated a moment, and then replied frankly: "I work in Mr. Stanwood's garden nights and Saturdays, and he's got so many flowers he doesn't know what to do with them. I knew he wouldn't care."

Here was the teacher's opportunity of impressing upon the lad's mind the difference between what belonged to him and what belonged to others. But she did not rise to it. She hated to spoil his pleasure, and the incident passed without further comment. Soon after he left school, and she forgot all about it.

It was brought to her mind remorsefully, however, when in the course of time he was up before the magistrate for stealing shrubs and plants, together with garden implements, from his employer. Her conscience pointed sternly back to what was probably the parting of the ways with him.

There are countless instances of such neglect.

Of three young men on a ramble one day, one was a scoffer, one a professed Christian, and the other a thoughtless youth who had never been heard to say anything about religion. Unknown to his companions, however, he had latterly been having some serious thoughts.

Presently the scoffer alluded flippantly to the soul as "a piece of tin." The other non-Christian, who had heard the churchmembers speak most earnestly at a young people's meeting, looked up, expecting that something would be said by him in rebuke. Not so. There was only a laugh. Later, in referring to the incident, he remarked:

"I just said to myself, 'If you are a hypocrite, I want nothing to do with your crowd—or with what they preach!' And, indeed, from that hour to this he has apparently never had a serious thought in regard to his soul."

Were They Schoolmasters?

The following conversation between two learned men is of considerable importance:

"I must insist, sir," exclaimed the pompous person, "that this device is a fire plug."

"And I am equally confident that it is a water plug," retorted the mild individual.

"Now, my dear sir," puffed the first, "this device was primarily put here as a plug on which to attach a hose in case of fire in this vicinity. Therefore it is absolutely impossible it is anything but a fire plug."

"You are entirely wrong," declared the other. "This device was placed here to supply water. Consequently it is a water plug. If it supplied fire—why, then, of course, it would be a fire plug."

The pompous man stopped a passing pedestrian. "Sir," he began, "I desire to appeal to your intelligence. This gentleman has become involved in an argument with me. He insists that this device is a water-plug, while I, with equal confidence, claim that it is a fire plug. Will you kindly settle the question for us?"

"Certainly," replied the pedestrian. "You say this is a fire plug and your friend declares it is a water plug. Just let me investigate." He looked carefully at the plug and rapped it gently with his cane.

"I greatly fear, you are both wrong," he finally remarked. "This appears to be an iron plug."

President McKinley's Horse.

Frank, the big black horse which President McKinley prized so highly as an excellent saddler, met a tragic death recently in Strasburg, Ohio, where in green pastures he had been enjoying his latter days. He died of overexertion in struggling to free himself from a wire fence in which one of his feet had become entangled.

"Frank was a noble animal," writes the editor of the Strasburg Record. "Where he was born and who cared for him when a colt was not known. He was McKinley's favorite, and during his stay at the national capital, took part in many parades and public artillery displays. Frank was well known and beloved by all. When the as-

sassin's bullet brought grief to the nation and the noble animal's martyred master was laid at rest in Canton, the horse was entrusted to a relative of Mr. McKinley. About four years ago he was sent to the farm, and there he has received the best of attention and care. He was given only such work as old age and distinguished service fitted him for, and those who used him took great pride in keeping him in good shape.

"He was always of the kindest disposition and at times seemed almost human. He had been trained to prance when within the sound of music, and our people well remember what a fine appearance he made in marking time with the band when used in several of our Memorial Day parades. The McKinley horse, as he was commonly known, was twenty-seven years old."



A Task or a Privilege?

"I think too many fail to give others the privilege of helping them."

The old man's mouth opened at the words of his young niece. "Privilege," he repeated wonderingly, as he helped her out at the station; "do you call it a privilege to help people? I call it a task—a duty, often, but far from a privilege."

"That may be your creed, Uncle John," was the response, "but I am sure you are better than your creed!"

The farmer went back to his work thoughtfully. All day the words of the visitor ran through his head. Had he been wrong, then, in his ideas? In his outlook upon life? He had not only never considered doing kindnesses a privilege, but he had failed to rear his children to consider it a privilege, even to make life easier for their parents. There was John back from college for his vacation, doing nothing except having a good time with the young people of the village. There was Susan, more like a parlor boarder than a daughter, so far as helping with the domestic machinery was concerned.

Mr. Abbot was a somewhat narrow-minded man, but a conscientious one. When he was convinced of the right, he did it. At supper he turned to his son, immaculate in his school clothes.

"Harry," said he, "I want you to hitch up the buggy when you have finished, and put in a bushel of the best pippins for your mother and me to take around to the Widow Brown's."

His wife glanced from the young man's surprised countenance to her husband and she exclaimed delightedly: "Oh, I shall be

glad to have a breath of fresh air, and see Mrs. Brown's delight into the bargain!" Then she hesitated and added soberly: "But I don't see how I can, father, after all. There are the dishes and all the milk-cans—and, besides, the spare bedroom must be got ready for Melia Patterson. You know she's just been waiting for Clara to go. I expect her tomorrow."

"Well, isn't Susan capable of doing what is to be done? If not, she had better begin learning," was the reply. "She's as old as you were when you took entire charge of your father's house, and of all your brothers and sisters. Put on your bonnet and sacque and be ready by the time Harry drives up."

The son gazed at his father, the daughter at her mother, the wife at all. Mr. Abbot's face was inscrutable.

"You can do whichever you would rather, Susie," she faltered finally to her daughter, who in a half-hearted way was clearing the table. "I can manage the rest."

"Not a bit of it," interposed her husband. "You're to give the girl the privilege of really helping you! Don't you count it a privilege to do all the work so that she can go off on her merrymakings when they come around? If she is the daughter she should be, she'll feel it a privilege to be allowed to give you this pleasure, as Harry will count it a privilege to be allowed to help me more. I am afraid we have been a bit blind and selfish, wife."

This was the beginning of a momentous change in the family. That the son and daughter were metamorphosed for the better goes without saying; also, the father, and, indeed, the wife.



President David Starr Jordan's Advice to Boys.

Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him?

Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased? A will

untrained to action? A spinal cord grown through and through with devil grass of that vile harvest we call wild oats?

Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys; building on them his own?

Or will you fling his hope away, decree-

ing wanton like that the man you might have been shall never be?

This is your problem in life; the problem of more importance to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool?

When you answer this, we shall know what use the world can make of you.

COOKING AND CHARACTER

J. A. Clement, Ph. D.

WHILE no doubt among us Americans it is now pretty commonly agreed that there is little, if any, difference between men and women so far as mental capacity and ability are concerned, yet it is obvious that there is some division of interest in the affairs of mature men and women. The great majority of interests for women differentiate into some form of domestic occupation and service.

One of the newer phases of educational work incorporated into our school system of the United States is that of the Domestic Science Department. One justification at least for adding new content to our already much burdened curriculum is to be found in the fact that present social life has very frequently deprived the young girl of many opportunities and experiences which the earlier and simpler life afforded her. Sadler's book entitled "Moral Instruction and Training in Schools," page 338, Vol. 1, says that in England "children used, in old days, to receive in the home nine-tenths of their training for life: in the midst of active home-life they were, from the early years initiated into various domestic arts and sciences." This is, too, a clear statement of the simple life of the United States during its earlier history.

In addition to this broader social demand for domestic science training, many persons have believed that it should be introduced into the elementary and high schools because of the added impetus it furnishes in enlisting the girl's mind in a wholesome way during her more or less unsettled and chaotic life through the period of adolescence. We may find in many of the city schools this industrial art work.

Anyone who will visit a large high school on exhibition day may find, in the sewing department, the walls of the room decorated, and the tables covered with a fine lot of work done by the girls of the

upper grades and by those of the first years of the high school. The tidiness, neatness, and systematic arrangement of the room always impress one immediately on entering. The effect upon the pupils who produced such materials is an invaluable moral asset. We are finding that many students easily become interested in the study of domestic art work.

The careful planning needed during the cooking hour in the schoolroom affords many opportunities to practice what we customarily call moral virtues. Order and system are taught very naturally here. Whatever may be the defects of this type of school work, there is great opportunity under the supervision of an instructor of wholesome ideals to make a very lasting impression upon the real inner lives of young girls in the way of real culture.

The lamentable gap, which too often grows up between the home with its interests and the school, is more likely to be bridged over safely through some training in the interests which naturally are close to a woman's life. Mr. Sadler reports that "in some schools cookery is introduced in connection with hygiene and physiology or with a course of domestic science between the ages of eleven and fifteen."

There are educationists in England as well as in our country who believe that domestic science subjects have their greatest influence during the period of adolescence, especially when the girl finds her interest lagging somewhat in the more academic and literary branches. At any rate, it is not difficult to connect the home occupation with the chemistry work in the school. In Kansas City one teacher reports that he finds the girls much more interested in chemistry since he had them to see what the effect of certain acids is on certain cooking vessels used in the home.

Education is admitted to be an invaluable asset for any young woman in our day,

But education like character is a complex affair. Unconsciously both are often very likely to become one-sided. In either case an accomplished girl can scarcely afford to omit entirely either in the home or in the school, some training on the side of preparing a good meal. To learn to cook successfully while a girl reads Latin, and Literature, and History, enlarges her sphere of activity as well as her real moral worth. Certainly a girl should at least know how to direct the affairs of a household whether she does any of the actual work or not.

But some one may say school subjects are for the purpose of training the memory, imagination, judgment and the other mental powers. No one will probably deny that this is at least a part of the business of schoolroom education. And yet it is proper to ask what moral and mental powers are not exercised in household administration when it is well done? How much is involved in merely placing one order accurately and honestly with the groceryman? Is there no opportunity to make use of what we so frequently term moral virtues?

For a good while we have been quoting "Cleanliness is next to godliness." A well swept dining-room, and a well-kept tablecloth affect the social atmosphere of any household. To read of these virtues in ethics books is inspiring, to find them expressed in the noblest characters of literature is uplifting, but to cultivate them through daily practice in the kitchen is also an additional avenue, which ought not to be entirely overlooked even by the college educated woman.

The mother who teaches her daughter the ins and outs of the household duties, while school-subjects are being pursued, is enriching character many fold. For a meal successfully prepared and served involves cleanliness, order, industry, patience, accuracy, honesty, and knowledge, all of which are regarded as vital in the formation of enduring character.

On the other hand, it is as essential for the girl to be healthily occupied with cooking outside of her school hours as it is for

the boy to be healthily busied with caring for a crop of corn. To be made responsible for something and for somebody is good for both boys and girls, physically, intellectually and morally. There are no vacations in the moral life of the child. The course of study in this realm is twelve months long. There are no red-lettered holidays on the moral calendar. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business," lived out, is an absolute guarantee of success.

Cooking as well as corn-raising when made the sole aim and end of life defeats its own purpose. When used as a means to higher things it creates happy homes and miniature heavens. The table menu that reads "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me," recognizes "that life is more than meat" and that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." There are admirable personages both in profane and sacred history who represent "plain living and high thinking" and who "did eat locusts and wild honey" while doing most noble service.

When we recall that out of the 500,000 public school teachers in the United States four-fifths are women, we are bound to recognize their influence outside of the home proper. But why should not Martha while she serves be also doing a great service for human kind, and so through an honest and faithful experience prepare herself to perform the greater service of a Mary?

My attention has been called to these beautiful lines, by my wife:

"A house is built of brick and stone, of
sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that
stand a thousand years.
A house though but an humble cot within
its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty rich in Love's
eternal gold.

"The men of earth build houses—halls and
chambers and roofs and domes,
But the women of the earth—God knows,
the women build the homes."

TODAY FOR TOMORROW

Mary I. Senseman

TO make the best use of today is the only way to be your best tomorrow. There is very little of the time that we can say with whom

and what we will be situated. Surroundings are not much under one's control. But we can say whether we will work with circumstances toward improvement, or op-

pose them—which is submission to their power.

Have you ever been in the presence of a person with a great store of magnetism, and, in that presence, felt inspired and comforted? Have you never been conscious of your own magnetism, as it goes outward in widening circles? Have you handled a stone or a flower or a crystallized gem, and as you did so thought of the formative intelligence that shaped each thing? Magnetism always goes outward. Truth is from center to circumference. The more truth,—which alone is magnetism,—the more power. The higher in the scale of creation, the greater the development, the more magnetic is the creature. So you,—if you will let yourself,—can be always a leader, always a commander, upon the plain (or plane) of Truth.

And where else should you want to be? Are you a puppet, a clown, a parasite, that makes you imitate every popularity that arises, that makes you blind, and a slave?

God is. You did not create yourself nor do you possess yourself, nor need you worry about yourself. You are a channel for truth, that is all. And it is your business to keep from getting clogged with weeds and mud. The way to do it is to let the water flow.

Live today, for tomorrow. Love today, or you will not love tomorrow. Everybody has a stock in trade. "For the other fellow's good" is the principle; multitudinous are the methods. Did you ever stop to think that there isn't another thing required of you by God or by your neighbors?

Neither God nor people demand that one work for the sake of money or ambition. Except for a very few people, your death or mine would never be felt and by those few for only a brief time. You live alone and die alone. You live for yourself, but if you live for self,—if you try to drive magnetism backwards,—to get all you can grab and

give because you expect a Christmas present in return, at the end,—and all along the way,—you'll have nothing, be nothing,—just a figure on a stick.

You can't live tomorrow, or next year, or next hour. You have to live this minute. Watch it. Live it. Love it. Help the other fellow to live it and to love it. Clean your house because your heart is so clean you have to express yourself that way. But don't try to sweep your neighbor's room because he is "so careless and lazy." Dirty indeed will be the room when you finish it if that is your motive. But teach your neighbor to keep clear his own channel of truth. Tap ever on your neighbor's heart with the hammer of love. Have always his well-being in view. That is the water of truth.

Today I love the house in which I dwell, the people who surround me, the confusion, the opposition; the loneliness and silence and vast distances; the opportunities, the duties. I love them. I long not for the morrow. I love them calmly, patiently, without fear or doubt or remorse. I love them with steady hands, with swift feet, with smiles, with clear head, with light heart. Tomorrow my channel will be broader and deeper and clearer.

How many of us shrink from those things, which are the only ones that count? We worry about the future, and when the future comes it bears worry in its hands. We want a pleasure now, which, when we get, is only a child's balloon or is a ball and chain. We want to be on "easy street" where the other fellow is and find ourselves mired in the difficulties he has had to heap up behind him.

At my hand, to be had for the taking, are cheerfulness, contentment, power, compassion, patience, skill, hope, friendship. If I expect to obtain them by taking something else, I'll find tomorrow coldness instead of warmth, fear instead of graciousness, death instead of life.

FARM LIFE IN THE HOUSE AND HOME

Betsy Stevens

MUCH is heard on every side these days about keeping the young men and women on the farm instead of having them join the ever-increasing throng which is enticed by the allurements of city life. Much is said about

the cure for this ill, but we hear very little said for its prevention.

One of the firmest grappling-hooks to the home is the elimination of much of the needless drudgery, and if I were asked what I considered the worst of all my duties, I

should say that it consisted of the hundred miles or so traversed yearly with carrying pails of water, pans of ashes, cans of garbage and armfuls of fuel in and out. I am still doing some of these, but the placing of running water in the house and carrying waste waters out has, without exaggeration, brought me more comfort than any improvement we have made on our farm. I have no doubt that the young people who fall heir to these chores mentioned above become quite as weary of them as do we; and it is small wonder that they look hopefully forward to their age of emancipation when they may find relief from these monotonous duties in the improvements in city homes. Fifty years of these tasks is thus eliminated, if they achieve the three score and ten allotted to man, and fifty years of former chore time devoted to those things which endure, are their reward. We cannot but fairly admit that the young people are using good judgment in taking this step, but with a little inquiry into the cost of the simple equipment for kitchen, etc., we could save much needless work and make home more attractive for young people.

Water in the house, the first necessity, to be used as lavishly as one desires, seems an extravagance entirely out of consideration until one looks into the subject of its cost, and then it will be considered an economy instead.

Men are constantly buying some labor-saving tool or implement, but women are so good-natured, long-suffering and economical that they will not consider any expenditure of money for their special convenience. This is a foolish attitude to take. Women's labors in the home have a money value and it is their own problem to discover devices that will reduce this labor to a minimum so that they may devote more time to children, their own self-improvement and even have some time left for pure enjoyment of life.

Do not simply read this and nod your head in regretful assent over the way you and I have carried water in and out of the

house in rain and shine, snow and slush, fair and foul weather, for years, but **do** something. Make it your hobby and ride it to the very death if you must, but get your water in the house.

This is the women's problem, I repeat, and a persistent woman always gets what she wants, depend on it!

Taking it for granted that the cistern is located near the house, a few feet of pipe will bring the water from it into the kitchen and up to the pitcher pump which is to be placed at one end of the sink.

The cost of bringing cistern water into the house, together with a sink and drain, is herewith given:

20 ft. 1¼-in. iron pipe @ 10c. per ft....	\$2.00
3-in. Pitcher Pump.....	1.85
Trap, 1½-in., with iron pipe connections	1.40
25 ft. iron pipe from trap to drain @ 12c. per ft.....	3.00
Porcelain lined sink, 18-in. x 30-in....	2.35
.50 ft. 3-in. drain tile.....	.70

Total.....\$11.30

All dealers will cut and thread the pipe the required length if measurements are sent them, the charge being about five cents a cut. With this done, it is an easy matter for any man to install this equipment, provided he is equipped with a good pipe-wrench, a brace and bit and a little common sense.

An S-shaped trap is placed under the sink, thus preventing foul odors from coming up into the kitchen.

The drain is simply made. An iron pipe (1½ inch) runs from the trap to twenty feet from the house, where the waste water empties itself into fifty feet of tile set with open joints, eight inches below the surface of the ground, at a slope of about three feet in a hundred. The water entering the tile drain, gradually soaks away through the joints. This drain should be placed on the side of the house opposite to the well, and on a slope away from the house.—Farm Life.

REDUCING HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES

Emma T. Blackburn

THE reduction of household expense presents a puzzling problem in this day of soaring prices, and one not to be solved offhand in an instant.

I am a firm believer in the fact that no

one can live or work efficiently without being well nourished. The family must have an abundance of good food, it is cheaper to pay the grocer than the doctor. The family must have a "balanced ration," and at the

same time and above all, the housewife must be economical in her figuring.

The solution of the problem resolves itself into Plainer Living and Harder Thinking.

Judicious Buying.

I have learned that the economical housewife must learn the art of judicious buying. She must buy only what she absolutely needs, and what she can utilize to the veriest fragment.

She must watch the market with the keenness of a stock broker. When new potatoes come, if the old are in good condition she must choose the cheaper. She must know when poultry is less expensive than beef, and when meat prices soar she should understand the making of delicious stews from shin-beef, a toothsome meat loaf from a cheaper cut, or an appetizing pot-roast from bottom round.

She must train herself and her family to look for omelets when eggs are low, to serve only such vegetables as are in season, and to do her canning and preserving when fruits are at their lowest ebb.

By adopting more of the simple, old-fashioned recipes, the housewife will find a partial solution.

It is a decided advantage to buy in larger quantities at certain seasons. For example, in cold weather it is profitable to buy apricots, prunes, etc., by the box, bacon by the strip or a ham at a time. If you have products of your own raising, you are very fortunate and much nearer a solution of the high cost of living problem.

Apples and potatoes bought by the barrel are cheapest in the long run.

Using Left-Overs.

Don't throw away bits of stale bread and crackers, but dry them in the oven, roll, and save in a jar for breading chops, etc. Bits of leftover meats and fish, when combined with small pieces of potatoes, cream sauce, covered with bread crumbs, dotted with butter and baked until brown on top, develop into an appetizing dish.

Many a savory soup has for its ingredients a few meat bones, and remainders of meats and vegetables, properly prepared and seasoned.

Stale cakes may return to the table in the guise of a pudding.

Sour milk has untold possibilities; it is unexcelled for making doughnuts, various kinds of cookies and small cakes, brown bread, nut bread, griddle cakes, etc.

The thrifty housewife has long ago learned the saving of beef drippings, fryings and chicken fat as shortening. Salt

pork fat used as a frying medium for fish, potatoes, parsnips, etc., is a great saving in the butter bill.

The successful housewife must learn not only how to buy judiciously, but how to use what she purchases, and to detect and stop the small drains which may creep into otherwise careful management.

Leaks in the Household Purse.

If every housekeeper thoroughly understood the proper manipulation of her kitchen range, a saving not to be sneered at would be effected. But too often only the coal man and the man who pays the bills realize the careless use of fuel and disregard of dampers.

Buying bakery products is another prolific source of waste. The household dependent on the baker's loaf is not on the road to thrift.

Neither are they who buy frequently and in small quantities.

The indifferent waste of water and the unnecessary expenditure for lighting purposes, both of which might be curtailed without being stingy.

The economical housewife must be up-to-date; she must keep step with progress and seize with avidity all modern appliances that make for true saving. The electric iron is a time, work and fuel saver. The portable electric stove is a wonderful boon in hot weather and a big fuel saver. The gas range is steadily gaining favor with the far-seeing housewife.

Real economy in household management does not mean penuriousness. It means the provision of a necessary abundance with the elimination of waste.

It involves a desire on the part of the housewife to keep apace with the upward trend of modern inventions and to profit accordingly.

Domestic science is a fine art; it calls daily for English thoroughness, French ingenuity and American alertness.

Briefly, housekeepers, you have got to learn to be schemers.

I can't set it off in a flowery background of literary polish, but I can tell you in plain words that you cannot hope to solve the problem without learning to be a schemer.



An old lady, leaving church after a service which had been attended by a crowded congregation, was heard to say: "If everybody else would only do as I do, and stay quietly in their seats till everyone else has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the doors!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE SUPERIOR BEING AND HIS DOG

Joseph F. Novak

ONCE upon a time, a Superior Being, known as a Man, called himself master of a little yellow mongrel known as a Dog, or, in more common parlance, a Cur.

Now, this Superior Being, when angry, or out of sorts, was wont to kick the small mongrel about, to ease the meanness of his heart.

The Superior Being was accustomed to keep the little mongrel within doors, and allowed him only a bit of exercise now and then, so it happened that once the little mongrel got out into the open air, and being filled with animal spirit, he trotted out into the street, and far from his master's home, forgetting in his native joy to be free, the rules and regulations of the Superior Being's habitat.

So long after dark did he remain away, that the Superior Being, fearing that without his mongrel around, thieves might enter his domicile and steal, went to bed somewhat uncomfortable, and certainly angry.

The little mongrel stayed out all night, and toward morning skulked home, and whined at the door, whereupon the Superior Being opened it, and picking up a

broom, belabored mightily the poor Cur, who took all the cuffs, buffs and slams with becoming meekness, and crawled to the feet of this Superior Being.

For most of the day, the Cur took the black looks of his master, then finally stole up, whimpered a bit, and licked the hand of the Superior Being, who, at length, unbent somewhat and condescended to give him a grudging pat. The mongrel, thereupon, wagged the stump of his tail in joyful distraction.

It happened, shortly after that, that this same Superior Being had to go to the "Lodge Meeting," and when he returned early the next morning, he was in a most disgraceful condition. As he came in, the little mongrel joyfully barked, danced about, and licked his hand.

Anon, the Wife of the Superior Being entered, and asked her Liege-lord where he had been, and why he came home in the condition he did.

Whereupon, he picked up a dish, and threw it at her.

Moral: Condemn not in others, not even in dogs, that which you wish not condemned in yourself.

NESTS

John H. Nowlan

THE creatures that construct nests are many and varied. Few mammals build nests, but those that do so make some fine structures. The woodmouse and the squirrel make homes as artfully contrived and as beautiful as those of birds.

No reptile is known to construct nests; the nearest approach to it being to scoop a hole in the sand to deposit eggs. Many fish are known not to make nests, though the salmon and a few others make places in the sand of their spawning beds in which the eggs are deposited, and the gobies, goramy and the stickleback make true nests.

All of us are acquainted with the mud-

wasp which plasters our walls with its unsightly daubs of mud, and many have seen the work of the sociable paper wasps and hornets. The work of the solitary wasps is solely for their young, while those of the latter are homes in the true sense.

There are many other nest-building creatures, but when nests are mentioned we usually think of birds; though almost one-half of them make no nest in the true sense.

Many of the figures of speech found in the Bible are based on the knowledge of birds and their nesting habits. The Psalmist speaks of the swallow and sparrow nesting in the courts of Zion (Psa. 84: 2, 3); Jesus speaks of the birds of the air having

nests (Matt. 8: 20; Luke 60: 58); Moses forbade the taking of a bird on the nest (Deut. 22: 6).

Some birds during nesting are as solitary as possible, while others, as rooks, ravens and many seabirds, congregate in vast numbers. The writer has never had the pleasure of inspecting any of the latter kind, hence these descriptions will be confined, with one exception, to some of the more peculiar solitary ones.

Almost every country boy has seen the robin and the blackbird at work collecting mud, sticks, straw, grass and the like to make their nests, which in the case of blackbirds were usually built in the fork of a tree. Robins, however, are more sociable, and often build in barns, sheds, and even in porches of uninhabited houses.

These nests are first a collection of grasses twined around, then plastered with mud mixed with grass. Inside this is a lining of fine grass, plant fiber, strings and horsehair. The robin uses more mud than the blackbird.

The robin may be prodigal with his mud, but what about the swallows? The chief material of their nests is mud. One of them, the cave swallow, takes a pellet of mud in its beak, presses it to the side of the building beneath the eaves, and then lies away to secure more. Skimming over the water without alighting, it scoops up another bit of mud and flies away to repeat the operation. Skilfully and rapidly he builds till her home soon comes to look like a crookneck squash covered with mud and fastened to the wall with the stem and down. In the end of the stem is the hole through which the birds enter. The interior is lined with soft grass and feathers which were probably taken while on the wing, as the writer has never seen one light to pick up anything or been told of anyone seeing it done. What about the ventilation of these nests?

Another swallow, called by some the barn swallow, because it always builds inside the building, constructs a nest on the same principle, except that it looks like one-half of a clay bowl fastened to the side of a rafter. There is no essential difference between the two species, and their food is the same—principally insects, captured on the wing.

The chimney swallow is not a true swallow, but a swift. Our bird is a cousin to one that nests on the cliffs of the Pacific islands and furnishes the "edible birds' nests," to secure which collectors risk their lives and for which the Chinese epicure pays fabulous prices. "Pass

the birds' nest soup, please—pass it on!"

The swifts break sticks from the trees as they fly; in fact, if they ever alight in any place except to cling to the walls of their nesting places, I have never seen it. These twigs are fastened to the walls by means of a mucilaginous saliva which hardens and holds them firmly.

Let us pass from these elaborate nests of earth to some of earth only. The jack-snipe, plover and killdeer nest on the bare earth, with almost no attempt to build—just scoop out a small hollow or find one ready made. Though the location is not concealed, nature has provided for the safety of the bird. The mother on her nest is almost invisible, even when you know where to look, so perfectly does her coloring correspond to that of a clod or other inanimate object.

The night-hawk and whip-poor-will select a spot covered with dead leaves and deposit their eggs there. Like those just mentioned, they depend on their inconspicuous colors for safety both for themselves and their eggs.

The bank swallow makes a hole in a steep bank at the back of which a slight depression is made—just enough to keep the eggs from rolling out. There is another class of birds that nest in cavities. The wren and the bluebird will build in a crevice, a woodpecker's hole, or any other sheltered place. Madam Wren is very bold, often coming into the house to make her nest; and no matter how large the cavity may be, she tries to fill it full before she makes the diminutive receptacle for her eggs.

The woodpecker is independent; he does not search for a place to nest, but goes to work and with his strong bill hollows out one for himself.

The cuckoo is credited with being a shirk and shifting her maternal duties to another. True, she shifts some of her responsibility, but there are many others who do the same (birds, of course, are meant, not humans, though the human cuckoos are plentiful); she also makes a nest and rears a family. The nest is not an elaborate affair, but is more substantial than that of the dove.

The jay may be the robber some claim him to be, though I have no positive proof against him; but he attempts to safeguard his home against cats and snakes by erecting a palisade of thorny twigs.

The most interesting to many is the nest of the oriole, which shows both skill and cunning. It is woven of threads, fibers,

(Continued on Page 166.)

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Saturday Morning, Just Off the First Island
East of the Azores, at 8 o'clock.

Dear Children:

OUR run up to Gibraltar during the night was smooth as all the Mediterranean trip was. I was out Wednesday morning, however, bright and early, to see what would be interesting. When I came on deck it was yet dark. In the distance before us I saw the light of a lighthouse, which I presumed was Gibraltar, and which afterwards proved to be it. To the north, in the dim twilight, I saw mountains, and on we went. Behind the clouds hid the morning light and we saw no pretty sunrise whatever. Soon Gibraltar appeared in sight and he was cloud-capped in a beautiful form. A white cloud had settled over the crown like an immense hood. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. I ran to our room to call mama, but she was asleep. I went back and admired again. Then I thought of my camera and got it quickly and made two exposures. One is fine. The halo of morning light as it fell upon that cloud and the mountain was wonderful in its tints. Of course, I did not get the tints, but I have the cloud effect. I have perhaps a dozen prints made from it for passengers on the boat.

Mama and I with Dr. Bolt, of New York, one of the founders of the New York Medical colleges, and Father Grimmelson, the head of the Jesuit educational work in the United States, hired a carriage to see Gibraltar. It was a fine morning, though too cloudy to take any pictures. We drove through Neutral Strip, a tract of land which the English insist shall not be built up, between them and Spanish territory. This is heavily guarded by both countries. Every person not in the care of a tourist agency is subject to personal examination, for the Spanish will not allow a pound of sugar or a bit of tobacco to come their way, and the English watch that no suspicious person comes their way. It is amusing. On each side of the strip is a high iron fence. On the Spanish side they have a lot of barbed wire in addition spread out over the ground, or rather on posts about two feet above the ground, to keep trained dogs from jumping over the eight-foot fence

with a package of tobacco his master had tied to him, and thus get it into Spanish territory without customs. That was amusing. The Spanish town is cleaner than Almeria, but carried no interest especially. Its market was a most filthy place, its cathedral a very common sort of thing. The goats that were being milked took up the sidewalk in places, and filth was seen a-plenty. Mama had not gone off at Almeria and she got enough Spanish around here.

We also visited all the fortifications which the English permit. They are pretty gingers about letting any one seeing what they have. But the whole mountain is honeycombed with fortifications. They simply have dug into the mountain and made pathways through and openings to shoot on from the base to the crest. Mama stopped at a store and bought some things, and I beat a hasty retreat to the boat, for I had but a few minutes until the lights would go out to the Irene for the last time.

While we were gone our boat took coal and vegetables. Soon after our coming on board, just a few minutes after twelve, we started for New York. The ocean was calm and the first day we made 365 knots; the next day, ending at noon yesterday, we made 380 knots. During the afternoon of yesterday it clouded over and a misty rain set in. As evening came the sea grew rougher and rougher. At seven o'clock some were sick. Mama and I went to dinner, but they were so exceedingly slow in service, and by the time they reached the beef course I began to feel sick enough that I left the table, came to our room and lay down on the sofa. I soon went to sleep. Mama stayed by the supper, had all the ice cream she wanted, came down and found me asleep and went up on deck and walked a little while. At last she came in and undressed for bed. She lay down for but a few minutes, poor woman, she got up and spilled all the ice cream and everything else. I was sorry for her, and she was real sick during the night. I slept well during the night and both of us ate a very good breakfast this morning. The ship is more quiet this morning, and we are passing the Azores Islands. So far our progress is fine.

New York on Friday, but I remember that it was after we left the Azores the other time that we struck the big storm which threw us back over a day. So I shall not count on much until we are nearer New York. We stand a chance of landing on Friday, a better to land on Saturday, and it

will not be so serious a delay to put us in on Sunday. Be this as it may, we are well cared for and the Lord knows what is best.

Yesterday I wrote an article on "The World's Most Artistic Cemetery." I read it to Dr. Bolt. He was greatly pleased.

HIS THIRD WIFE

J. C. Begley

JOHN HUBER was a man of forty years, and had quite a checkered career of life. He had been married twice, and it cannot be truthfully said that either of his wives afforded him much comfort.

Wife No. 1 belonged to the "miserly class," and controlled the purse. The table was scantily spread, the home was poorly furnished, and husband and wife were thinly and poorly clad that the bank account might be increased. But it must be said of Wife No. 1, that she succeeded in bringing John from a lazy, trifling young man to a horny-handed son of toil, amassing a fortune of thousands of dollars. But it was all in the wife's name; otherwise it would have quickly vanished.

But she made another change in the man that was far worse. John had united with the church prior to his marriage, but he soon fell from grace. And this sin of omission must be charged to his wife. She would hear nothing about church work, holding that inasmuch as every member was expected to make church contributions to one connected with her family should be a member, and thus avoid making any contributions for the welfare of the church. Her ideas of soul salvation were vague and degraded, and some people might have interested her in the landable work, but John Huber—never! When she was called by death, she left John a snug little fortune, but no children.

Then came wife No. 2. She was of the opposite extreme, being a "spendthrift." It seemed that she had no rest unless she was constantly spending money. No matter what enterprise visited town, she would allow no family in the neighborhood to contribute more than she. She always had to have the finest clothing that had ever been seen in town. John, too, was forced to appear in the finest made-to-order suits of roadcloth. Although neither John nor his wife could sing a note, their home had to have a fine mahogany piano. Brussels carpet

adorned the floor, and their home was truly a mansion. A costly automobile was also purchased.

Wife No. 2 passed to her reward, but not until after she had plunged John into bankruptcy. Then, like many other men, he took to drink to drown his sorrow. But it didn't drown it. On the contrary, his sorrow multiplied many fold, and poor John was obliged to spend more than one term in prison.

When he was released from the county bastille, he realized that he must live in some quarter where no one knew his history, otherwise he could not keep from mischief. He landed in the far West and began work in the line of agriculture, which he seemed to enjoy. As good luck would have it, he was located fifteen miles from the nearest saloon. But he had not forgotten liquor. No, when Saturday evening came, and he had received his weekly wages, he started for the livery stable for the purpose of getting a horse and buggy to drive to Newton, where he would procure a jug of liquor.

But before he had reached the livery stable he met Simon Conner, one of his fellow-workmen on the farm. Simon spoke:

"Say, John, what is the matter with you driving with me to Freedom tonight? You know that 'misery loves company.' I am going down to attend a church festival tonight and would be glad to have you go along. It won't cost you a cent."

John hesitated. But he did the proper thing; he canceled his trip to Newton, and climbed into the buggy with Simon. No sooner had they reached Freedom than the town was visited by a downpour of rain, lasting several hours. Since Simon would not return before morning, John was forced to remain also.

It was in the little, forlorn, agricultural village of Freedom that John Huber was introduced to Miss Lillian Marvick, a comely lady of about his own age. She was neatly dressed and very talkative. It

is no use trying to guess why John admired her. No one could help it.

The next morning Simon asked John to go along with him down to the little brown church. He consented, although he had not seen the interior of a church building for many years. He had scarcely entered the sanctuary until he noticed that Miss Marvick was seated in the front pew.

The sermon was preached from the text "The way of the transgressor is hard." John almost felt that it had been intended for him alone, but the effect was forceful. It was then that John realized that he would make a man of himself. The minister was an elderly gentleman, wearing a long gray beard. He was about seventy years of age.

After services, Miss Marvick shook hands with both gentlemen, asking them to call again. As they were ready to leave, she said:

"Gentlemen, you must not leave until you have met my father."

Imagine John's surprise when Miss Marvick's father proved to be none other than the aged minister whose discourse he had listened to with the greatest interest imaginable. They were asked to come back again. John consented, and so did Simon.

The next Saturday John and Simon were not at work. They obtained a leave of absence to attend a harvest home picnic two miles from the place they were employed. John was truly surprised to find that Miss Marvick, of Freedom, was in attendance. He delighted in entertaining her, and that evening he drove with her to her home at Freedom.

His calls did not stop with this one. No, his visits to Freedom became more frequent than ordinary. The reason for this is on the next page, but one year after this Miss Lillian Marvick became Mrs. John Huber No. 3.

It was his third wife that made a man of him. Although she was economical, she was truly hospitable, and proved herself a model companion. She taught him that while he must dress respectably, there was no reason for style or uncalled-for expense. Their table was always furnished with what would most gratify the "inner man," but yet tempting delicacies and expensive luxuries were avoided. They contributed liberally toward the church, and John was looked upon as a model citizen.

When he returned to the East in company with his "better half," the people of his native town were completely dumfounded at his changed appearance. His former irascible temper was gone, and gone

forever. And he owed it all to his third wife. God bless her!



A "BOOK FARMER" WHO IS MAKING \$100 AN ACRE OUT OF HIS LAND.

In an article entitled "The Story of a 'Book Farmer'," in the current issue of Farm and Fireside appears the following:

"There is not as much ridicule for the 'book farmer' now as formerly. The tables have been turned on the other fellow who is accepting the 'book farmer' as his guide.

"A good illustration of this so-called 'book farmer' is G. W. Jackman, who lives near Atlanta, New York. When he purchased his farm, he had to face a circumstance that was seemingly discouraging. The former owner had been a 'slipshod' farmer. The low productivity of the soil and the dilapidated condition of the buildings evidenced this fact. But what was then one of the poorest producing farms is now the best in that part of the county.

"The farm itself is located about one mile northeast of Atlanta, in the beautiful Cohocton River Valley. It contains eighty-five acres, sixty of which are tillable, the remainder being devoted to pasture-land.

"Mr. Jackman plants about fifteen acres to potatoes each year, for he thinks that this is a good acreage for a farm the size of his. When he took possession of the farm, the land was yielding something like eighty bushels per acre, but now it is yielding him two hundred and fifty bushels per acre, an average which he expects to increase year by year.

"Mr. Jackman says his ideas as regards cultivation are as follows: 'I believe in a thorough cultivation of the crop. Last year I went through my potatoes with the cultivator as many as thirteen times. About ten days after planting, my field is harrowed either with a spike-tooth harrow or a weeder. Often this is repeated before the plants appear above the ground. Just as soon as the plants begin to prick above the ground the cultivator is used, cultivating very shallow the first time, in order that it will not injure the plants. This shallow cultivation within a few days is followed by a deep one, the main thing in all treatments being to keep the soil porous.'

"During the past three years Jackman's potato crop has yielded him an average of one hundred dollars per acre. This source of income alone is commendable, considering that there are fifteen good producing acres of potatoes."



Clare Edward Bunyan.

A HEALTHY BABY

AM Clare Edward Bunyan. I came to this world on a bright Sunday morning, September 18, 1910. I weighed nine pounds at birth and have grown to I weigh over thirty pounds now. I lived for fourteen months on what nature provided for me and now I sit on a chair and eat off a little plate with a knife, fork and spoon just the size for me. I live in Noble County, Ind., near the River congregation.

This picture was taken when I was twenty-five months old at my Grandpa Smith's. See the leaves on the ground.

I have always been healthy, but just at present I have whooping-cough and a mashed thumb, which I got while trying to help wring some clothes. But I guess we are all subject to accidents. I will close now, as I am bothering mama so she can't hardly write, by wanting to "smell the ink" and "see the baby."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNITY LIFE.

Richard Braunstein.

THE study of the life of Christ reveals the fact that he was identified throughout his earthly career with communities. Bethlehem shall always be glorified as the birthplace of the Great Teacher. Nazareth evermore stands forth as the throne of that perfect boyhood which "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men." Cana was the demonstration of the prominence which he gave to the joy element in life. Capernaum was the first pastorate of this greatest of world ministers. Jerusalem was the scene of his mighty messages as a reformer. Many another town or village long since vanished from the map would have been erased from human memory had it not been that he tarried there over night or spent a week-end in town, healing the sick and casting out the demons of man's own making.

Then he was identified with larger communities. Galilee! Who shall ever forget the scenes of that up-state country! Judea! Who shall escape from the impression of generalship which grows upon one as we watch him circling through those towns and looking down from those glorious hill-tops? It is a wonderful itinerary of service, conquering each place with the methods of peace. Christ had a community program. The street play of the children did not escape his notice. The idle men in the market place called forth his combined sympathy and friendly criticism. He noted that the rapid transit facilities of his day, namely, camels, illustrated the difficulty of getting into the kingdom on the part of certain rich monopolists. "They could not get at him for the press." We wonder which plan he would have given his divine favor—the "placing-out system" or the "home-method" in dealing with parentless babes and waifs—the eternal flotsam and jetsam of our social system? There are so many things that are being left undone in our villages and small towns for community betterment. The church should be the center from whence so many, many things should flow. It would be so much more delightful for us all if we could permanently escape from our own consciences. Could

we be as oblivious of human need and suffering as were the French king and queen and their court just at the outbreak of the French Revolution—that would be heavy for many, but it would also be hell more! It must be hell before it can be heaven. It must scorch and burn in the public heart before that heart can be pure.

The most beautiful part of the coming of this Teacher "sent of God" was that he brought messages of encouragement and comfort. They were constructive in their nature. He also gave the people time. He had great faith that eventually all would be well. He trusted the common man commonly. He took the materials at hand and the few who did respond to his call and from these he began to build a new society within the old.

During the last few years there has been created a new profession and a few men and women have entered in it. This new profession comes in the wake of Christianity. It is a later day interpretation of the social teachings of Christ. It is the profession of the "Community Engineer." It affects the farmer, the school teacher, the man with a trade and the housewife. The science of "Community Betterment" is a new science taking its place alongside of that of the new science,—Eugenics. All that is being done the world over for the improvement of conditions and the amelioration of man's ills is being carefully surveyed, studied, and on the basis of facts and of results thus far gained in various places a program is being constructed for the betterment of the community. That is the significance of these "Exhibits" and "Pageants" and "Community Conferences" all over the land. "Chicago 1915," and "Boston 1916" with the miracles wrought in these cities and in many other places. The opening of libraries, and public playgrounds; public fountains and day nurseries for the betterment of working mothers; classes learning to aid to the injured, and the introduction of new industries where formerly there was none. "The village beautiful" movement belongs to this list. The regeneration of waste places, that makes the desert blossom like a rose. Electric lighting where formerly there was darkness and crime because of it. Every small town should have a lecture course covering these matters. What a demonstration of the

of Christ to a community can be given in the local church!

We are looking forward to the time, not far off, when all the churches will be effectively united on this platform—"Community Betterment." All kinds of benefit—physical, mental, moral, spiritual. Financial betterment; industrial benefit; social benefit; benefits for all! Every lodge, grange, school, every home organization and institution, every politician, clergyman and citizen at large getting into line and marching in the community procession for the purpose and marching for the realization of

"Something accomplished,
Something done
For God and our fellow-men."

DRESSING FOR THE HOME EYES.

There are many women who reserve all their best garments for the eyes outside the home, and while it is commendable to be nicely and becomingly dressed when in public, there is also a very strong reason that you should look your best when with the family. It has been harped upon continually that a woman should "dress for her husband's eyes," but there are other eyes in the family which it may be as well to please. In every home where there is one or more children, the mother represents the very best in the world to them, and it is her attitude toward things that is recognized and imitated. Nothing is sweeter than the look of admiration in the eyes of the little one when the one perfect woman in the world to the children puts on some becoming garment. The mother who goes about the house untidily dressed, with uncombed hair and garments gaping through carelessness as to repairs, "loses caste" with the babies, and she cannot expect them to keep themselves particularly clean—why should they? If the mother is neatly dressed, the babies will want to be, and if she puts on a bright little bow with a clean collar, or wears a bit of lace in her neckband, the baby is sure to notice it with admiring eyes. To a child, the mother should stand for the most beautiful thing known, and she need not dress in costly garments to attain to this distinction. Just be neat, and make herself as presentable as her work will admit of—and it will admit of a great deal. Don't come to the table with frowzled hair, or dress open at the neck, or gaping because of missing buttons, or even with smudges on the face and hands, and don't let the baby come so, for

it is teaching it a habit that will be hard to overcome in later days. Even a very young child can learn to wash itself if given a wet cloth before a looking-glass. Don't let it go about with its little stockings down about its shoe-tops, or its shoes unfastened. Better get a simpler breakfast, or be a little late, or get up a few minutes earlier. Dress for the baby's eyes.

SISTER'S BEAU.

Sister's beau don't come no more.
Hain't been roun' yere for a week.
Enr sis, w'y she's orful sore
Seems like she don't wanten speak.
Can't see w'y she's mad at me;
I never done a single thing.
'Tain't my fault ez I kin see,
'Et he tuk back that diamond ring.
Course, I used ter tease 'em some;
Now en then, I'd play a trick,
Like hidin' in the settin' room
En jumpin' at 'em sorter quick
W'en they wuz settin up real close
Tergether with the light down low
I'd scare 'em all to pieces, 'most.
Then, mercy sakes, they'd splutter so!
But soon he'd laff en give a dime
To me so I'd not tell the folks.
But sis, she scolded ev'ry time
I useter play them little jokes.
En one night when that feller cum
En sis hed gone to change her dress,
Us two, we got to talkin' some.
I told him all I knowed, I guess.
I told how sis would rip en rare
When she hed got her temper riled,
How she would yell en stomp en scare
The folks, like she wuz goin' wild.
En then I told him all about
Her head of hair—how much it cost;
How once she nearly run us out
Because she thought et must be lost.
En him, w'y he jes' looked en stared,
His face wuz orful sour en glum.
But gee! I don't see w'y he cared,
Er w'y he up en started hum.
W'en sis cum down I told her 'bout
How I had entertained her beau.
En cracky! I can't figger out
What made her up and clout me so!
—N. Y. Globe.

Mr. Timid (hearing noise at 2 A. M.)—"I th—think, dear, that there is a m-man in the house."
His Wife (scornfully)—"Not in this room."—Tit Bits.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

GLEANINGS.

In place of the time-honored spring blood-purifier, sulphur, the modern physician highly recommends phosphate of soda, and this is said to have a wonderful effect in clearing muddy complexions. The phosphate (a powder in fine crystals) may be had of any druggist, and we are told that it is harmless and perfectly safe to take at any time—a tablespoonful in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning until improvement of the skin is noticed. Hot water dissolves the phosphate crystals at once, and the system absorbs hot water more quickly than cold; the drink is pleasanter to take while hot. The effervescing soda is more palatable, but twice as expensive, and no more effective than the plain.

An exchange says: "The young man who asks a young woman to take an automobile ride with him, then waits until after dark before coming for her, should find the young woman indisposed. It is all the more objectionable where there are several young men who invite an equal number of young women. A girl may be poor in purse, but if she holds her self-respect, she is rich—self-respect is worth more than any amount of money. The papers are full of disgraceful stories of the abuse of trust which these young men are guilty of, especially where the man has money, and the girl nothing but her own self-respect. With a man who does not like to be seen with you in daylight, the country roads and an automobile are anything but a safe pleasure for the young girl.



CARING FOR ALUMINUM VESSELS.

Several readers have asked how aluminum cooking vessels should be cared for, and because of the effects of misuse, some are very much disappointed with the ware. On the label attached to every piece of aluminum ware sent out by one reliable firm of manufacturers, this is stated: "Do not scrape with a knife or other sharp instrument; do not use lye, ashes, ammonia, or any washing powder or soap containing free alkali. All of these injure and discolor pure aluminum. The use of water containing alkalies or iron darkens the inside. If by neglect or accident, the vessel is covered with burnt grease and becomes dark,

it can be easily cleaned by using four table spoonfuls of oxalic acid crystals in a gallon of water, boiling for not more than five minutes, then, before using, wash carefully with hot water and soap." Skillets or frying pans of this metal will become as dark as sheet iron, if not kept clean. Aluminum does not rust nor corrode, nor oxidize in the air or moisture. Vegetable acids and vegetable alkalies are said not to dissolve or "eat," pure aluminum, and cleaning with oxalic acid solution does not injure the metal. We are told that any food which have a definite acid or alkali character should not be left standing in an aluminum vessel after cooking, though it is not positively stated whether such standing would develop a poison by attacking the metal. We should think it doubtful. Aluminum vessels for cooking are very desirable.



DROWSINESS.

One of our readers asks for the cause and a remedy for this trouble, but there are so many causes for the condition that only a physician could relieve her, unless she can relieve herself, which is sometime the best plan. Ordinary drowsiness, known as "sleep-hunger," a protest against overwork. Unless it is caused by anemia, an infection, or some organic disease, it is rarely necessary to use drugs; it has been found that prolonged action of the muscles and nerves produces a poison that causes fatigue and the attendant mental depression, and it is probable that normal drowsiness differs from that due to disease chiefly in the character of the poison that induces it. The poisons resulting from indigestion and degeneration of the kidney will cause drowsiness, and so will the toxins formed by the bacteria in acute infectious diseases of children. In aged persons, this desire to sleep, and the "dozing" when sitting still, may, or may not, indicate disease; but generally not. In many cases, the diet is to blame, and chronic constipation must be overcome. Water should be drunk in order to increase the secretion unless the kidneys are defective, in which case a physician's advice should be sought. Ordinarily, when one is in usual health, and still in the active years of life, the drowsiness is an indication of overwork and bad dieting and clogging of the sewers of the

system. Many mothers are simply starving or rest, and it is just as well to let things go and indulge in a nap of a few minutes very day. The drowsiness that only deadens one," without inducing actual sleep even when one gives way to it, is usually caused by anemia, starved nerves, or a weak heart. Try the diet cure, removing the obstructions throughout the system by suitable exercise, fresh air, plenty of water inside and out, and pleasant companionship.



FOR THE HOUSE-MOTHER.

For the new baby, this will make a useful and pretty garment: Get a square of light-weight silk flannel, cashmere, or any soft, warm wool material, embroider all round the edges with silk or linen floss, or hem neatly, and if you like needlework and have the time, work any pretty design above the edge. About ten or twelve inches from one corner, fold the square diagonally and run a narrow silk tape along the fold as a casing; place another around the corner about two inches from the edge the way around. In both of these run silk elastic so as to draw it up in hood shape. Place a bow of ribbon on top of the drawn-up corner, and sew ribbon rings on the front edge of the lower casing for ties, the two casings coming together there. This will form a pretty cape and hood for light wear.

For the woman whose form is bowed with years, or who stoops from any cause, under the front of the body shorter than the rounding back, the back of the waist of her dress should have three darts—the lining from the belt line to the shoulder-blades, and the fullness of the bottom of the outer material may be disposed in tiny plaits at the belt-line. If the abdomen is prominent, as it generally is in such figures, one or more darts in the front of the skirt are a necessity, and the skirt should be so fitted that it will be prevented from pulling up because of tightness around the hips.

Many women cheat themselves out of years of good work and comfort by harping on their age. Age has little to do with efficiency, and many women do better work after they are fifty, or even sixty years old, than others do at thirty or forty. Women, as well as men, begin planning for the "lead line" in early maturity, and allowing themselves to get mentally lazy; others make them at their own valuation, and relegate them to the chimney corner or human "crap-heap" long before they have any

necessity to "slow down" to decrepitude. Don't begin to mope and lose your grip before you have to. Think right, and force others to recognize that you are still yourself.



ODDS AND ENDS.

For laundering the baby's flannels, try tepid water with powdered borax and white soap. Dissolve a tablespoonful of powdered borax in a pail of tepid water, and rub the soiled spots with a good white soap, pressing it through another water, using the same proportions of borax, and when clean, run through a loose wringer, or squeeze out as much water as possible with the hands, then for woven articles, hang on the line where they will not freeze; for knit, or crocheted articles, lay loosely on a clean cloth in the sunshine, or in a warm place to dry without "stringing."

White shades for windows can be made at home, if one has old rollers that are not damaged. Get the muslin called "Indian head," as many yards as your windows call for, with enough over to allow for hems and tops. Hem one end on the sewing machine with a hem wide enough to run the stick in at the bottom. Tack the other end to the roller, just as the other shade was tacked, and be sure the muslin is straight, else it will not roll true. These curtains will last a long time, and when they get soiled, remove from the roller, take out the stick, and launder carefully.

Opaque shades may be taken from the roller and turned top to bottom when soiled at the bottom; the hem should be ripped out, and a new hem made on the top end when turned to the bottom, so that the stick will run in easily.

Flannelette is not recommended for housewear as dresses, dressing sacks or kimonos, as they catch dirt so easily, and while not as warm, and but little cheaper than any wool and cotton mixtures, they are never so nice after laundering. Cotton crepe is much used, and this goods need not be ironed when washed. A soft quality of flannel, even though half cotton, is much to be preferred to flannelette.



Professor—You say you are engaged in some original research. Upon what subject?

Sophomore—I'm trying to discover why the ink won't flow from my fountain pen unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy vest.—Chicago News.

-:- RECENT BOOKS -:-

HEIMATLOS.

"Heimatlos" was written by the author of "Heidi." It was written in German and has been carefully translated. It contains two delightful stories for children. The first tells of a little boy who finds his way alone from the rugged mountain home of an unkind relative to his former home on beautiful Lake Garda. The second story is of a modest little girl who for a time is forced to live in rough surroundings. Her life under stern hardships is happily followed by the joyous life into which she passes through the vigorous efforts of a kind schoolmate. The primary purpose of "Heimatlos" is to develop in the child an appreciation of home. The sustained interest and the charming simplicity of both stories are the chief cause of their popularity. "Heimatlos," the two stories for children by Johanna Spyri, translated by Emma Stelter Hopkins. Cloth bound. Published by Ginn & Company, Chicago, New York. Price, \$0.40.



EDUCATION—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Mr. William P. Hastings, an enthusiastic advocate of Education for the Masses in all that pertains directly to qualification for good citizenship, has for half a century been a successful teacher and an active worker for social betterment. He has retained his vigor and vitality by doing strenuous farm work in connection with his teaching. He has made some careful observations with reference to pedagogy and has given those observations in a little handbook which will be of great help to the teacher who is just starting in the profession. His book is not exactly a work on pedagogy, but it is a collection of valuable pedagogical observations. It is very readable and stimulating to the teacher. It contains 299 pages and is cloth bound. Published by the Author at Battle Creek, Mich. Price, \$1.00 net.



SERENA AND SAMANTHA.

A very readable account of the happenings and events at the Torbolton Home is given in "Serena and Samantha," by Rosa Kellen Hallett. The story is full of amusement. The readers of "The Youth's Companion" will recognize these amiable old

ladies, for these chapters originally appeared in that publication. Serena and Samantha are inmates of the Torbolton Home, that being an institution of indigenous elderly females. There are numerous other inmates, but these two furnish the bulk of the conversation as reported by Miss Hallett. Dry New England humor is constantly cropping out and it is the essence of the book. Some of the humor is more humorous than the rest, but then no humorous writer can always be funny. "Confession," says Serena, "is good for the soul, and repentance ain't never too late, especially 'fore we have done the deed." "In other days," says Samantha, "no man would marry you unless you promised to obey, and having promised there wa'n't but one thing to do, and I done it." "Serena and Samantha," published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston. Price, \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.35.



THEIR YESTERDAYS.

Harold Bell Wright, one of the leading story writers of our day, has given the readers his best touches of real life in "Their Yesterdays." Mr. Wright is always interesting. He gives the reader page after page of wholesome reflections dealing with the questions of most vital, human interest. "Their Yesterdays" is permeated with tender sentiment and a spirit of lofty morality. The lesson it teaches is the strength of childish impressions and importance of ideals and of clean, noble life. Throughout the entire work Mr. Wright is very much in interest, yet he nowhere grows didactic but succeeds in investing his book with charm that holds the reader's attention throughout. It is a book that should be put into the hands of every boy and girl; they come to mature years. It should inspire them to make the best of their lives. It is a noble and wholesome book. Published by the Book Supply Company. Price, \$1.30.



LITTLE TALKS WITH MOTHERS OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van De Water has become well known to many magazine readers as a wholesome writer on the home and child problems. She has become popular because of her practical advice on matters pertaining to these questions. She has written a little book on the everyday aspects of motherhood entitled, "Little Talks With Mothers of Little People." It is in the truest sense a heart-to-heart talk with

others. These talks impress very necessary and important subjects which are too often overlooked. As a matter of course, the book begins with a short talk on the other's conduct and habits of thought during the few months before the child's arrival, for then must the right start be made. This is followed by other chapters less important, discussing Obedience and Punishment, Our Children's Manners, With Whom Shall Our Children Associate? What Shall Our Children Read? Tyrants and Children? and Our Children's Religion. These are only a few of the subjects which are discussed, the others being of equal importance. "Little Talks With Mothers Little People," by Virginia Terhune Van Water. Published by Dana, Estes & Company, Boston. Price, \$1.25 net.



THE HEART OF A BOY.

The series of Canterbury Classics published by Rand, McNally & Company aims to bear its share in acquainting children with literature suited to their years. In a useful translation of the three-hundredth Italian edition of DeAmicis' story, "The Heart of a Boy," they have added to the Canterbury Classics a beautiful reflection of boy nature. It is a recognized boy classic, not only of Italy but of the entire world. It touches boy nature from every angle. It portrays the boy's feelings, thoughts and actions, and appeals to the best instinct in every boy in any country or clime. In it we find real life, black-eyed, happy-spirited, generous-hearted little sons of Italy, with their activities centering around a schoolroom presided over by teachers of the true, above all else beautiful deeds and noble souls and who rule the emotional nature of their charges less by law than by love. The book is translated by Sophie Everett. It is well illustrated and cloth bound. Published by Rand, McNally & Company. Price, \$0.40.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Hoo is it, Jeemes, that ye mak' sic an enormous profit aff yer potatoes? Yer price is lower than any ither in the toon and ye mak' extra reductions for yer friends."

Weel, ye see, I knock aff two shillin's a because a customer is a freend o' mine, then I jist tak' twa hundert-weight aff ton because I'm a freend oo' his."—

"KNOW THYSELF"

The neglect of obedience to the command couched in these two words is often followed by dire results. It is many times discovered, when it is too late, that "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The books comprising what is called the Self and Sex Series have proved a safeguard to thousands against the evils resulting from a lack of knowledge concerning the human organism.

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A well-known business man recites the experience. He says:

"I told my office-boy one day that I would have to have the morning to myself and he must keep visitors out of my private room. 'I don't care what you tell them,' said I. 'Make up any story you like. Get fresh with them if they are too persistent.' An hour or two later, as I afterward learned, a lady called and insisted on seeing me. The boy assured her she couldn't be done. 'But I must see him,' she said. 'I'm his wife.' 'Aw!' was Jimmy's reply, 'that's what they all say!' Of course my wife went away good and mad. Well, no; the kid didn't lose his job. I couldn't blame him. He was only obeying orders."—Newark Star.

Two old friends met in the sanctum of the Congressional Record and cordially shook hands.

"Well," said one, "I guess the change of administration isn't going to affect us any."

"No danger," said the other. "The Record can't do without you and me."

They both laughed, shook hands again and strolled into the copy room.

One was "Laughter." The other "A pause."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why did you insist on having your wife join the Suffragette Club?"

"Because," replied Mr. Meekton, grinning, "I want to see that Suffragette Club get all the trouble that's coming to it."

NESTS.

(Continued from Page 155.)

hairs, in fact, anything that may be woven. This is hung from the end of a long line high up from the ground and usually well concealed that it is not found till after the leaves have fallen. As we watch swaying in the winter gales we are led to wonder how the young birds remain in the nests during the winds of summer storm unless the parents stay on the nest. A few years ago we felled a large tree and while cutting away the limbs found an oriole nest with the mother still in the nest unhurt, though the fall had broken all the eggs.

Teachers in rural schools can make the study of birds interesting by collecting a few nests in the summer after the young have flown, then showing them to the pupils for identification.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

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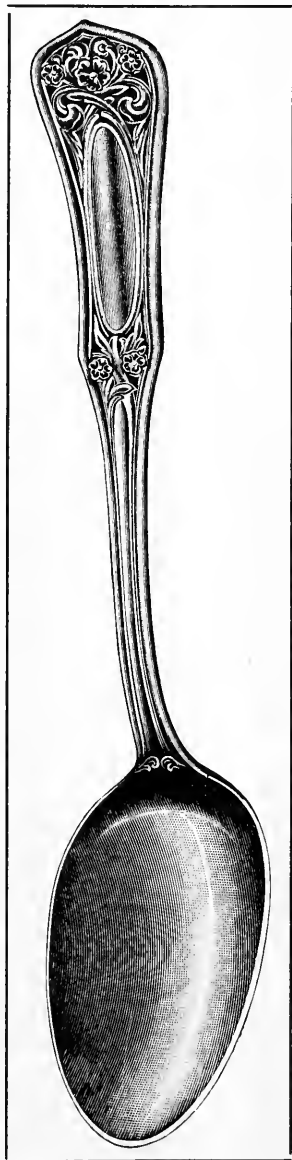


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 18
1913

Vol. XV
No. 7

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market; but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

February 18, 1913

No. 7

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

Governor Clarke on Good Roads.

THE subject of good roads will be discussed by several State Legislatures this winter and in all probability some laws will be passed providing for improved systems of roadmaking. At least two proposed road laws are before the Indiana legislature and indications are that one will be passed. There is a strong sentiment throughout the State in favor of the farmers paying road taxes instead of working them out and the employing of expert road builders. It will mean that the farmer will have to pay out more cash but most farmers have enough work to do on the farm and would be willing to be relieved of road work.

In his inaugural address Governor Clarke placed the issue before the Iowa legislature as follows: "The next great era in the development of Western civilization is going to be called by the historian 'The Era of Permanent Road Building.' We are now at the very threshold of that era. We are face to face with the problem. No State can longer allow herself to be handicapped by mud. The economic waste is enormous. For in the future can there be such a thing as a really good, up-to-date State without good, permanent roads. The great cheapening of the cost of transportation to the markets of the country waits on permanent roads. The instant great increase in the value of lands awaits the coming of permanent roads. There can be no complete solution of the country life problem in advance of the permanent road. The consolidated rural school will go halting and crippled until the permanent road passes the goal. This is an ideal that will be realized in the future. How far distant it is depends on the people of the State. This general assembly ought, it seems to me, to take hold of the problem with the end in view ultimately realize this ideal. Nothing

could contribute more to the greatness of the State and the welfare of all of the people."

Another Loan Shark Scheme.

The campaign against loan sharks in Chicago continues and interesting cases develop from time to time. One of the newest schemes was uncovered a few days ago. Three former employees of the Frank J. Mackey loan office opened a "bank" under the laws of the State of Illinois. As you may suppose, the banking laws of Illinois are rather loose and the wild-cat banks are numerous. The particular "bank" in question operated under the name of the South Side Savings Bank, and pretended to do the usual banking business. The following circular letter tells what they were really doing when brought into court:

"Dear Sir: A prominent bank advertises 'A little ready money in time of need has saved many a home from loss, many a business from failure, and many a family from want,' thus recognizing a frequent condition, and in time of need it offers good advice.

"We recognize the condition and offer cash on the security you have, such as furniture, etc., arranging the repayment according to your convenience.

"Of course, we ask you to pay for it, thereby laying ourselves open to criticism by the newspapers and other who are too 'good' to lend you at any price.

"But we believe you expect to pay for it, and we promise to charge you less than any of the ordinary loan companies (who at the present time are offering scant accommodations at the highest rates), give you the best of service and a square deal."

The case brought into court was of the usual loan shark kind. A barber borrowed \$100 for ten months and for it gave a note for \$130. Hard times came and he could not meet the payments. Suit followed. In

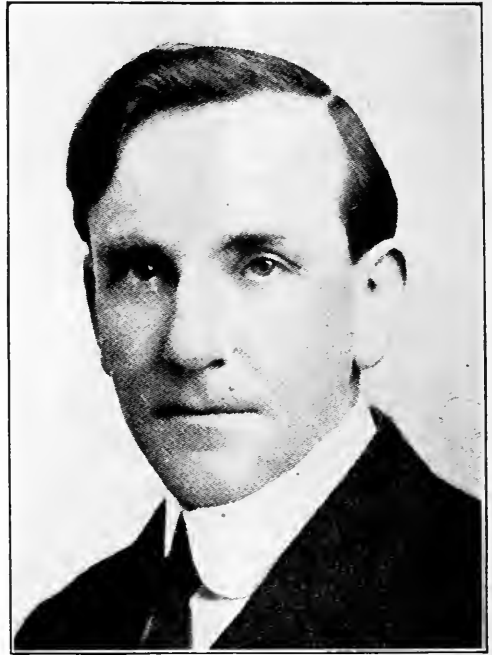
this case the rate charged was 36 per cent, several times the legal rate for the State. The "bank" was in reality a loan office of the worst type.

Governor Donaghey's Christmas Gift.

A short time before Christmas Gov. George W. Donaghey of Arkansas pardoned 360 convicts from the State prison, and what is also interesting is the fact that this act of the Arkansas Governor followed almost immediately his attendance at the conference of governors which was held in Richmond during December. The subject of prison management was discussed somewhat strenuously one afternoon of the conference.

The above action on the part of Gov. Donaghey was intended chiefly as a blow at the convict lease system which has obtained in Arkansas for many years in spite of the fact that its injustice and cruelty has been advertised from one end of the country to another. The Arkansas legislature has never seen fit to abolish it and the Governor took this rather drastic method of solving the problem temporarily. In his defense for such wholesale pardoning he says: "I have consistently fought the convict lease system since I have been in public office. In every public speech I have denounced it. As a member of the penitentiary board I have opposed it on every instance where it was at issue. Time after time I have pleaded with the Legislature to abolish it, but in spite of my appeals for relief, and the repeated protests of the people of this State and the reports of the penitentiary and the messages transmitted by the Governor to the past two General Assemblies, all in condemnation of this cruel penitentiary and county farm lease system, no adequate relief has been given." The Governor cites one instance where two negroes were sentenced to serve thirty-six and eighteen years respectively for forging orders for eighteen quarts of whiskey, and another where a boy was compelled to work in the hot sun when he had a high fever, the result being death. In the first instance the judge evidently worked in conjunction with the exploiters who leased the labor of the convicts or he would not have given such heavy sentences. The convict lease system is slavery and that is the best you can say for it. Since the action of Gov. Donaghey the Governor of South Carolina threatens to depopulate the State prison in a similar way unless the Legislature abolishes the hosiery mill in the prison, which he calls a "tuberculosis incubator."

By competent authorities it has been esti-



Oswald West.

mated that crime in the United States has cost us something near \$300,000,000 during the past year. That is a sum worth considering and is it not time we are investigating prison methods to determine whether we are not making criminals and enemies to the state rather than reforming them? The financial side is great enough, but the moral loss is not the kind to be computed in dollars and cents.

In previous issues we have spoken of the new type of penitentiary in Oregon and of the reform Governor, Oswald West. Sixty-two per cent of the convicts in the Oregon State Penitentiary are out on honor, that is, they are working outside the prison walls without guard. Many of them are making a living independent of any oversight whatever. Of course they must report, and the warden knows where they are, and any irregularities will put them within the walls again, but so long as they make good they are given as much liberty as possible. When Governor West went into office conditions in the State penitentiary at Salem were anything but desirable, but similar to those existing in many State prisons. A large percentage of the men were given no work whatever, a punishment that is frequently worse than hard work. They were punished by flogging and with instruments of torture. Gov. West has changed all thi

because he believes that it is not right. He is conscientious about the matter. In answer to the criticisms that have been heaped upon him he says: "A thing that is right always works somehow, sometime, somewhere." One of the first convicts he trusted was a life man who wished that he might help pay off the mortgage on his father-in-law's farm that was placed there to secure legal aid during his trial. The man was let go on his word of honor. In less than a year he returned, saying that the mortgage was paid off. He kept his word. Gov. West believes that his system makes men rather than criminals. This is simply another of the many ways in which the religion of Jesus is being made practical today.

Child Labor Reform in Pennsylvania.

For many years Captain John C. Delaney has been chief of the Department of Factory Inspection, but on the fifth of January he suddenly vacated the chair at the request of Governor Tener. It was a climax of a series of efforts on the part of some good people in the Keystone State. Last year the child labor association made a thorough investigation into the personnel of the Department of Factory Inspection to get at the real cause of the graft and fake inspection which had been going on. It seems that the chief inspector was on very good terms with the glass manufacturers and others who employed many chil-

dren, but not on such good terms with the labor organizations, Consumer's League and child labor associations.

A child labor bill is now pending which promises better things for the children of the State. If enacted it will prohibit all employment under fourteen excepting on the farm and in the private home. Sixteen and eighteen year limits are placed on extra hazardous occupations. All minors are also excluded from night messenger service.

"Virtue Is Its Own Reward."

We often repeat the old adage, and yet how many of us feel aggrieved when the consciousness of having done right is our only reward! We do not admit it, even to ourselves, perhaps, but we wish others to know about it and to think highly of us for it. Often we hasten to tell of it.

Of course all this only shows our limitations spiritually. We have not yet arrived at the point where "an act of virtue is in itself an act of happiness."

We are climbing upward when we do our duty, even though we have an overweening hope that our meritorious conduct will be known. But we are infinitely higher when we do our duty irrespective of any possibility of its being known of men; when it is looked upon not "as the choice of our noblest feelings, but as the silent necessity of all the nature within us."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Demand for Dry Inauguration Made by W. C. T. U. at Washington.

On January 23, Senator Gallinger introduced into the Senate a petition in behalf of the W. C. T. U., asking for the closing of all saloons at the National Capital on Inauguration Day, March 4.

For many years, Inauguration Day has been a day of scandalous drunkenness and debauchery among the licensed saloons of the city and has afforded material for quadruplified sensational articles in the newspapers.

Besides the licensed saloons, there are nearly a hundred joints and unlicensed peak-easies which are centers of maudlin indecency at such times. These dives have grown up alongside the licensed saloons and the police refuse to interfere with them.

The police are controlled by the commis-

sioners and the commissioners are appointees of the President.

Again and again have the citizens and reform organizations asked the President to act, but the President does nothing but grin. The speak-easies are never interfered with.



Winning at the Spigot.

The garment-workers on strike in New York have won a slight measure of what they were striking for. One effect will doubtless be a rise in the price of ready-made clothing, of which the garment workers themselves are large buyers. A sympathetic public will "fall" to the soothing thought that if it pays more for goods, workers get the increase. Do they? While valuable as evidence of solidarity among wage workers, most successful strikes fail

pitably in the eventual result. Serving as excuses for "boosting" prices on the necessities of life, the small increase that goes to the workers is taken from them again in a thousand ways. There is but one death blow for the exploitation of labor, and that is to put an end to artificial restrictions upon industrial opportunities. Let the sum of energy in labor organizations once grasp the full meaning of this simple truth, and the world will move.—The Public.



For One Six-Year Presidential Term.

After agitation of the subject dating back to the very foundation of the government the Senate has at last taken definite action on the proposition to limit the tenure of Presidents. This action was the outcome of a spirited discussion lasting several days. It was no doubt the result of the agitation of the subject last year, in connection with the Roosevelt third-term matter. The Democratic platform came out plainly in favor of a single presidential term, with the President ineligible for a second term.

The issue came up in the Senate on the resolution of Senator Works of California for a constitutional amendment making the presidential term six years and prohibiting a man who has once served in the office from being elected a second time in any case whatever. It was generally felt that a single term of four years would be too short a limit and that was voted down—though, as it was pointed out, it is too long for a bad President. The single six-year term would give a President a fair chance to see his policies carried out and would yet take away the present temptation to electioneer and wire-pull to secure his own reelection.

Senator Works was elected as a progressive Republican, but he is not a Progressive with a big P. Senator Cummins, of Iowa, the original Progressive in the Senate, also favored the change, but he, too, is not a "bull-moose" Progressive. The latter element opposed the change, on the ground that it is aimed at Colonel Roosevelt.

Strenuous efforts were made to amend the resolutions so as to exempt Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, but they were all voted down. If there is any virtue in the principle at all it should apply to all alike, the majority decided. Some argue still that if the amendment becomes a part of the constitution before the end of President Wilson's term it would operate to extend his term to six years, but this is very doubtful.

The court decisions here and abroad hold that legislation as to terms of office applies only to future conditions, unless the opposite is expressly stated. Mr. Wilson has been elected by the people for only four years, and it is generally believed that it would not be constitutional to extend his term by any roundabout method.

The resolution finally passed the Senate by the necessary two-thirds majority, but only by a margin of a single vote. If the House also passes it the proposition will then go before the Legislatures for ratification, and if three-fourths of the States approve the change it will then be adopted. As the Democrats have a big majority in the House and their platform binds them to the single-term policy, its passage there seems assured. Party lines are not drawn strictly on the matter, however. Many stalwart Republicans favor the change, but most of the "bull-moosers" oppose it because it would forever bar Roosevelt's election. Senator Dixon, of Montana, who was the Progressive campaign manager, declared there was no popular demand for any limitation on the tenure of Presidents; he broadly hinted that Bryan was the man who was behind the idea. Senator Root, of New York, declared that changing the constitution was too serious a matter to have it affected in any way by the personal interests of Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson or anybody else.

Senator Bristow, of Kansas, Progressive, argued that to make the Federal Government responsive to the popular will the recall of Presidents should be adopted, so that the country could change Presidents every time it changed Congress if it saw fit to. The whole idea of limiting the power of the people to do what they please is fundamentally wrong, he declared. Amendments providing for the recall, as well as for the election of President, by popular vote or through preference primaries were voted down, however.—The Pathfinder.



Cruelties to Peruvian Indians.

An official report from Stuart J. Fuller, United States Consul at Iquitos, Peru, confirms previous reports of the cruelties practiced on Indians of the remote Putumayo region by a rubber company. This company was backed by British capital and imported 200 Barbados men to enslave and torture the natives. A report made by S. Roger Casement, British Consul at Rio de Janeiro, first called the attention of the world to these shocking outrages.

EDITORIALS

Pities Fault Finder.

"God pity the fellow who goes through life finding fault. Shame on you. You're a weak sister yourself. What's the use of blaming others? Go look in the glass."

Rev. John Timothy Stone, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church, Chicago, snapped out these sentences before an audience of 200 men.

Then he told them about a few modern heroes and heroines. And the men and women he named were men and women who achieved much in Christian work, but whose names were never as popularly known as the heroes and heroines of war.

"The hardest thing in the world is being a private instead of an officer," said Dr. Stone. "The men in the ranks of life amount to as much, yet the world pays little attention. There are real men and women who are doing faithful constructive work, who love their fellows and consider that sufficient reason for their endeavor.

"There are plenty of little men who try to be big. The real big man is big enough to be little. He is just natural. Do not think that affectation is associated only with women. There are men who are just as bad. When you find an affected man you find one who is not as effective as he might be."

Dr. Stone named several foreign missionaries as among the everyday heroes of life.

"You say these are all missionaries," he said. "Yes, the fellow next to you may shake his head and say 'All nonsense.' I don't care what he says, and you shouldn't. He isn't going to heaven or hell with you. You count only for yourself. What do you think? What does God think? Are you a hero?"

"The knocker is a coward. He is not a hero."

His Irsome Tasks.

"I don't see how the teachers ever endure it." Two visitors were walking together down the hallway of a large boarding-school in which hundreds of students, far from home and friends, lived and worked and often rebelled against the dreary monotony of days and nights that were of necessity regulated with the precision of machinery. "Girls and girls and girls," the speaker went on, "and boys and boys and boys, all so different, yet all so much alike, and to be shut in with them day

after day, year after year, for a lifetime; can you imagine a drearier fate? The very sight of them, flocking down the corridors when the bell rings and walking to and fro across the campus, would come to be a torment, like the drip, drip of water on the hand that used to be taken as a means of torture for prisoners."

As they spoke a bell rang and again the halls were alive with forms and voices. Students were pouring into chapel now for a vesper service, and the visitors followed and slipped into seats together. A favorite professor, they had learned, was to address the pupils that evening, and they saw him rise to conduct the meeting.

He spoke of the lives of the students as full of opportunities; and the visitors looked at each other in surprise, as if he had read their thoughts, when he said: "Every day I watch the students, hurrying across the campus, filing into classes, coming to the school and leaving it at the holidays, year after year, an ever-moving line. I never tire of watching them, for to me it is a wonderful sight. I see them going out of the school, out over the whole land, carrying the inspiration of the knowledge they have gained into the communities where they are to live and work. I see that through them the light that has been handed down to us from the past is to be kept burning and made to shine in the farthest corners of the earth. Every one of the lives that goes out from here is glorious with opportunity."

This was the inner vision that had made the teacher a perpetual stimulus to his pupils and a leader sought by the outside world as well. It is the view characteristic of all efficient workers, whether the task at which they toil is great or small. Others may see only the irksomeness of the task, the sordidness, the failure; they see golden possibilities to which they give themselves with abounding liberality. Every person who acts in this spirit sends abroad an influence that never dies, but grows on and on through the years.

Modern Teachers.

The present public school teaches too much and educates too little.

Vocational training is a public necessity and hence should be a public service performed at public expense.

Children must leave school prepared by industrial training to do some kind of productive work.

The 90 per cent who enter the manual

occupations have the same right to the best preparation for life as the 10 per cent who enter the professions.

A healthy community is impossible without the union of the schoolhouse, the home and the workshop.

Industrial schools require teachers of shop experience; academically trained teachers have proved failures in vocational schools.

These are some of the conclusions reached by the committee on industrial education of the American Federation of Labor in its report which is being widely circulated as document No. 936 of the United States Senate.

"Instructors.—The committee believes that experience in European countries has shown that academically trained teachers have been dismal failures; notwithstanding this experience, many so-called trade or vocational schools in the United States have, in the recent past, attempted experiments with academically trained teachers with very unsatisfactory or disastrous results.

"The teachers of trades and manual vocations must keep up with modern shop practices and processes in establishments which are doing regular productive work; otherwise they will fall far behind and be teachers of obsolete methods and processes. Successful teachers must be men of practical experience, with more than a textbook acquaintance with the industrial world.

"A good trade teacher needs at least a fair general education, with specialized knowledge of such arts or sciences as may be related to the trade he is to teach; a practical knowledge of the trades, such as is usually gained only by working at them under ordinary shop conditions, and in addition an understanding of the general principles of teaching, that he may be able to impart his knowledge to others. The combination is not a common one. To be a skilled trade worker presupposes years of training and experience in the shop, and

men possessing this have usually begun work by 16, with only a grammar school education at most. Even if they have added to this by night study, they have had no experience in teaching, and find much difficulty in imparting their own knowledge to learners.

"The trained teachers, on the other hand, while thoroughly familiar with the theory and underlying principles of the trades, usually lack concrete and practical experience with industrial processes. As a general rule, therefore, the school has to choose between the skilled worker, not trained as a teacher, and the professionally trained teacher, who knows the theory of the trades, but has little, if any, practical experience."



City Judge Speaks in Pulpit.

Judge John R. Newcomer, of the Municipal Court, spoke in the South Park Methodist Episcopal church, of which Dr. J. P. Brushingham is pastor. He said among other things:

"What Chicago needs today, over and above everything else, is that our parents, teachers, preachers, and our city as a whole pay more attention to the subjects of character building. Before taking up what I call the four cornerstones, there are four preliminary propositions with relation to the great work of constructing a human character that we should remember:

"1. He or she who puts the most into life will get the most out of life.

"2. The greatest thing in this life—by far the biggest job in this world—is the construction of the right kind of a character.

"3. We are developing some kind of a character every day. It is only for us to determine what kind, good or bad.

"4. We are individually responsible for what we build, and will be so held."

Judge Newcomer named the four great cornerstones of an ideal character as honesty, morality, knowledge and ambition.

CARPENTRY AND CHARACTER

J. A. Clement, Ph. D.

CARPENTRY is but one of the make out of wood what other men Men who represent this profession make out of wood what other men in some other professions make out of brick and mortar, cement and stone, marble or granite, iron or steel.

The use of all these materials involves the constructive tendency which is found in all normal individuals, the tendency to make things, the tendency to express ideas through the hands in a concrete form in many varieties.

There are few boys who are not in their

earlier lives very natural carpenters. It is almost as natural for a boy to use a hammer and nails as it is for him to walk. From the time that a child is able to handle objects easily, he is exercising himself in putting things together and taking them apart. He begins soon to build houses and all sorts of objects suited to his fancy out of his A, B, C blocks. It takes but a short time for him to put up a rather complete structure so far as his mind is concerned. And this temporarily at least engages his whole body, mind, and soul. The whole child for the moment is enlisted in the enterprise.

Sometimes the idea is very ephemeral, and consequently the object is of short duration. But the frequent tendency of the child to destroy, or tear down what was just built up may be only an aspect of the constructive phase. He may destroy a thing in order to realize his power over material things with which he is working. Sometimes he may do it out of mere curiosity and with no thought or motive back of it all.

A few weeks ago Lester, who is five years old, went out of the house alone and found a hammer, some laths, and some nails. He had so far only attended school a few weeks. When he returned into the house he presented his mother with three letters made by himself from the laths and nails which he had found. And they looked about like this: T, H, E.

Lucy and her boy playmate, in another community, one week later spent one whole hour arranging and rearranging blocks to suit their own fancy. They constructed a great many objects within that one hour's time, but every thing which they made represented the working of their own active minds. Dayton, in another community, a boy considerably older, made for the chicks which were growing up out in the yard a feed-box with wire stretched over the top. This was the same tendency in all of these children, but it took on a different form of expression according to the age of the children. The older boy worked with more definiteness, and with more accuracy than did the younger. But the experience was equally real for both.

When children build things out of sand and clay and wood they are exercising more than their hands. What an individual creates with his hands involves the use of his whole mind, body and soul. Things made, carved, drawn, painted and built indicate concretely what has been going on in

the mind. These things are the creations of healthy imaginations.

Carpenters plan with more definiteness and detail probably than does the young boy because they are working with a different motive. Men are working with a purpose: with a boy the aims may be quite varied and vague.

Some carpenters are also architects and may plan their own buildings. There are others who simply follow models set for them. In fact, most of the world's work is done in much the same way as this, a few lead, and there are multitudes who follow the material, social, moral, and religious patterns set for them.

Both carpenters and architects are valuable for carrying on our building projects. In the moral world we are to a large extent the architects of our own fortunes. "Build thee more stately mansions O my soul as the swift seasons roll," was no doubt a master attempt to express a great ideal in human life.

While it is necessary for the individual to carve his way through, yet he never can work wholly alone. Coöperation with a good many people is necessary in order to build a miniature house or some other object. A boy may, sometimes, if playing alone, do just as he pleases, but if he happens to be playing with other children, he may need to coöperate with them in his attempts.

The perfection of any building does not wholly depend as we have already seen upon the mere planner. Just as no man liveth unto himself so no carpenter builds wholly alone. Complementary work in carpentry is valuable, as well as in character making. Careless efforts on the part of the builders, or poor material used may entirely defeat the purpose of the best architect. When the Harper Memorial Library at Chicago University was in construction, and the tower at one end was built up many feet high, it fell one day with a tremendous crash, carrying down with it a score of men. One weak spot in the library building, it was claimed, was the cause of the unfortunate affair. Although no one was seriously injured, the financial loss was enormous. The weakness was likely either due to some imperfection of the architect's plans, or to the imperfect execution on the part of the builders, or to some flaw in the material used. At any rate, in a moment's time the whole thing crumbled and fell. One weak spot or flaw caused the destruction of a very valuable edifice.

An enduring structure depends much

upon its foundation. Mere sand when the rains descend and the floods come is sure to give way and wreck the superstructure. High-storied skyscrapers are more secure when the pillars beneath are one hundred feet down into the earth. Bamboo poles do not bear up the Philippine huts when the rains pour and the typhoons rage any better than Western houses stand on sand when the rivers rise and the cyclones roar. Rock foundations are the most substantial both in carpentry and in character. The Peterian type of rock will be in demand throughout all the ages.

In our social life today there are cyclones, typhoons and storms that are irreparably disastrous. And that moral architect and builder who heareth the deeper yearnings of the heart, and the sayings of the wisest minds and doeth them, will be likened to a very wise man who built his house upon a rock that will stand every flood of temptation that may come. And that builder will fail and fall who erects his structure upon the sand, and great and rapid will be the fall thereof.

Manual training departments have grown up all over the country. The constructive instinct, in the public school boys, may find healthy expression in this way. Some boys can probably express themselves better at the carpenter's bench than they can through mere words and books. Manual training should not be made an additional burden, but it should be used as a simplifier and clarifier of the boy's daily ideas and ideals.

There are many educationists who claim that honesty, and accuracy, and definiteness, and industry, and neatness, and thoughtfulness may find true expression in the workshops of our school-buildings. Here ideas and ideals may be concretely illustrated in many ways. Once when a principal of a large manual training high school in Chicago was asked what his main purpose was with the boys in his department, he answered, "To produce real and lasting character."

The way and spirit in which a carpenter does his work will affect very much the life of this same man when he is not working at his trade. It is also reasonably certain and clear that when a boy succeeds in accurately and honestly and honorably planning and squaring a board, he is engaging his whole attention and energy in the task set for him by his teacher. And there is no doubt but that in the performance of such a task there is abundant opportunity for the cultivation of the best moral virtues. Words leave their indelible impress on our nervous

systems, and so do manual activities and occupations.

Things produced, and the mind and soul of the producer, are only two aspects, or forms, of the same thing. One's profession or occupation is always a part of one's larger and fuller self. And so carpentry and character can never be wholly separated for one who has chosen that trade. Every well-driven nail requires thoughtful activity on the part of the one who holds the hammer. Every well built structure of any kind whatsoever requires planning and constructive imagination.

To build valuable and useful material things, involves many of the same moral virtues that it takes to write a great piece of literature, or to perform some great piece of philanthropy.

Moral education is partly made up of instruction which deals with ideas. It also deals with training which has to do with habits formed in everyday experience and occupations. In carpentry the architect sometimes furnishes the instruction aspect, and the regular carpenter furnishes the training aspect in giving concrete form to the building itself. Sometimes it may be necessary to work without the plans of another architect. Good judgment will be of much value at such a time. Self-initiative has always been a big asset to any man and it will always be so in the affairs of men.

No one occupation has a corner on furnishing an opportunity in the training of moral virtues. But carpentry is one among many that does furnish the opportunity for daily moral growth.

The carpenter must be larger than his trade. Every man ought to be larger than his occupation. Just as man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man, so neither is character subordinate to carpentry.

"Is not this the carpenter?" was written of the greatest character in the New Testament. He probably worked with great skill and was an adept with his tools. But the multitudes were astonished because of his work upon the bodies and souls of men. In his code of ethics and religion, carpentry was always subordinated to character-building.



Ragg—Singular, isn't it, that neither of your typewriter girls ever wants a holiday?

Tyme—No; it's easily explained. I recently took a good-looking young man into the office, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one.

A MIDWINTER MESSAGE OF GOOD CHEER

Mack Isbell

CHRISTMAS with its merrymaking and joyous good will, New Year's Day and all its good wishes sent broadcast over the earth, are now of the past and most of us have already forgotten that this is a new year, so familiar do the figures 1913 seem. We have forgotten, too, that the good wishes of our friends were given for the whole year; for every day in this year up to the day that shall bring in 1914.

Many of us have settled back into the same old ruts of life; the same old cares weigh us down; the same old worries wear our nerves to the keen edge. Seldom do we laugh heartily and we walk to and from our places of business so hurriedly we scarcely take time to greet our fellow men, least of all to share with them their joys or their sorrows. This ought not so to be.

For this reason I bring to you a bit of cheer at this time of snow and cold without and within, perhaps depression, physical, commercial or spiritual.

A Happy New Year, my friend! Let happiness be your business this year. If your business heretofore has been of such magnitude that it has sapped all the strength at the very fount of life, rearrange, change about, turn it inside out, if need be so happiness gets on top. Prune and plant and water the garden of your heart until smiles spring up and blossom every day.

Remember hourly that God is in his heaven; he holds our world—one of a universe of worlds—in its course. He is not willing that you should miss any of the joy that he has planned, especially for you; if you do miss it, it will be because you in your blundering have left the path that with great care he laid out for you and filled with every good thing, and have gone off in the wilderness to make a trail for yourself.

The sun rises and the sun sets each day whether stocks go up or go down. Take time to feast your eyes on this wonderful mystery. Not all the gold in all the world can find a picture to rank with it, yet it is free to every creature and its beauty is food to the soul. Even the chatter of the brave little snow birds will hearten you up for a day; listen to it!

Perhaps you are weighted down with sorrow for the dead; that heart-twisting sorrow that stops just short of taking your very life, and you so long to give up this life that you may join the loved one. The gloom of the grave on the hillside enfolds you. Look up, friend, for even here is joy—joy that the dear one is walking, talking, living in the land of eternal joy—joy that each day brings you nearer the time of reunion eternal.

And so my friend I pray you be happy each day that all this year may indeed be a Happy New Year.

GROSBEAKS

John H. Nowlan

THE grosbeaks, so called because of their beaks being larger than those of most similar birds, are members of the finch family. They are distinguished from other finches by their stout forms, bright plumage, large beaks, and musical voices. Two of them live in mountainous homes, but five are wide rangers, one or more of them being found in every part of our country. Though they are mostly migratory, at least one is a permanent resident of the area which it chooses as its home.

The Rose-breasted Grosbeak ranges from Kansas and Tennessee northward into Canada. While it is charged, more or less truly, with eating green peas, yet the fact that it is known in some places as the "potato-bug bird" is more than enough to offset the damage it does in that direction. Not only does it prey upon the Colorado potato beetle, both larvae and adult, but it seeks and devours the cucumber beetle and many scale insects. Also on its bill of fare among the dainties according to the bird's classification we find such insects as the

Rocky Mountain locust, cankerworms, tent caterpillars, curculio, army worm, and the **chinch bug!** Hats off to any bird that will eat the last named, and let the deed, like the mantle of charity, cover a multitude of sins. Look at the list! Its favorite prey is those that are the worst enemies of agriculture.

But let us not give all our praises to this one. Another, the **Cardinal Grosbeak**, known more generally as the redbird, is not of the migratory sort. Staking out his claim, he stays with it summer and winter. He ranges over almost the entire United States east of the Rocky Mountains and sometimes is found on the western side.

These birds are sometimes accused of pulling grain, but the evidence against them is not very good, as an examination of many stomachs failed to show any trace of grain or any growing crops. On the other hand, to the list which we have credited to the rose-breast we must add for the cardinal the rose chafer, corn-ear worm, cotton cutworm, southern fig-eater, codling moth, and boll weevil. Also it feeds upon the seeds of many noxious weeds.

From its habits of nesting in cedar trees when it can find them it is sometimes called the "cedar bird." It is shy and if its nest is discovered and disturbed will often move its young to a place of safety. On our little home farm we spare all the cedars that are to be found growing quite plentifully in the woods. The redbirds do not suffice to use all of them, so they are used by many other kinds.

The **Black-headed Grosbeak** fills the same place on the western coast that the rose-breast does in the east. While it is destructive to early fruits, as well as green beans and peas, still its service more than compensates for this. Scarecrows are not very efficient protection against them, but netting small fruits and planting wild berries, such as mulberries and elders, are more so. While the writer has no personal acquaintance with these birds, he has read that it is estimated that for each quart of fruit eaten they consume one and one-half quarts of black olive scales, one quart of

flower beetles, besides many codling moths and cankerworms.

The **Blue Grosbeak**, Blue pop, is to be found in the southern two-thirds of the United States. Their young are fed exclusively on insect food, though after the close of the breeding season they sometimes collect in flocks, doing damage to grain fields if any are to be found. Still, the loss is slight, as their insect food is five times as much as their grain rations, and surely the destruction of a given amount of insects will more than compensate for an equal amount of grain. It needs no argument to convince a farmer that a quart of chinch bugs will cause a loss of more than a quart of corn.

These birds are often mistaken for sparrows by those who casually observe them. To test this the writer recently asked a class of school children to observe the birds found in a certain hedge which he had just examined. Next morning they reported having seen several kinds, among them being "Sparrows with white stripes on their wings." These were the blue pops.

The **Gray Grosbeak** is found only in the Southwest, where it is said to make a specialty of hunting and devouring cotton worms and boll weevils. In the early fall its food is mainly weed seeds, one-half of which is foxtail and bur grass.

Farmers should encourage these birds to nest near their houses and not begrudge them the small toll they take, or if they do should give them something else. Millet is a prime food for seed eaters, and a small plot of it will insure the adjoining field ample protection if sown at the proper time to ripen with the crop. It is also good business policy to rigidly enforce the laws protecting song birds, or, in the absence of such laws, to forbid trespassing to kill birds or rob nests.

The teacher who fails to call attention to the good done by birds neglects one of the first duties of the school—to teach kindness and mercy and at the same time inculcate in the minds of the children a respect for the rights of the weak.

"TAKE ME WITH YOU"

Oma Karn

IT was a picture of "The Christ," a work of rare worth, by one of the best masters. Its pictured face had first attracted its present owner in the shad-

owy dimness of an old picture gallery in London, one gray November day, when he was whiling away some trying hours of waiting while on one of his business trips

abroad. Calm, clear-visioned, penetrating, yet with pleading in their depths, the eyes seemed to be looking down into John Sevier's soul. "Take me with you," they seemed to say. And then and there, for the first time there sprang into existence the thought of love between his soul and God.

In close attendance upon this thought came the thought of what this would mean—the cost. For John Sevier was far too well read and too naturally gifted in mind not to understand what was the fundamental principle of the Christianity he all but scoffed at. Resolutely he turned away from this newborn thought and the self-denial it asked—but he bought the picture.

He took it home with him and hung it above the mantelpiece in a room in the second story of the palatial home then in course of preparation for the reception of its new mistress, his bride.

This room, a light, cheerful looking, book-lined room, in after years became known to the family as "The little library"—the private sanctum of the master of the house. The few intimate friends so fortunate as to be admitted to this sanctum, well aware of the utter indifference of its occupant for the great Original of the picture, marveled at its presence, but wisely said nothing.

And all down through the fifteen years which had elapsed since its advent into his life, it had hung there, looking calmly down upon him, and to his fancy, constantly mutely voicing that same pleading request, "Take me with you. Take me with you." More than once during this time he had been moved to banish its presence from the room, carry it up to the attic and leave it in some obscure corner, but always his hand was stayed.

And all along this way a presence walked at his side; a subtle, indescribable, invisible presence, which kept ceaselessly whispering of a lack, a need, a missing something, in not only his own life, but in the whole world of mankind. In the world of finance, in the world of "society," in the religious pretensions "good business" made necessary, or in the privacy of his home, it was always there. So insistent did the demands and commands of this invisible second person become, that John Sevier, with characteristic business shrewdness, began searching out the cause of its presence. "What was it, and why did it haunt him?"

It was this question, pounding at the door of his mind, that caused the unusually oppressed feeling which was upon him this evening, as we look upon him seated in an

easy chair in his private sanctum, gazing moodily into the fire. In the world of business the day just passed had been an unusually profitable one. Fortune had favored him and several thousand dollars had been added to his already large fortune. That the greater part of this sum had come through the foreclosure of a mortgage upon the home of a hardworking, but, for the time, unfortunate carpenter, who had literally begged for "just six months' more time," did not occur to him as playing any part in the disturbed state of feeling of the evening. Did it, or did it not?

Suddenly, downstairs, there was a crash of music. His wife was giving a coming-out party for her young orphaned niece, the only child which the Sevier home had ever known. A noted five-hundred-dollar-a-night prima donna had been engaged for the evening and was now entrancing her cultured listeners with her skill upon the grand piano. An hour before this, the master of the house, by the aid of a side door, a noiseless latchkey, a rear hall and some dextrous dodging, had entered his brilliantly illuminated home, and undiscovered by any of the gay company below, had reached the refuge of his sanctum-retreat. This coming-out party did not necessarily require his presence. He was glad it did not. Down deep in his heart John Sevier disliked "society." Its superficiality jarred upon him. Serve he could, with utmost ease and grace, if necessary—if "good business" demanded it. But if this necessity was lacking he usually shirked—as he had tonight.

A worthy critic in music as well as art, the magnificent harmony of sound wafted upward from below, soon had the effect of soothing his troubled spirit. Lost to all else he sat listening.

All at once he became aware of the presence of another person in the room. Noiselessly, unnoticed, uninvited, this person had entered and taken a vacant chair at the chimney side. He was holding his hands palms outward toward the fire and appeared to be laboring under great weariness as if he had just come from a long and exhausting journey. Although of noble and refined appearance, he wore the garb of a common workingman, and bore about him the marks of physical toil. His face was partly in shadow, but what could be seen of it showed a remarkable countenance, one expressing great inward peace and strength.

Strange to say the master of the house felt no desire to resent or question this intru-

sion. Neither did he feel any surprise or wonder over the appearance of the intruder. To him it seemed the most natural thing to be. Silently he sat watching this unannounced guest, who, his shapely hands still extended toward the warmth, sat as if lost in deep meditation. For a long time they sat in this silence. Then:

"You have come far?" said the master of the house, courteously.

"Yes," was the reply, as the stranger, still immovable, continued gazing into the leaping flame, "I have come far." It was a remarkable sounding voice that answered—soft, melodious, sad, and yet, oh, so piercing; it seemed to penetrate and thrill the listener's whole being with strange, supernatural feeling.

Again John Sevier sat in silence. Polished man of society and prince of the business and financial world that he was, he found himself sitting helpless and tongue-tied in his own home in the presence of an humble workingman.

After what seemed a long time the stranger turned and looked full at the puzzled man in the Morris chair. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

The eyes of the president of the great Sevier Manufacturing Company fell before those regarding him. He hesitated, his mind groping for the proper thing to say. Then slowly, almost sadly, "What do you want me to do with you?"

"Take me with you," was the quiet reply.

But, quite as if this matter had been frequently discussed before, John Sevier shook his head. "That cannot be," he said, a pronounced note of decision in his voice.

"It can," was the reply, in the same quiet, self-controlled tone.

And again the master of the house sat in silence.

"I want you to take me with you into your business life; into your buying and selling; into your investments; into your ventures on Wall Street; into your treatment of your creditors and your employees into your social life; into your home life; into your heart life. I want you to take me with you everywhere you go," insisted the stranger, as still no reply came from the other.

"Impossible," gasped the one addressed. "It would not work at all."

"It will," calmly replied the occupant of the chair at the chimney side. "It cannot fail to work. I will be there and where I am all things are possible."

"But I would be a ruined man in less than six months," objected the head of the Sevier Manufacturing Company.

"On the contrary, you would be in possession of greater wealth than ever before," softly whispered the stranger.

And again John Sevier sat silent—and then again slowly and sadly shook his head. And the figure of the stranger grew misty and shadowy and gradually faded away.

The shock caused by this supernatural disappearance awakened the man in the Morris chair. The fire had burned low and only the dim glow of the embers lit up the room. It was some time before his dazed mind could fully comprehend what had taken place. When it did, without a moment's hesitation, he sank to his knees. With stammering, broken words of forgiveness for past withholding, and with "The Christ" above him looking down upon him with eyes which now seemed to glow with the light of a great joy, he unreservedly, gladly, joyfully, took his Savior into his life.

DREAMS

J. L. Switzer

A GOOD, kind sister asked me: "Why is it that we so often dream such incoherent, ridiculous and sometimes fearful and distressing dreams?"

It is accounted for in this way: The heavenly Trinity is Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The antagonistic Trinity is the World, the Flesh and the Devil. When we are awake, having been redeemed, and having surrendered our will to be subject unto the will of the Father, we have grace and strength

to keep under our body and yield all the members thereof to be instruments of righteousness unto God.

And so when we are awake and our will power is active and strong we can overcome the allurements of the world, the inclinations of the flesh and the deceitful temptations of the devil. But remember it is only by "keeping under our body" that we can avoid sin; for, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh and these two are contrary the one to

the other." It is also only by resisting the devil that we can make him flee; for he is ever near, always going about seeing whom he may devour.

He is just as subtle as ever, always active, never sleeps and always avails himself of every opportunity to introduce his evil influences.

Right here I must pause to explain to you that the Savior did not by his death redeem our bodies. He only redeemed the inner man, our souls. This is why Paul longed to be delivered from this body of death and for the redemption of his body in the resurrection. For this he groaned, and testified that in his flesh dwelt no good thing.

The flesh belongs to Satan and must go to destruction as his instrument. It is therefore only by our vigilant and constant control of our bodies through the Spirit of God that we can prevent Satan from getting the control of them.

Now then, when we are awake and our minds and hearts are active we can easily and successfully hold the fort against his attacks; especially if we have on the whole armor of God; but we lie down to sleep and then all our power of resistance becomes dormant. We are helpless in this condition.

Here then is his opportunity to gain control and he does gain control and wields our thoughts and feelings, moulding them to all the ridiculous fantasies of his diabolical skill. We cannot remember all the

ridiculous pictures that he casts in shadow over our mind, but only those which remain while memory is not quite dormant. As we regain consciousness he takes his flight and our awakening memory catches a few of the images of his diabolical picture show.

All this becomes more plain when we see what he does to those unhappy mortals who, through disease or drunkenness, lose the control of their mental faculties. They are then entirely under his satanic influence and are liable to at any time break forth in some ridiculous or heinous demonstrations of diabolism. This is why the Savior and apostles always described such as afflicted with a devil.

I have only spoken of Satan, the arch demon, because he is the commander-in-chief. Devils are legions upon legions in numbers—his imps—his agents—perhaps one or more assigned as tempters to every soul born into the world; and their work is appalling beyond description.

Only last week, at the undertaker's in Webb City, I saw the earthly finale of their work upon two youthful souls; a beautiful young lady lying dead with two bullet holes in her left breast, and her paramour in another coffin with one hole through his heart—a murderer and a suicide. Whiskey did it! No, the devil did it, using whiskey first to deaden his reason and sensibility and allow the satanic influence more effectually to control.

All this, and many other considerations, show the absolute necessity of securing the powerful aid of the Holy Spirit to enable us to be Overcomers in Christ.

A NEW FIELD

Mrs. T. D. Foster

CHRISTIAN people in the United States are looking to Northern Africa as a new field for missionary efforts, because Turkey has surrendered Tripoli to Italy.

Egypt under British influence, and Albania and Morocco under French rule, have some time shown a gradual progress of Christianity as against Mohammedan ideas. Now, Italy, another Christian nation, takes possession of all the remaining portion of Northern Africa between Egypt and the Atlantic.

By the treaty of peace between Turkey and Italy the Mohammedans in Tripoli are

not to be molested in their religion, but the door will be opened to Christian missionaries in a land which has long been given over wholly to the "Faith of Islam."

Which is the richest nation in the world? Not the United States; not Great Britain; not France. The little Republic of Panama claims the honor.

While the great nations find their debts beyond their power to pay and even the interest a heavy burden, Panama has no debt. While others count the cost of government at so much per head of population, Panama counts her profits that way. After paying her necessary expenses she

actually has a profit of \$12.00 a year for each inhabitant. There is no army or navy to keep up, and the United States is bound to protect Panama's independence.

To add to Panama's prosperity the United States must begin February to pay \$250,000 a year forever, as rent for the canal strip.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Dear Children:

WE are out on what the governments of the world choose to call the high seas, and just at this writing they are somewhat high. Since about nine this morning a high southwest wind has been blowing, even if there is a nearly clear sky, and the waves dash against the ship and the salt spray flies up even upon the upper deck. A good many are sick, and for the most part the day is a long, tedious, dull one. But we have been making splendid progress. Up to noon today we made a run of 379 knots for the day, which is but one less than the best run made yet on the trip. At this rate we shall be in New York on Friday sometime, all depending upon the pleasure of quarantine and such delays. If we strike delay we shall reach Sandy Hook before the pilot comes out to meet us and will have to wait a little while on him. I am sure it will be a joy to get off this old boat and have a meal on land. Last evening we did not go down to dinner. We were not hungry. The courses are so tedious and the food is so unpalatable to our half-sick stomachs that we do not care to eat dinner the way we feel now.

Saturday pulled through without incident. The Azores were pretty and helped to break the monotony of the trip. We did not stop, but the ship called for a boat to come out

and pick up a box of mail that was dropped into the water behind as we ran by. The box was dropped into the ocean, a small flag was nailed to the thing and the boat came out and picked it up. That is all we know.

Yesterday, Sunday, was a pretty day. The sea was fairly calm. We had service in the dining room at 10:30. They asked me to conduct them, and it seemed to be refreshing to every one attending. The captain himself was among the number who was present.

Today the captain came around and gave each of us a ribbon souvenir with the name of the vessel on. It was a neat little thing for us to carry home. But while all this is very nice we wish very much we were on land and knew some things about home. We can hardly wait until Friday comes and we see the mail that will be delivered on board to us.

Mama is reading "Elsie Venner," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. I have read some of it, but can not content myself very readily with such reading. In fact, I miss my library much and I wish I had the tools to do some work on subjects that turn over in my mind. But it will not be long until we will be free and then we will be active again. We hope all is well with our dear ones at home. God bless and keep you ever.

THE STRATAGEM OF SARAH

Ada Van Sickle Baker

Part 1.

SARAH GROVES settled back in her seat comfortably, as the train glided through the purpling shadows of twilight. For the fifth time she took a letter from her hand-bag and perused its contents. "You are needed at home," the letter ran, "and though your pa hates to take you away from your good home in the country, we need you, and you had better

come." A perplexed little frown rested on her white forehead. It all seemed very strange to her, that after all these years she had at last been called to the home which should have been hers long ago.

"Perhaps father knew that I could not be better cared for than I was at dear Auntie Reynolds', and since I went there when mother died, when I was such a young girl, he hardly felt right to claim me when

he married again. But will I ever be happy away from Auntie Reynolds?"

This person was no relative of the girl, just a kindly soul that had offered to take her, when she had been left motherless. But to Sarah she seemed very dear, for she had understood the girl, and advised her as her own mother would.

"I wonder what this new mother will be like?" thought the girl, "and her big son, my stepbrother. Oh, it all seems so strange and sudden," and two bright tears were hastily consigned to the depths of her snowy handkerchief. Auntie Reynolds had carefully laundered. She glanced around to see if the tears had been observed by the other passengers, but they had evidently gone unseen, for the old gentleman across the aisle was still engrossed with his paper, and the mother of the two children behind her was busy tending to their numerous wants; and Sarah was relieved to note that the few other passengers were chatting, wholly unmindful of her.

At last the brakeman shouted, "Albermar," and Sarah arose with a nervous little jump. Taking her suitcase she made her way off the train and found herself among strangers on the depot platform. She felt greatly surprised, for she thought that of course her father would be there to welcome her. True, she had not seen him for eight years, but she was sure she would know him instantly, should her eyes find him. Perhaps she had made a mistake. Again she drew the sheet of paper from its envelope and eagerly scanned it. No, it said, "Come on Wednesday evening on the ten o'clock train." Well, she was here right, but no one had come to meet her. The city was not a large one, but it was sufficiently large to awe the girl who had been raised in a small town. At last a tall fellow with a red face and slouching came up before her. "I reckon you are Sarah Groves," he said shortly. Sarah started, and was about to deny the statement. Never had she been called "Sally," and the name struck her ear with an unfamiliar sound.

"Well, are you or not?" he again questioned.

"No—yes, that is, I am Sarah Groves," answered in confusion. "Well, I s'pose you'll pass for her anyway, so come along." "Who are you, please?" questioned Sarah.

"Me? Oh, I'm jest Bill, your stepbrother—my ma sent me to fetch you up home." "Is he your fellow her stepbrother? Impossible!

ble! Sarah Groves was perfectly bewildered. But that thought had hardly passed through her mind, when another puzzling one came to her. Where was her father, and why had he not come for her?

"You're a good walker, I reckon?" The half question brought her back to the realization that she was taking ungainly strides in an effort to keep up with the long-limbed youth beside her.

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"Well, we're pret' near there. The fourth house from the corner is where we hang out."

A moment more, and she was ushered into a dark little house, situated in a dirty yard. Confused and unbelieving, she stood in the middle of the worst looking kitchen she had ever seen. The bare floor was spotted with grease, the furniture was old and rickety, and the stove which looked as if it had never seen a coat of blacking in all the long years of its existence, behaved its very worst, by ejecting frequent puffs of foul-smelling smoke. A table covered with torn oil-cloth, stood near the window, and it still bore the remains of a scanty and uninviting looking supper. From a side room came the call of a feeble voice. "Air you here, Sally?" Sarah stepped to the door, and peered into the darkness. "Well this is a fine home-comin', girl, but we needed you, an' you might as well know the truth first as last."

"Where is father?" Sarah had found her voice at last.

There was a moan from the room on the bed, which now arose and tottered into the room. Sarah wondered if this woman was her stepmother. Her form was angular, her eyes sunken, and her hair which was drawn tightly back from her forehead, was more than half-silvered.

"Your pa? Why, he's where he always is, I reckon. Down to the Happy Corner Saloon, a drinkin' up the last cent of his earnin's, an' him with another mouth to feed at that."

Sarah looked shocked, and her stepmother attributed it to the last part of her speech.

"Not that I blame you for comin', Sally, for I sent for you, because my poor old bones could stand it no more. Oh, yes, your pa spends most of his money for drink, an' then comes home an' raises high jinks if there ain't a decent thing to eat, an' me layin' on the bed all wore down to a frazzle. I tell you, Sally, you don't know what times this old house has seen, an' last week when your pa grumbled at me for

lettin' everything go to ruin, I up an' sent for you to come an' help me out."

Sarah answered never a word, but the other never seemed to notice it, and she continued, after cautiously seating herself on an old broken chair, and wiping her eyes on a corner of her soiled apron:

"The worst part of it all is, I'm afeared he's goin' to make a sot out of my boy, Bill. Even now the boy listens to him more'n me, an' 'tain't no uncommon thing for him to come in with his breath smellin' of liquor." A shudder ran through Sarah, and the elder woman noticed it.

"Poor girl, it's a pity to worry you with all this talk, an' you are tired out from your trip, too; but if you'll stay around here, you'll see for yourself. I'm sorry now I sent for you for I never thought his girl would be such a sweet little thing, but of late, I've been feelin' dreadful, an' I just couldn't hold out any longer."

"I'm so surprised I hardly know what to say," faltered Sarah. "Yes, I reckon so. Make the best of it though. I feel awful weak, an' I've got to lay down. I s'pose you're hungry, but there ain't much to offer you."

"Never mind, I'm not a bit hungry and will go to bed, I think, if you will tell me where my room is." "There's a sofy in the

best room you can lie on, an' just set you belongin's in there, if you will. There's a lamp you can have."

At last Sarah stood alone in the "best room," her eyes wide with surprise, as she beheld the cheapness of it. The "sofy" was a faded affair with a hunched up spring which Sarah's tired mind feared would be anything but a downy bed of ease. The rest of the furniture shared the same dejected appearance—a broken-legged stand and two or three old chairs. Sarah hesitated before setting down her suitcase, but finally she deposited it in the cleanest place she could find. When the light was extinguished, and she was lying on the old sofa, she contrasted her new home with the old. Auntie Reynolds' had not been a palace, by any means, but oh, how very different from this one. Sarah had always seen perfect cleanliness about her, and comfort, if not luxury. She thought of her own little bed room, with its white enamel bed and snowy coverings. The dainty rose covered wall-paper, with a carpet that responded, and the shining oak dresser with its pretty accessories, oh, she could not, she would not stay here. Tomorrow she would go back to the old home, where Auntie Reynolds would welcome her with outstretched arms.

(To Be Continued.)

'FORE PA GOT RICH

Mary A. Burnell

'Fore pa he got so awful rich,

We had just heaps of fun,
He always came right home to us
Soon's all his work was done.

'An then he'd say, "Come kiddies, come,
Now you shall have your day."

An' then we'd climb all over him,
An' have the biggest play.

An' ma she'd get the supper on,
While everything was hot.

An' pa'd say she's the bestest wife,
That any man had got.

An' then she'd look at pa and smile,
An' he'd just grab us tight.

An' say to us, "Now tell me kids,
If daddy isn't right?"

But pa has his appointments now,
With some big man or other,
An' always wears his Sunday clothes
An' looks mos' swell as mother.

An' we don't have no neighbors here
Nor trees nor flowers nor grass,
An' no one ever speaks to me,
Of all the folks that pass.

I wish pa hadn't got so rich,
I never have no fun,
An' I don't like this great big house
Half's much as our old one.





Raymond Leon Brees.

A HEALTHY BABY

AYMOND LEON BREES, the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Brees, 205 North 9th St., Marshalltown, Iowa, was born the third of March, 1912.

He is ten months old and weighs 22½ pounds and is 30 inches long. He is a Horlick's malted milk baby.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE GLORY OF THE COMMON-PLACE.

Richard Braunstein.

We sometimes thoughtlessly speak of some things as commonplace in a disparaging sense. On second thought, we must concede that the best and most beautiful things come under that head. In our lives this also is true. The commonplace tasks, the everyday walk, the routine and duty, include the essentials of life. The commonplace reveals a God. We need not wait for the exceptional or search the phenomenal alone to find him who is so near to every one of us. The power of the Infinite is seen in the everyday sunshine as in an eclipse. He is revealed in the smooth ongoing of the earth as much as in the terror that comes of an unusual upheaval—in the gentle breeze and not alone in a tornado. The commonplace things are the things we never tire of. Every day, as I look out of my study windows, I see a range of mountains. I have looked upon them for two years. They are just as beautiful, majestic, awe-inspiring as they were the first day I saw them. Art wearies, but nature in lights and shades, her wonderful diversities and everywhere grandeurs, is a constant source of joy. Who ever tires of flowers, blue skies, birds and books? And yet how common are these! In the summer time, walking out in the country, one "can find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

The God-sent Teacher who was vested with authority taught by commonplace illustrations and by stories from ordinary life. A common seed, a common bird, an ordinary well, the frequent field, the usual dough and yeast, the lowly lily, all these and many more were made to carry lessons that made the way of life plain to men, and lessened its burdens. It also served to show weary multitudes of earth the path that led to the "more abundant life." Many a commonplace thing of earth was used by the Master to teach men much concerning heaven.

Sickness, hunger, thirst, nakedness and confinement are all too commonplace, but he who in the name of Christ does commonplace acts of kindness and of charity, born of love to humanity and prompted by the emergencies of each case shall receive

the Master's approval. The best of life is commonplace, and all, though commonplace, is grand.

"A commonplace life, we say and we sigh
But why should we sigh as we say?"

The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky

Makes up the commonplace day.

"The moon and the stars are commonplace things,

And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;

But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not
And God, who studies each separate soul
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole."



LIVING USEFUL LIVES.

Richard Braunstein.

A RECENT writer said: "The true genius of life is to find opportunity everywhere; seeds of promise in any soil." Having read this paragraph there came to my mind the story of Dr. Storrs, the noted preacher, when was a student at Andover. He received a peculiar appointment to preach. A clammate while splitting wood had the misfortune to strike his hat with the ax. His were scarce in those days for poor students so the hatless student requested Dr. Storrs to fill a preaching appointment for him the following Sunday. Storrs went and pleased the people so much that they called him to become the pastor of the church. He served that congregation for sixty-two years. In his later years he said playfully "I went through the hole in that hat to my lifework."

It is well to be able to recognize an opportunity when it comes knocking.

Very often we hear people wishing they were in such a man's place, or in some different environment. History has proved that it makes very little difference where a man is. But it does make a great deal of difference what a man is, or wishes to be. Every village and hamlet is waiting for a leader who has had a vision, or a revelation, and can show the people how to do things that they have been doing for long in a better way than they ever did before.

A stronger church, a better school, a playground, clean public streets, a reading-room. Are they in every village in the United States? If not, there is the opportunity for someone, man or woman, to do something worth while and live a useful life in the interest of their neighbors.

Rev. Henry Coker, of Chicago, tells of experience he had while traveling in England. He was trying to find the cottage where Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost." He stopped occasionally on the way to find where that cottage was. Stopping at a house two and a half miles from the place, he asked a passerby: "Can you tell me where Milton's cottage is?" "Milton?" No such man as Milton lives about here," was the answer. Dr. Coker replied: "No, I did not expect that John Milton lived around here now; but he did live, lived tremendously a while ago, and I understand there is a cottage here, somewhere nearby, where he wrote." The answer was: "No, I don't remember anything about it." Dr. Coker found the cottage two miles further down the road! There was a mark on its side, "Milton's Cottage." It seemed to cry aloud for recognition. Strange that one should be so near so important a place and yet not know. But there are scores of us that are just as far-fetched when it comes to opportunities to do some cause, or some one, and be use-



GIVE HIM A LIFT.

As I was trudging one day down a dusty road
 While my back was curved 'neath a bit of
 A load,
 The way was long and my feet were
 Sore,
 My bones ached under the load I
 Bore;
 I struggled on in the summer's heat,
 I came to a pool where I bathed my
 Feet,
 Then, resting a bit, I shouldered my load,
 I wended my way down the dusty road.
 The morning stretched into the afternoon—
 My journey's end seemed as far as the
 Moon;
 At length a horse and wagon drew near,
 My heart revived with a spark of
 Cheer;
 The man saw only his own small soul,
 The narrow way to his narrow goal,
 He whipped up his horse to a guilty
 Trot,
 Though the sand was deep and the day
 Was hot;
 He passed me by on the dusty road,

And I bent still further beneath my load.
 Yet out of the dust came another man
 With a grizzled beard and cheeks of tan,
 And he pulled up short and he gayly cried:
 "I say there, comrade, get in and ride."
 And he placed my bundle behind the seat,
 And he said, "Climb in here and rest your
 Feet:

I never pass a man on the road,
 An' specially, friend, if he's got a load."
 I reached my journey ere came the night
 And my feet were rested, my heart was
 Light;

And I blest the driver who'd gayly cried:
 "I say there, comrade, get in and ride."
 Ah, the world is full of sore-footed men
 Who need a slight lift every now and again,
 And the angels can see through the white
 Cloud rift

All the God-like souls who give them a lift.
 —Anon.



WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

Eugene Ware.

In a very humble cot,
 In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap
 Worked a woman full of hope;
 Working, singing, all alone,
 In a sort of undertone,
 "With a Savior for a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
 I had heard the semisong,
 And often used to smile
 More in sympathy than guile;
 But I never said a word
 In regard to what I heard,
 As she sang about her friend
 Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
 Working all day long was she,
 As her children, three or four,
 Played around her on the floor;
 But in monotones the song
 She was humming all day long,
 "With the Savior for a Friend,
 He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
 For I scarce believe a thing
 Of the stories that are told
 Of the miracles of old;
 But I know that her belief
 Is the anodyne of grief,
 And will always be a friend
 That will keep her to the end.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

"LINE UPON LINE."

It will be but a very short time now until the preparation for planting the crops must be taken up. Many people wait until the last minute to look after the garden and field tools. But a half day will be required, in many instances, to do now what may cause a loss of twice or thrice the time later on. Look after the tools and see that they are ready for use, repaired, repainted and sharpened, and put where they can be found at a moment's notice. Get the stakes ready for the tomato vines, the brush ready for the peas, and have the little things, such as the "markers" for the different kinds of plants in the rows or beds already at hand. If you don't know how to construct and care for a hotbed, get information now, and be sure to start your early "green things" as soon as possible in the beds. Lettuce and radishes should be plentiful, and can be quickly grown. The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or your own Board of Agriculture, or experiment stations are each sending out much information, and you should apply for it.

A few hours spent in fixing up the fences, gates, doors, and other like things about the home will be time well invested. It will be but a short time until screens are in demand about the house, and these should be overhauled and repaired and painted. Read everything you can find about the fly and mosquito, and prepare to wage ceaseless war on these carriers of disease. Look after the water supply, and see that it is not taken from a "seep hole," into which all the foul drainings of the animals' quarters, as well as from the house slops, are emptied. Fix up the walks between the buildings, and around the yards. Put plenty of manure on the garden spot, and have the garden tools where you can lay hands on them at odd minutes. "Gardening for profit" around the evening lamp is a good exercise. Plan. Study your needs in the seed plant line; make a list of fruit bushes, vines and trees for filling vacancies and for starting new. Put in your evenings to some purpose.

FLORAL NOTES.

It is none too early to begin planning the flower beds and the garden crops. One of the very best paying spots on the farm

or in the village is a well-tended garden spot. Many things should be started early in March, and if you have not yet sent in your order for seeds, be sure to attend to the matter in time.

For growing the poinsetta, which is very much in evidence at Christmas, we copy the following from Park's Flower Magazine: Poinsetta plants are easily grown from either seeds or cuttings, and invariably begin blooming in autumn, continuing throughout the winter months. They like a very sandy soil and need no more than a large pot. Seedlings started in early spring will bloom about the following Christmas time. Water the plant regularly and keep the atmosphere moist to prevent leaf-dropping and to promote development of the bracts and buds. In the far South States the plant will grow from six to eight feet high, branching and forming a gorgeous shrub or tree. As a rule, the plants are set near a house where they are somewhat protected in case of frost, and when blooming, they are cut almost to the ground, when new, vigorous shoots push up for the following season. These shoots will develop immense bracts, a group of the plants so treated make a fine display. The best fertilizer for these plants is lime and bone dust. Of course, in the Middle States and in the North, the poinsetta is a greenhouse plant.

It is recommended to soak seeds that are slow in germinating for at least two or four hours before putting into the soil. For hard-shelled seeds, such as canna, palm and many others, it is advisable to file a shallow groove in the hard shell until the water shows through. For canna, after this treatment, pour boiling water over the seeds and let stand for twenty-four hours, and the shell will be softened so the sprouting will take place very soon.



CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

Black Chocolate Cake—Beat three egg whites and yolks separately; to the whites add one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar, and to the yolks add half a teaspoonful of sour cream, one cupful of flour, one-fourth pound of sweetened chocolate melted with a half-cupful of sour cream, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla, the beaten whites, the eggs, and lastly one teaspoonful

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king soda dissolved in a little boiling wa-
r. When well blended, bake as any other
ke in layers. For filling, boil one cupful
granulated sugar, and one-half cupful of
water together until it spins a thread; beat
the white of one egg to a stiff froth and
add it to one-fourth teaspoonful of cream
tartar and the syrup, little by little, beat-
ing all the while. Whip evenly and vigor-
ously until cold, and put between the layers.

Dried Green Peas—When used as an en-
tree, soak the peas for a couple of hours,
then cook in salted water until tender. Put
to the water an onion and a blade of mint,
fresh or dried; if dried, tie in a small cloth.
When done, drain carefully. Place a little
piece of butter in a stewpan and add the
peas, a little cream and pepper and salt.
When very hot add lemon juice, a very lit-
tle, or omit if not liked, and a teaspoonful
of sugar. Dish up on hot entree dishes
with fried croutons. A salad made of green
peas is very nice. Boil the peas until ten-
der, then leave until cold. Dress with mint
sauce and use a very little oil. Garnish with
the grated yolk of hard-boiled egg, and
serve.

Making Tea—Two teaspoonfuls of tea
are used by a great many people where one
teaspoonful is sufficient. Have a perfectly
clean pot, dry and warm, and for a pot that
holds two teacupfuls of the beverage, use
one good teaspoonful of tea; add the water
the minute it begins to bubble, and let it
be freshly drawn water. Let the tea stand
to brew for four minutes where it will keep
hot, but not simmer or boil. A clean pot,
fresh water and good tea are requisite.



GLEANINGS.

Dr. Fenton Turck is authority for the as-
sertion that meat digests quite as well in
reasonably large chunks as it does in finely
masticated particles, and, moreover, that
the larger pieces do not so readily undergo
harmful putrefaction from the action of the
ever-present colon bacillus and its cousins
in the alimentary canal. Meats, broths and
soups, Dr. Turck tells us, are the ideal cul-
ture media for the poison-manufacturing
germs of the human test tube; and so we
find them in the dietetic management of in-
testinal diseases like typhoid fever.

Meat broths were once deemed the most
suitable food for invalids and weak con-
valescents whose digestion was supposed
to be below par. Today, every physician
knows that it is impossible to extract the
food from meat by any other means than
the natural course of gastro-intestinal as-

similation; that no meat broth or juice can
contain the nutritive elements of the meat
itself, and that these so-called "concentrat-
ed" foods, whether factory-made, or home-
made, are little more than temporary stim-
ulants, containing principally the extract-
ives which intoxicate, but do not nourish.
We use them when we desire to enforce a
fast without overcoming an inborn antipa-
thy to fasting. And there is nothing so
good for the average sick American as a
brief but unsuspected fast.—Dr. William
Brady, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



COLD WEATHER AILMENTS.

Acute catarrh of the stomach does not
differ from the same condition when affect-
ing the mucous membranes in other situa-
tions. It is not a true inflammation, accord-
ing to a writer in the Medical Magazine,
but merely a congestion of the blood ves-
sels lying near the surface, accompanied by
a greatly increased secretion of mucus, and
marked tenderness of the parts. Catarrh
may be spread from the nose to the throat,
and from the throat to the stomach, but
this is rare. More frequently stomach ca-
tarrh takes its origin from some irritation,
as the ingestion of acid fruits, strong con-
diments, ices, or iced fruits or drinks. The
condition does not directly affect digestion;
the gastric juices are secreted as in health,
but digestion may be hindered by the large
quantity of mucus secreted; this, in itself is
indigestible and impedes the free action
of the digestive juices on the foods.

That pain occurs after eating is no evi-
dence in favor of indigestion obtaining.
The pain is more likely to result from pres-
sure of the food on the tender lining mem-
brane of the stomach. If, when the stomach
is empty, the tenderness is still felt, it is
safe to diagnose the case as one of catarrh;
on the other hand, the persistence of the
true pain would point to some form of in-
flammation.

Highly-spiced dishes taken into a ca-
tarrhal stomach may give pain that lasts
long after the food has been digested; there
is one consideration of great importance in
connection with the liability of catarrh to
spread from the throat to the stomach; this
is the evil of not expectorating the mucus
brought up from the throat. The practice
of swallowing this mucus is dangerous, and
children should be taught the proper dis-
posal of it when coughing, or otherwise
"raising" the phlegm, or mucus. Where ca-
tarrh of the stomach causes vomiting, no
pus or blood is ejected.

-:- RECENT BOOKS -:-

THE GIFT OF THE MORNING STAR.

"The Gift of the Morning Star" by Armistead C. Gordon, is a forceful and original story, dealing directly with the Dunker life and experience. The wonderfully strong and beautiful motive by which the power of self is illustrated with much striking and life-like power, gives its title to the work, as suggested by the promise, "He that overcometh, I will give him the Morning Star." It is a great story written in an attractive and poetic style, maintaining its interest to the end. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE.

Paul Klapper, Ph. D., Instructor of Education in the College of New York City, has produced one of the strongest educational books that has been given to the public in recent months. The author's treatment of the subject is complete and intensive. He views the field of education from almost every possible angle. The arrangement is clear and logical and the reasoning forceful. The book is divided into four parts. Part 1 deals with, The Meaning and Function of Education; Part 2, Education as Physiological Adjustment; Part 3, Education as Sociological Adjustment, and Part 4, Education as Mental Adjustment. Each of these parts is divided into many logical subdivisions and all are treated in a thorough manner presenting a complete survey of the entire field of education. "Principles of Educational Practice" published by D. Appleton and Company, New York.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN.

"A Certain Rich Man" by William Allen White, author of "Stratagems and Spoils" and "The Court of Boyville," is a strong story with a message. It is a story of Sycamore Ridge, Kansas. The development of the town from its raw state prior to the war to its present day thriving condition is entertainingly traced. At the center of a cleverly portrayed group of men and women towers the figure of a certain rich man, who, from a barefoot country boy becomes the multi-millionaire president of the National Provision Co. He is a type of the

American Capitalist who has stifled his conscience and plays "the game" with regard to the sentiments or feelings of others, until something happens that touches his conscience. "A Certain Rich Man" published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

OFFICER 666.

"Officer 666" by Barton W. Currie and Augustin McHugh, is one of those stories which is filled with humor from start to finish. The Irish policeman, Michael P. Lan, finds himself wrapped up in a hundred embarrassing situations. In each case he is conscientiously trying to do his official duty as a policeman, but always finding himself the dupe of a joke which he cannot understand. He is a typical Irishman, but is unable to see the humor of the situation in which he himself is to be the victim. Travers Gladwin, the son of a millionaire who owned a handsome residence on Fifth Avenue, New York, becomes the leading figure in the story and the scenes are placed in his own residence which had been left vacant for some months while he made his trip to Europe in the newspapers, but in reality was playing the part of a detective in a near-by hotel. All the situations are skillfully handled by the writer and the book is filled with interest throughout. Published by H. K. Fly Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.

THE TESTING FIRE.

"The Testing Fire" by Alexander Corkrey, is an answer to "The Leopard Spots," a strong Southern story. Alexander Corkrey is not an ordinary writer and does not belong in the class of light fiction writers of today. He is a young Irish American with fire and enthusiasm which shows itself in his purpose, and a definite message comes in this story from his pen. "The Testing Fire" is a story of a fight against a great prejudice. It is a beautiful romance of the Southern land and goes out of the beaten track of the present day fiction in its fine ideals and fairness of treatment. It is the story of the race question, offering a solution. It points the way to a better understanding of the race question and a large element of positive good. Every thinking man will give it his heartiest approval. The public has long been waiting for someone who would build his story around this vital subject and offer a helpful solution. Published by the H. K. Fly Company, New York. Price \$1.25.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Storekeeper—They are society people. They belong to our first and last families.

Customer—You mean "first families"?

Storekeeper—No. First and last. First ask credit and last to pay.

A sportsman in telling a hard-to-believe story: "My aim is to always tell the truth." "Yes," said the listener, "but you're a very poor shot, you must remember."

"It did Biffer no good to marry his stenographer, for she continued the habit of the office in their home."

"How so?"

"When he starts to dictate she takes him down."

Woman Suffrage Advocate—I maintain that woman has always been the prime factor in this world.

Politician (blandly)—Oh, I don't know. In the very beginning, according to the Bible, woman was only a side issue.

An announcement in a newspaper says: The lecture on 'How to Be Always Healthy,' advertised for this evening, cannot be delivered owing to the fact that the lecturer is confined to his bed with a severe attack of grip."

Jack—Fred has a snap, but he's foolish to continue abusing his privileges.

Tom—That's so! It takes mighty little to make a sinecure insecure.—Boston Transcript.

He—I must apologize for not turning up at your party last night.

She—Oh, weren't you there?—London Opinion.

The noted Rabbi Hirsch had risen to give his seat to a lady, but before she could take it a burly young fellow slid into it. The Rabbi looked very meaningfully at him, and after an uncomfortable silence, the young fellow finally blurted out: "Well, what are you glaring at me for? Want to eat me? Eh?" "No," calmly replied the rabbi, "I'm forbidden to eat you—I am a Jew."—Baltimore Sun.

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Elgin, Illinois.

Young Preacher—What is the best way to teach the Ten Commandments?

Old Preacher—If you have a congregation of poor, teach them as commandments; if middle-class, as requests; and if rich merely as recommendations.—Puck.



Mrs. Goodwin—I don't know what I am going to do with that boy of mine. He never satisfied to remain in one place for any length of time.

Mr. Wisely—Why don't you make Methodist minister of him?



"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preaching on the subject of resignation for two years an' ye haven't resigned yet."



It is the custom at a certain school for the teachers to write on the blackboard any instructions they desire the janitor to receive. The other morning the janitor saw written: "Find the greatest common divisor."

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Is that common thing lost again?"



A Scotch minister had been away on a vacation and on his return asked the sexton how all had gone in his absence. "Very well indeed," was the cheering response. "They do say that most ministers leave someone worse than themselves to fill the pulpit when they go away—but you never do that, sir."—London Punch.



Teacher (reading aloud)—The weary sentinel leaned on his gun and stole a few moments' sleep.

Dot—I bet I knew where he stole it from.

Teacher—Where, Dot?

Dot—From his knapsack.



Teacher—What are the different effects of heat and cold?

Ichabod—Heat expands; cold contracts.

Teacher—Correct. Give example.

Ichabod—In the summer, when it's warm, the days gits to be very long. In winter, when it's cold, the days gits to be very short.

Teacher—Very good, Ichabod; you may go to the head.—Farm and Fireside.

THE INGLENOOK

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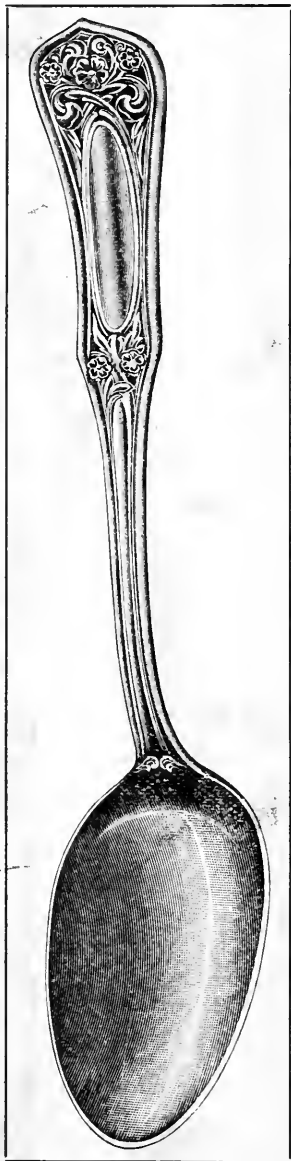


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

February 25
1913

Vol. XV
No. 8

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

February 25, 1913

No. 8.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



The Great Christmas Tree of New York City.

HOLIDAYS are over. Why should we talk of Christmas trees? It will be a long time before the holiday relaxation will be in our midst. A long time it will be, and yet the time is not so long. In the meantime we may be benefited by thinking over the past season.

New York City has found a new way of celebrating Christmas. On Christmas Eve there appeared on Madison Square an immense Christmas tree sixty feet high, illu-

minated from the top to bottom by electric lamps and covered by a beautiful mantle of snow. It was the gift of the Adirondack Club and the plan was proposed by Mrs. J. B. F. Herreshoff. The task of transporting such a large tree from the Adirondacks to the heart of New York City was no little one, but it was accomplished by a New York railway free of charge and the Edison Company donated the lighting. It was thus by the kindness of many hands that the people of New York City, young and old, had the privilege of seeing and enjoying a most beautiful symbol of Yuletide.

There were no gifts on the tree because the tree itself was the gift. But now comes the most interesting part of the whole affair. On Christmas evening an immense gathering of people collected about the tree and sang the old-time Christmas songs. Song after song was sung around the tree, illuminated on every bough by colored lights. The singing lasted until midnight, but many of the men with big hearts did not go home immediately. They seemed to have caught the spirit. It is said that new friends appeared along the usual bread line on Broadway and distributed money and food to the needy. These were the gifts of the tree.

The example of New York City has been followed by a few other cities. Boston and St. Louis had a similar celebration, but next year, without a doubt, the new yet old Christmas spirit will be carried to many other cities.

A Farm for Convicts.

A bill has been introduced into the Indiana Legislature providing for the leasing of a 2,000 acre farm adjoining the State prison at Michigan City for the benefit of the prisoners. Under the date when this is being written it is impossible to tell what the fate of the bill will be. There may be

several important objections raised to the measure before it is disposed of. In the first place a special appropriation of seven thousand dollars will be required for initial expenses. George R. Hotchkiss, the present owner of the farm, is president of the Illinois Tunnel Company, and purchased the place for a summer home, but recently has abandoned it for a Chicago home. One thousand acres of the farm have been under cultivation, but the remainder needs reclaiming. If the State leases the farm the warden of the prison intends to put his men at work on this unclaimed part and the value of whatever work they do will be deducted from the yearly lease which Mr. Hotchkiss has set at \$8,000.

The convict farm idea is a good one and one of the latest as well as most successful things in prison management, but this, like many good plans, may be run into politics. It seems, at first thought, like a very unwise plan to have the State rent such a large tract of land unless it is impossible to purchase a farm near the prison. The \$8,000 rent would soon pay for a farm and this thing of building up a farm for some one else frequently works to the disadvantage of the renter. Without knowing the facts in the case, no one can tell what purpose is back of the bill. Warden Fogarty states as an argument in favor of the bill that a net revenue of \$25,000 would be made from the farm for the State, which seems to be fairly reasonable. However, the convicts themselves should receive a share of their wages. Work alone is not conducive to reformation. It is a poor policy for the State to make money from its prisoners. It is simply exploitation by the State instead of by the individual. Such is the sentiment of those prison officials who are most successful in reformation. The convicts deserve a share of their wages and if they have a family it belongs to them. The past record of Warden Fogarty has some very doubtful places in it. He was formerly mayor of South Bend.

Care of Epileptics in Illinois.

A volunteer "Committee of Fifty" in Illinois is waging a campaign for better care of the epileptics in that State. At present they are cared for in the various charitable and reform institutions, but there is no special place for them. They are lodged in asylums, jails, station houses, almshouses and various homes of a philanthropic nature. No united effort is made for their treatment or care. It is the purpose of the committee to have the State establish a colony or rather farm where at least 2,500 patients may

be housed. They plan an acre of ground for each inmate. Statistics show that there are in the State of Illinois something like 10,000 epileptics. In a circular issued by the committee we read the following touching appeal: "Doctor, I can't get work. No one will have me when they find out. My friends avoid me. I am less of a man than I was six months ago. I can feel myself going. This can't go on. I know there is no place in Illinois for any one with epilepsy. But, doctor, I've got to do something. For God's sake, can't you help me? Can't I be arrested and sent to the Bridewell?" The above is a part of an interview between a patient and his physician. A bill will probably be framed and submitted to the assembly.

A Country Church as a Community Center.

There are many ideas about how country churches should become the centers of the community, but we believe that all fair-minded persons agree that no church, and especially the country church, is fulfilling its mission unless it is the spiritual home of the community. Unfortunately in this country there are so many different sects that the work must necessarily go rather lamely where all do not work together, but even this difficulty has been overcome in many instances. When we say that the country church can be a community center we do not have in mind the holding of dances, frolics, ball games and the like in the church building. We refer to a sensible and constructive view of the matter. Where there is no other building available no church building is made the worse by holding in it uplifting lecture courses or farmers' conventions or any public gathering that has to do with the uplift of the neighborhood. The above statement is not theory. It is backed by the experience of many churches of which we have record. On Jan. 5th and 6th a rural church near the town of Libertyville, Iowa, was dedicated as a community center. It will be known as Cross Lane's Rural Hall. The building has been in the hands of several denominations, but lately it has come into the possession of the Presbyterians through the Cumberland branch who purchased it of the Free Methodists. The pastor of the Libertyville Presbyterian church has had charge of the services in both places. Dr. J. F. Hinkhouse, the present pastor, conceived the idea of widening the possibilities of the country church and headed the movement. The building was raised, a large basement put underneath, and otherwise remodeled. A former citizen donated the

furnace for the basement. We are not informed concerning the special plans of Rev. Hinkhouse, but we suppose that the building will be put to such a use that the people around about will be made better men and women. When he took the charge he said that what the community most needed was united effort. Several years ago we happened to spend some weeks in the little town of Libertyville, and we have some very vivid recollections of our experiences. At that time we thought that the town certainly needed a cleaning up. More than one time during the night we were awakened in the hotel by a drunken brawl outside in the alley or on the street. However, the town and neighborhood around were typical of others we found in the West. It contained some very good people with whom we became acquainted, but the situation was well described by Mr. Hinkhouse when he said that the community needed organized effort. Not knowing the conditions as they are now nor the circumstances surrounding the founding of the

Rural Hall, we cannot form any definite judgment; but if we have correct information the town of Libertyville and surrounding country are fortunate in having a minister who is a worker and a practical teacher of the Gospel. While in the town we walked out in the country several miles on a Sunday to attend church services. It was a hot day. At the end of the services no one seemed to notice the stranger. He was compelled to walk back to town, even though many of those who saw him in the church drove by in large carriages. Our religious enthusiasm was somewhat cooled that day. The incident had been almost forgotten until the reading of the above movement that has been started by Rev. Hinkhouse of the Presbyterian Church. For some weeks we have been collecting information concerning these rural centers, rural lecture courses, etc., and you may hear more of it later. If a mistake has been made in securing biased information it will be unintentional, and you will pardon us.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Uproar in Mexico.

The United States took steps on the 10th to provide protection for Americans and other foreigners and their interests in Mexico. The commander of the North Atlantic fleet was directed to send one battleship to Vera Cruz and another to Tampico. The commander of the Pacific fleet was directed to take his flagship to Mazatlan on the western coast of Mexico, and the protected cruiser Denver was directed to remain at Acapulco. The Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, laid down the following policy:

"Commanders of vessels assigned to Mexican waters will observe conditions and report any attacks upon foreigners and their interests. They will not take sides for or against the forces of Madero or the forces of Diaz."

In consequence of the reports of the fighting on the 11th a conference was held at the White House in the early morning hours of the 12th, and it was determined that three additional battle ships should be sent immediately to the east coast of Mexico, and that orders should be issued at once for placing in commission two army transports for the transport of troops to Mexico City for the protection of the lives of Americans and foreigners should the situation there grow any worse.

Electric Service Table.

A table has recently been put on the market which is of the ordinary library type but is also provided with four or more outlets or plug sockets, inconspicuously placed on the side below the table top. This affords means for connecting up electrical apparatus such as fans, cooking utensils, reading lamps, etc. In an iron box secured to the under side of the top are a meter, main switch, fuses and the necessary wiring. Connection with the lighting main may be made through a steel conduit passing from the iron box through the baseboard to the outside wall of the building. This simple device comprises all the electrical outfit necessary for the electrical comforts of a living-room. By using extension cords a vacuum cleaner may be efficiently employed all over the house.



The International Map of the World.

The International Map of the World, on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, will, when completed eight or ten years hence, cover a total area of about 150 feet by 75 feet, or the surface of a globe 40 feet in diameter. It will consist of about 1,500 sheets, each representing a section of 4 degrees in latitude and 6 in longitude. The first sheet of the

United States portion has just been published by the Geological Survey, in Washington. It is known in the general scheme as "sheet North K 19," but will be more popularly known as the "Boston sheet," and embraces Rhode Island, and portions of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Nova Scotia. It is printed in six colors. Ocean depths and terrestrial altitude are shown by contour lines and graduated tints. It represents the beginning of a more accurate map of the United States than any that now exists.



Ozone for Preserving Meat.

An important improvement in the technique of cold storage has recently been introduced in Germany; viz., the use of ozone as a supplement to the ordinary process of refrigeration. In the cold storage rooms attached to slaughter-houses the temperature of the air is liable to be raised to a serious extent when the doors are left open for any reason; for instance, when meat is being put in or taken out. The micro-organisms of putrefaction immediately become active under such circumstances and the keeping quality of the meat is diminished. Now it is well known that ozone is a powerful germicide. If the air of the cold storage room is ozonized, its temperature may be raised without injury to the contents. This has been proved by numerous experiments, and ozonizing apparatus has now been installed in the abattoirs at Cologne, Potsdam, Brandenburg, Berlin, Düsseldorf, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Freiburg (Silesia), Aix-la-Chapelle, and Erfurt; in a cold storage depot in Hamburg, and in various dairies, poultry and game stores, and fish establishments.



The Progress of Aerology.

Petermanns Mitteilungen publishes an abstract of the presidential address of Prof. Dr. Hergesell at the seventh meeting of the International Commission for Scientific Aeronautics, held in Vienna, May 27th to June 1st, 1912. (This commission, by the way, has a misleading name, as it is not concerned with the navigation of the air, scientific or otherwise, but with meteorological investigations carried on with the aid of kites and balloons.) The president reported that since the commission last met, in 1909, twenty aerological stations had been added to the international reseau, including some countries where no upper-air research had previously been carried on;

viz., the Dutch East Indies, Argentina, Uruguay, Iceland, and Canada. The commission has two observatories under its immediate direction; one on the peak of Teneriffe, and one in Spitzbergen. The former has made observations of the trade and antitrade winds up to an altitude of eleven miles by means of more than 800 ascents of pilot-balloons. The latter is making important researches on the atmospheric circulation around the North Pole, especially in coöperation with various Arctic expeditions.



Micrometer Positions of Halley's Comet.

In the *Astronomical Journal* (No. 19, Vol. XXVII) Prof. E. E. Barnard publishes some micrometer positions of Halley's comet made with the 40-inch telescope of the Yerkes Observatory. Prof. Barnard states that in the last few observations before its final disappearance it was excessively difficult to make the measures, partly because of the poor condition of the sky. Still Prof. Barnard is so accurate and skillful an observer that his data will undoubtedly be accepted by every astronomer. The small field of the 40-inch telescope made it difficult to secure proper comparison stars on observations. Hence it was necessary in many cases to connect the comet with a faint star near it and then to compare this with a known star. The positions of these intermediate stars are given in Prof. Barnard's paper. Prof. Barnard also publishes in the *Astronomical Journal* a few notes made at the time of observation, and promises to publish in a later paper the main mass of notes. "These last give a detailed description of the naked eye appearance of the comet, and I think," Prof. Barnard states, "will be of service to astronomers at future returns of this object. Such information seemed to be sadly lacking in 1910 in connection with the return of 1835."



Resubmission of the woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution of Michigan was agreed to in committee of the whole of the lower house of the Michigan Legislature on the 5th without dissent.

The bill permitting women to practise law in Russia, passed by the Douma last June, was rejected by the Council of the Empire (the upper house of the Russian parliament) on the 6th, by 84 to 66 votes. Liberal public opinion favored the bill, but the older generation of statesmen, headed by the Minister of Justice, opposed any extension of the rights of women.

EDITORIALS

Adaptation.

That's a big word, and it has a meaning that fills it. The person who can adapt himself to whatever changes occur in his circumstances is always master of the situation. Unfavorable conditions come to us all. What shall we do with them? Some say, "Fight them;" others say, "Submit to them." Why do either? Adaptation is the winning word.

For instance, here's a young man who has lost his job by no fault of his own. He seeks work. The only place that opens after fair search is one inferior to that he had previously had and far below his abilities. He does not enjoy the outlook of a descent in work and wages. What is he to do? Shall he fight his circumstances, continuing his vain search; or shall he sit down, fold his hands, and wait for something to turn up? He does neither. He puts his pride in his pocket, accepts the position that offers, and thus adapts himself to the situation. That is the spirit that wins. Paul was a master in the art of self-adaptation, and so could say: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therein to be content."

Letting Her Light Shine in a Factory.

One of the young women who graduated from the Mary Colby School, in Yokohama, found employment in the city, in a factory where electric-light fittings were made. Immediately, but very quietly, it began to be manifest that this girl was very different in motive and character from most of the other girls. She was modest in dress and deportment; she did not spend her time in trivial giggling and gossip about actresses and gowns; she was not given to fits of temper, but steady, patient, punctual at her work, and above all, reliable—she worked just as faithfully whether she was watched or not, and in all these things she never put on any airs of superiority over the other girls. The owner of the factory noticed this girl, and made haste to ask her where and how she learned such things. She told him about her Christian training at the mission school, and the proprietor sent a request to Miss Converse, asking for one of her teachers to come to the factory and instruct the girls. One of the very best of the Japanese teachers was sent, meetings were held in the rooms of the factory, and much good is being done.

A Correspondence Course in Insanity.

Nowadays we have correspondence courses in nearly everything, but it has been reserved for the year 1912 to place before the public a course of weekly lessons preparatory to entering the lunatic asylum. For the small sum of fifty cents a lesson you can learn how to produce effects in your brain which, did they occur involuntarily, would send you running to the nearest psychopathist, but which, coming at your own invitation, are dignified by the name "symptoms of oncoming mediumship." Here are some of the things you must do and the results you must expect: You must sit in a perfectly dark room and imagine yourself issuing through a small hole in the center of your forehead. If you persist, and draw yourself back with a snap often enough, you "will be seized with imperative wishes, desires and impulses, which you cannot but carry out; words will be put into your mouth, which you must utter, visions will come before you which you must describe. You will be driven to perform sudden actions; you may be astonished and even appalled to hear words coming out of your own mouth over which you have no control." You will feel as if covered with cobwebs, will see colors and hear sounds and voices, etc. In short, you will manifest many of the well recognized symptoms of incipient mania.

We do not blame people for wanting to get in touch with the spirit world, but why any one should be willing, in order to attain this desire, to put himself on the level of one of that herd of swine which, acting under similar uncontrollable impulses, ran violently down a steep place into the sea, we cannot comprehend. If self-development means anything, it means greater self-control, not cultivating impulses, or yielding to them; it means the abolishment of illusion, not the deliberate cultivation of hallucinations; it means being master of your thoughts, not sitting with open door, waiting for every absurd influence which may come to you from without, or which may originate in the brain left to its own devices. When your muscles are exhausted, they twitch; when your brain is exhausted, you see sparks and hear voices, but to think that you are getting anywhere because of the sparks and the voices is as rational as to perceive in the twitching muscle the sign that you are becoming an athlete. There is no quicker way of getting a diseased body than by constantly concentrating your attention on your trivial sensations; and quite the same may be said

of a diseased mind. All of these things lead away from physical and mental health, and if those who practise them do not more often end in the madhouse, it is because they develop a relatively harmless monomania.

To offer a correspondence course in drunkenness may seem more pernicious, but it could hardly be more dangerous than to induce people to go through these stunts with the idea that they are developing spiritually.



Farmers' Club Practical.

The Farm and Home says, A well-managed farmers' club is the most helpful, inspiring and useful institution in any community. It does a work with which no other organization can compare, for it leads not only directly to better farming methods, but to a closer social intercourse which is greatly needed in the country.

There are thousands of farmers' clubs scattered throughout the country and generally they act independently of each other. There is no central organization. Each club is organized in accordance with the ideas or whims of its members, but all have the same general aim in view—improving conditions of their homes and the community. Some very successful clubs have been organized for over fifty years and are limited in membership.

There are several of these clubs in the East with a membership of twenty to twenty-five members and their wives. A committee on membership recommends a farmer when there is a vacancy, his name is then forwarded to each member, and at the next meeting a ballot is taken which must be unanimous. This is done to insure the election of those who are likely to prove congenial with the other members, for in such an organization the social features play an important part.

Most farmers' clubs have no limit to their membership, or else their limit is so high that all the farmers of a community can join.



Modern Ills.

A few weeks ago, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, in a sermon said, "How the topics of conversation would be reduced if cooks and cooking were eliminated. Even the perplexities of the wardrobe grow insignificant compared with the perplexities of the larder. Gruesome as are the facts of hunger and pitiable as are the devastations of famine, they are not so gruesome

as are the horrible facts of the over-pandered palate, the enormities of diet, which of course includes drink. Dyspepsia, gout and rheumatism from overfeeding brings more suffering and probably more deaths into the world than starvation.

"Over indulgence is a more tangible blight to the taste than it is to the individual. Its ravages studied as sociological facts are more easily appreciated than its physiological disorders. Civilizations have gone down not through lack of food but through the course of luxury. John Ruskin's great economic contention was that the political economy taught by the schools of his day did not touch the fundamental economic questions because they treated with the science of wealth rather than the science of health—health of body and mind, the requirements of which were good air, good food and good cheer.

"Not the 'high cost of living,' but the cost of high living, is the burden of the poor man and the menace of the state today. Waiving all the physiological questions, the drink and tobacco bills, the money spent for tea and coffee—for the use of which there is scarcely a scientific defense left—in the United States alone, would feed the starvelings of the world, and what is more important, would release for the creative necessities of life vast areas of fertile fields and the energies of uncounted millions of human lives.

"According to the government report, 1,012,800 acres were devoted in 1911 to the production of that abominable weed which first, last and all the time, is a nuisance as well as a poison. And more than the prostituted acres and the exhaustion of human muscle in the production thereof is the blunting of the ethical sense, the narcotizing of the intellectual and social ambitions of the victims, who through the stultifying effects of the cigar lose something of the power of a high zeal for moral ideals and a divine hunger for the spiritual life.

"The causes of the degeneracy of the church are many, but one important cause lies in this stultification, concerning personal habits—a smoking parson has not much of a message to the cigarette smoking youth. 'I'll take what father does,' said the boy at his first banquet. The father in the story was shocked at the boy's remark and said: 'I will take water.' But the father in actual life at the banquet table says: 'Not yet, my boy; wine, whiskey or beer for me, but water for you.' How long will that boy be content with water?

"A college president deplored to me the immense growth of the smoking habit among college students. 'What are you doing about it?' I said. The college president threw up his hands in helpless imbecility and said: 'What can I do about it when three-quarters of my faculty smoke?' How

can a boy feel the academic call to the ministry of religion or any other form of spiritual consecration or ethical earnestness when the campus disintegrates the integrities of his youth, discounts the moralities of the home and makes indulgent the sons of self-denying parents?"

CASH AND CHARACTER

Dr. J. A. Clement, Ph. D.

THOUSANDS of people are money-mad in our present generation. There is great danger of the cash-yard stick becoming the only standard of measurement in most fields of activity. When an individual comes into a new community, it is customary very soon to find out his financial standing. When an individual dies it is quite universal for people to ask what he was worth. Furthermore, far too often even in education the main estimate is in terms of financial returns.

Now it is as natural for human beings to want to own, or to possess something as it is for them to construct objects of beauty and usefulness. Psychologists have written much about the child's tendency to collect things, at first with a very scattering interest and then later with a much more definite purpose. It may be at first that he will gather most anything which happens to suit his childish fancy; such as post cards, postage stamps, pictures, pebbles or pennies. Later, it may be the more orderly gathering of flowers and rocks and insects or birds, better adapted to the pupil of high school grade.

Educationists have frequently recommended that this collecting tendency should be utilized for building up school museums all over the country. It would furnish for the child a vast amount of concrete material for getting accurate and profitable information. It would be a means of employing the leisure moments of the country, as well as of the city children, during the vacation months, which is no small problem among teachers, and parents, and interested citizens.

When accidentally some one sits down on a man's hat, it is usually quite evident that the owner of the hat behaves differently than he does under ordinary circumstances. The longer we own our clothes the more they become a part of ourselves. Our possessions get intimately wrapped up with our experiences and our habits. It is

impossible to separate entirely the dishes and other articles of the household from a woman's life. A dish broken sometimes really breaks up a world of selves providing it has been handed down from generation to generation. It is about as difficult to separate the adult life from its possessions as it is to distinguish the "me" from the "my" in the child life. It is quite natural that the child should go all to pieces with her broken dolly.

Money is but one of the many forms of material things that get woven closely into our moral fabrics. Even the same object however may mean different things to different individuals. A silver dollar though it be of universal weight theoretically is actually very different for different people. For the working man it frequently represents his very life blood. It can not express the same for the child as for the adult. Many men who toil may say with great truth "My money is myself." No man can earn a thousand dollars without changing his character by the process.

It is not the amount of cash that undermines character, it is people's attitude toward it that affects them for weal or woe. It is the too great "love for money" that "is the root of all evil." It consequently becomes "harder for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle." Selfhood and cash can hardly be separated in such complex economic conditions as face us in America today. Capital and labor are all wrapped up in the ins and outs of our money problem. There is great danger that selfish speculation will distort and drag down the larger selfhood which can only grow up when financial gains are made secondary to the strengthening of manhood.

Responsibility for the right use of wealth either earned or inherited is one of the bronze-lasting stepping stones which lead to the development of the fittest sort of ethical and religious structures. And while

"we cannot serve God and Mammon" many people are serving him wholesomely with Mammon. The spendthrift and the miser both represent demolished selfhood. They are but two of the world's personified forms of selfishness. One scatters cash indiscriminately for his own gratification; the other hordes it up, with a craze.

Wall-street standards are wrecking the foundations of many lives. Commercialism of the wildest type is in the air and all about us. Thousands of ambitious young men are fascinated by the whirlpool of so-called success and are unconsciously imitating the patterns set for them in the financial world. Thousands of young men are being blindfolded by the American dollar, and are thus being shut out from other visions which they have a right to see in other worlds than that of mere finance.

Pecuniary success when made the final and only aim of life has dazed many a man. As Jane Addams of Chicago Hull House Settlement reports in her book on "Democracy and Social Ethics," the criteria which are set in the upper classes often filter down through, and these ideals are almost unconsciously followed after by the poorer people. Being herself a charity worker, she says that "success does not ordinarily go, in the minds of the poor, with charity and kindheartedness, but rather with the opposite qualities, 'The rich landlord,' to them, 'is the one who collects with sternness.' . . . 'There are moments of irritation and of real bitterness against him, but there is still admiration because he is rich and successful.'" The fact that most of the property is owned in the poorer districts of the city by rich landlords robs these people of one great moral asset, namely, the right to own property and care for it.

Ownership of property is of large significance both in child life and in adult life. It may almost make or unmake men. To lose or to waste a material fortune means more than to lose so many dollars and cents. It often means mental and moral disorganization. To possess property has been the means of steadying and balancing many an individual. Dr. Ross quotes in his Social Psychology that "the protection and care of a piece of property makes for thoughtfulness and steadiness, and individualizes. One recipe for building character in a boy is to give him a plot and let him keep what he can raise on it. Give him a colt and let him have its growth in value. This property so responsive to care or to neglect is a standing challenge to his self-

control. It admonishes him to look ahead, to plan, to sacrifice, to overrule his impulses to idle, to procrastinate, or to day-dream. The city parent having nothing of this sort he can make over to his boy, is puzzled how he shall make a man of him."

It is strikingly true that a little money invested in behalf of the boy or girl in material things will serve also as the soundest sort of moral capital. To be born in the great agricultural regions of the United States is a greater inheritance than most young people have as yet realized. The disadvantages that are often imagined to obtain in the rural districts are not so great as they are thought to be by young people. For ownership can be more ideally practiced here than in the crowded city.

In common parlance when a young man marries we say he settles down. No doubt much of the rather obvious stability which follows his marriage is due to his new social obligations, but, too, it may also be due in part to the fact that he invests some of his money earned or given to him, in a house in the country or in the city. True, in a sense "the man owns his home, but in a sense his home owns him."

Froebel, the father of the kindergarten movement, wrote long ago of this same principle in another form. Children were early to be given the care of pets and flowers and so create healthy attitudes toward the world about them, and enlarge their own selfhoods. To be responsible for the things which are possessed is valuable both in the lives of men and women.

It is a safe moral maxim that ownership may enrich the owner. It is ethically sound, too, to reiterate that "giving enriches the giver" many fold.

Cræsus is reported to have been a very wealthy ancient personage. It is difficult to tell who possesses the largest sum of money in the world today. It is comparatively easy to decide who the richest man is in the world. It is he who gives most of himself with his possessions for the uplift of mankind.

There are some things money cannot buy. One of them is life, another of them is truth, and another is character. Not even the money on a Titanic ship can buy one of these for any man or woman.

The cash standard has its legitimate place in the business world. But we owe it to ourselves and to our civilization to see to it that it does not crush out at any time the taste for the finer things of life. Images of gold in a developing world can never be substituted for real and true images of God.

Character is too complex to be measured

with a cash yardstick alone. With this verdict science, philosophy, literature, art and religion will readily agree. "Artists, thinkers, writers, scholars, engineers, army and navy officers, and the members of the learned professions steadfastly refuse to rate one another by it and resent its application. It is a great tribute to the Gideons that Bibles fill so many of the hotels of the land. Commercialism has felt the effect.

"Man shall not live by bread alone" is a

truism for all time. "Life is more than meat" and more than money. And whether material riches will save or ruin a man will depend upon how he uses them. Self-control for even one short moment, in the midst of the temptation to possess the whole world, is worth more than the ability to make bread for material sustenance out of stone, for a lifetime. It is true that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

BOYS' CORN SPECIAL TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Lester S. Ivins, Supervisor of Agriculture

AGRICULTURAL experts in Washington were agree that the Buckeye Boys' Corn Special was the greatest excursion from an agricultural standpoint that ever visited the Capital.

This special train was made up of three sections, one starting from Cincinnati, one from Van Wert and one from Toledo. Special cars from Cleveland joined the Van Wert section at Alliance; cars from Akron joined the same section at Orrville; cars from Union City joined the Cincinnati section at Columbus and a car from Washington C. H. joined the same section at Trinway. The three sections came together at Pittsburgh and went to Washington, D. C., as one special train of twelve cars, all of which were modern steel Pullmans.

There were three hundred seventy-two (372) persons in the party. They were organized in ten companies and each company was in charge of one captain and one assistant. One car was assigned to each of the ten captains and all persons in this car were under the direct charge of the same captain the entire time. It was the writer's privilege to serve as captain of the cars leaving Cincinnati on the Cincinnati Section.

The three sections started about 5 P. M.; the Van Wert section reaching Pittsburgh at 11:30 P. M., the Toledo section at 7:45 P. M., and the Cincinnati section at 1:45 A. M. the 17th. There was very little sleeping done the first night because it was the first experience on a sleeping car for about ninety per cent of the party. All were called about 7 A. M. and instructed to get ready for a march to the Fort Pitt Hotel, where breakfast was served at the expense

of the National Stockman and Farmer, a leading farm paper. After breakfast the party was taken to the stock yard and then to the Heinz pickle plant.

The Heinz people gave us an excellent lunch at their plant after we had been shown through all the principal departments. While luncheon was being served the party was entertained with pictures showing the progress made in the development of that great institution. After a photograph was taken of the party in front of the office building we returned to our train.

Leaving Pittsburgh at noon on Tuesday the ride was made over the Alleghany Mountains by daylight. When reaching the famous Horseshoe Bend the entire party left the train and had their pictures taken by Baker, the official photographer. Harrisburg was reached promptly on time and it soon was evident that complete arrangements had been made for entertaining the party. Under police escort the Buckeye Boys marched to the Board of Trade building, where an excellent buffet luncheon was served. After luncheon, our treasurer, Mr. T. P. Riddle, introduced ex-Mayor E. Z. Gross, and J. H. McFarland, president of the Board of Trade, who made brief addresses. Mr. McFarland said he was glad to see a bunch of boy corn growers each of whom was fifty bushels better than a man. Short talks were also made by Vance McCormick and John Begg, of Ohio.

A visit was then made to the Pennsylvania State Capitol—a magnificent structure which cost the Keystone State \$13,000,000 to build and is one of the largest and most gorgeous public buildings in the world. Governor Tener addressed the boys in the

SOME BOY



hall of the House of Representatives, after which he shook hands with each one as they marched through his office.

The party left Harrisburg at 8:30 Tuesday evening and arrived in Washington about midnight. The Winston Hotel was unable to care for all the boys and consequently some were sent to the New Var-num and some to the Metropolitan Hotel.

Wednesday dawned with heavy clouds and some rain. The boys were up early in spite of the lateness of their arrival, and sight-seeing trips were taken about the city in auto buses. Each bus contained a guide who explained each point of interest as it was reached.

Later in the morning a visit was made to the Congressional Library, the most beautiful building in America. Not only is its general arrangement and architectural conception excellent and practical; but also its decoration and especially its interior finish is exquisite in every detail. One picture, Mosaic Minerva, was a special attraction to the boys. It is made up of thousands of small blocks of stone and metals and depicts Minerva, the goddess of vocations,

holding aloft a scroll on which appear the vocations of men. The first name on the scroll is "Agriculture"—the greatest art of construction. The last is "War," the greatest art of destruction.

In the afternoon the party went to the Seventh Street Dock and there were taken aboard the steamer "Charles Macalester," of the Mount Vernon and Marshall Hall Steamboat Company, and started down the Potomac for Mt. Vernon, the home and final resting place of George Washington. The entire party were the guests of the Ohio Farmer, a leading farm paper, on this occasion. On this trip the party met with an experience that had never been enjoyed (?) by anyone going before. As the boat left the dock there was a heavy fog which grew heavier and heavier. The boat has to round up into a narrow channel to get to Mt. Vernon wharf and the fog was so dense that the buoys could not be "picked up." The result was we were "lost at sea" and had to return to Washington and make the trip the next day. While coming back to Washington the boys were gathered on the lower deck astern and had the pleasure of

hearing many good addresses. One was made by Dr. Barker, who is President Taft's physician. His subject was "Personal Cleanliness and Purity."

The program of the afternoon was so full that no time was taken for lunch. They went direct from the dock to the Capitol, where they were addressed by Speaker Clark and ex-Speaker Cannon. Here, too, another new experience was entered upon. The party without ceremony marched right into the hall of the House of Representatives and took the seats of the members of Congress. We are told that never before was there held a meeting in this hall during the session of Congress except by the lower House itself. As the boys left the hall both men shook hands with every member of the party.

The party was then addressed by Senator Pomerene on the rotunda of the Capitol, after which they went direct to the White House. On the way to and from the White House moving pictures were taken for the United States Department of Agriculture. This film will be used all over the United States to encourage boys and girls in the study of agriculture.

President Taft received the entire party in the East Room of the White House, after which photographs were taken on the portico.

Thursday evening the party were guests of the Ohio delegation in Congress at Pole's moving picture house.

Friday was given over to sightseeing, including trips to the Navy Yards, the National Cemetery, Forts Myer and McPherson, witnessing cavalry and artillery drills. Friday night gipsies were packed and the start for home was made.

Saturday provided a new experience for ninety per cent of the party when they ate both breakfast and luncheon on the train that cost somebody one dollar each. The boys said, "My, but this is good; but it takes two bushels of corn to pay for it."

It was a great trip and one that will never be forgotten. Its educational value cannot be overestimated. Its influence for a better agriculture cannot be calculated. It cost over \$20,000 to run the excursion and pay all expenses, but the business men and agricultural societies that put up the money said, "We believe it is better to spend \$20,000 on the boy than \$200,000 on 'dad,' who probably may never change his old way for the new and better methods of farming."

Resolutions were adopted thanking A. P. Sandles and the State Board of Agriculture for inaugurating the excursion. These were signed by a representative of the following institutions and organizations: State Grange, State Normal Schools, State Experiment Station, State Bankers' Association, the Cannery Association, Y. M. C. A.'s, Farmers' Institute men, School Superintendents of Ohio and the Supervisors of Agricultural Education. — Educational Monthly.

COMMENCING YOUNG

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

THE youngest, or one of the youngest, in the profession."

We hear the expression frequently today; more often than ever before. For in every profession, we find younger men and younger women who are graduates in their chosen line of work; who are qualified to fill positions of responsibility and trust.

We have younger doctors, younger lawyers, younger ministers, and in all branches of business life, we find men, comparatively young in years, representing the heads, and management of the firm.

There was a time when youth was considered a drawback to the ones who aspired to good positions. "He must be older. Must have had experience," they said. "He can't know much; he is too young."

But this is changed today. For to be "the youngest" is an honor for which all are striving. It is true in our schools. To be the youngest in the class is considered an honor, which even children in the lower grades are proud to possess.

In the graded schools we find children of seven and eight years in the fourth and fifth grades. Then is it any wonder that they are high school graduates so young?

The speed mania which has attacked the American people has extended even to the child's education, and it is "rush" from start to finish, but it has proven a good plan. The laggard finds no place in the school-room today, for he is soon left behind by the ardent aspirers who are going to be among "the youngest." People who have reached middle life, and are not masters of

some trade, realize, as no others can, the value of commencing young. For while the old maxims, "Never too old to learn," and "Better late than never," are true to-day, as in the past, those who start late in life will admit that they have forever lost their opportunity to be in the front ranks of whatever they intend to follow.

"The youngest," those who commenced young, will fill the foremost rows. And the motto, "Commence young," should be urged upon the children of this and coming generations.

Do not attempt to hold them back, the children, even if you do think they are rushing at school. Remember, times have changed. Let them go. If you were plod-

ding through your fourth reader at the age of twelve, don't think your boy or girl is incapable of finishing it at eight. Your children know more at eight than you did at twelve, for they go faster, just as the automobile which they see flying past their schoolhouse windows outdistances the one-horse buggy which passed your little red schoolhouse on the hill.

Let them finish school quickly. Let them choose their vocation, and be early in the field. If they intend to teach, let them begin as soon as possible. Teaching is usually the beginning, the stepping stone to some other career, and let them commence young. For the "youngest in the profession," is all the rage today, and "all the rage" is what counts in America.

HOW MANY MEALS A DAY SHALL WE EAT?

Dr. J. H. Kellogg

THE arrangement of the meals and the time that should elapse between them, depend in the first place upon the individual, and in the second place on the amount of food he eats. If the digestion is slow longer periods must elapse between the meals, and thus fewer meals will be required; conversely, rapid digestion will demand a shorter interval between meals, and consequently meals closer together. Moreover, some foods digest more quickly than others; therefore, if the food one eats requires a longer time for its digestion a longer time must intervene between meals than would be required if the food digested quickly.

Thus, by regulating the kind and quantity of food we may arrange our meal schedule almost as we choose. For instance, if one takes a tablespoonful of gruel at a time, or fruit juice, say, he can take a spoonful every hour without overworking his stomach; indeed, in some cases, when the stomach is very feeble, this course is necessary. If one had but a half pint of food he would be able to dispose of it every three hours, or in two and a half hours, without any distressing results, but when a square meal is eaten, composed of such indigestible things as Saratoga chips, fried oysters, ham and eggs, griddle cakes, etc., he should wait until the next day before he eats again in order to give the stomach a chance to recruit itself.

As a general thing the length of time between meals ought to be about six hours. The stomach empties itself every four or five hours. To this ought to be added one hour in order to give the stomach a rest. For the stomach is a muscle, like the biceps; this hollow muscle, having muscles running around lengthwise and cornerwise; of these muscles there are three layers, all working together, churning and manipulating the food, for four or five hours at a time, so that it deserves, as I say, at least an hour's rest.

This works out in this way: suppose we have breakfast, say at eight o'clock in the morning. The meal takes five hours for chewing and digesting, which brings us to one o'clock in the afternoon. An hour's rest brings us to two o'clock, the hour for dinner.

The same thing applies to dinner, except that since we eat more heartily for dinner the meal will require a longer time for digestion, with the result that we ought not to eat again before eight o'clock in the evening. After this meal, again four hours should elapse before we retire, for sleep is not sound or restful while gastric digestion is taking place. This gives a retiring hour of midnight. Eight hours' sleep are required and one hour for making the morning toilet, which would bring us to nine o'clock, with the result that each succeeding day would find our meals an hour later, and

we should often be taking our breakfast at midnight.

A meal scheme of this kind would be impossible, on the face of it, and inasmuch as we could not take on any more meals, or bring them closer together, the feasible plan is to omit one meal. As a matter of fact, however, three meals a day are not physiological unless one is careful to regulate the quality and quantity of food, and inasmuch as a wide variety of foods must include many that do not digest rapidly, one is likely to have on his menu foods that would bring three meals a day too close to one another to be hygienic.

The Ideal Plan.

The best of all meal plans is to have breakfast at eight o'clock and dinner from two to four, with no supper whatever unless we take a small amount of fruit or fruit juice. When one accustoms himself to this plan he will find no inconvenience whatever; so far from feeling ill effects, he will, on the contrary, feel himself fit and efficient for his work; his mind will be constantly alert and his body very responsive to his mind.

The fact of the matter is that the world eats too much. There is no doubt whatever that we overtax our digestive organs, and that we eat too much food. Not long since one, becoming interested in the problem, discovered that he had eaten eighty-six wagon loads of food more than his body required in a life time. It is a fact that one eats his own weight every month, twelve times a year, probably a ton altogether. Now, to digest a ton of food a year requires a vast amount of energy, and thus a vast amount of energy is thrown ruthlessly away on food that the body does not want and that it absolutely refuses to use. We hear a great deal about the conservation of natural resources; we hear much about the conservation of human life; but it occurs to few people to deplore the shameless waste of energy involved in excessive over-eating. We squander energy on excessive breakfasts, on dinners and on superfluous suppers, with the result that the average man consumes more energy in digesting his meals than he applies to his daily work.

Where the Business Man Errs.

The trouble with the American business man is not that his work affects him to the point of exhaustion, but that the useless stomach work is leaving him no energy for the duties of life. Every physician is acquainted with the type. Many come here, saying, "I am all run down; I have worked

so hard that I am completely exhausted, absolutely tired out with work," when as a matter of fact it is not his work that is at fault. Sometimes since Doctor Benedict, of Boston, made an interesting experiment. He put an athlete inside a calorimeter—an airtight, oxygen-supplied box inside of which the subject is hermetically sealed so that the carbonic acid gas and heat which he throws off is a measure of the energy produced by the body. At first the athlete was made to work with all his might on a bicycle, his output of energy being measured. Next he was made to loaf, to sit and fold his arms, and it was found that the output of energy was smaller by a very small figure. He was then set to work at intense study in problems of physics, the application covering hours at a stretch; it was found on computation that the output of energy was no greater under excessive mental work than when he loafed, doing nothing at all.

The significance of this experiment is this: the business man really consumes in his work no more energy than the loafer who does not work at all; the sedentary man can sit at his desk and dictate letters, receive callers and do all the work ordinarily connected with office routine, and yet actually consume no more energy than though he sat with his arms folded gazing into space with his mind in vacuo. With the man who is doing hard muscular work the situation is different, but we seldom hear the muscular worker complaining of overwork; the man who actually consumes energy is able to supply all the energy demanded, and keeps himself fit. The sedentary worker, on the other hand, consumes no energy in his labor, yet he constantly complains of fatigue; the trouble, of course, being that the energy which he ought to conserve is consumed by the body in digesting unnecessary food, and in taking care of toxins and poisons introduced into the body by tobacco, alcohol and other substances.



"Oh, thank you," exclaimed an elderly lady to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded car, "thank you very much!"

"That's orl right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the chivalrous laborer added:

"Wot I ses is a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she's pretty, but you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

COUNTRY CHURCH DEPARTMENT

Geo. Frederick Wells

MY father was a master hand at farming or he never would have raised eight boys and their one sister on a rocky hillside farm of one hundred and fifty acres, of which fewer than forty were tillable, and helped each of them to a diploma from the village academy. After preaching a year in a country church at \$7.50 per week, I had \$100 in my pocket ready for college. Three of my brothers were in school; one at a theological seminary, another at the State Agricultural College, and the third in a liberal arts college in Boston.

I did not want to enter college until I knew very definitely what I was to go for, and that year as country pastor working among persons of thirteen religious denominational preferences in a population of four hundred taught me that there was a rural problem—economic, religious, ecclesiastical and social—that demanded solution. For financial reasons it seemed at that time that I could not avail myself of both college and theological seminary training. In the fall of 1899 I entered the State Agricultural College of Vermont, thinking if a trial of a year showed this plan to be unpromising toward the most practical education possible as an aid to getting at once at the heart of the rural problem, a change to a college of liberal arts could be made with but slight difficulty. Having a scientific turn of mind, being somewhat fond of specialization, and knowing that there was a great practical and missionary problem among the byways and hedges of America, pressing for solution, the agricultural course had increasing attraction for me. All the language, philosophy, history, political and social science, and literature that seemed essential and within the reasonable bounds of a four years' course I secured by means of the elective system; and the special sciences which are supposed to develop practical farmers helped me to supplement my experience as a farm boy with the technical and professional spirit and equipment to put me abreast of the best modern farming. Not only so, but the studies pursued gave me training at the objective methods of scientific investigation such as could not have been secured short of the German universities. In the second half of the course, when it was possible to make special studies of rural social conditions in the prep-

aration of essays and theses, I became enthusiastic over the course which had been chosen as a special preparation for the country ministry.

In the spring of 1907, after another year and more of preaching in rural and village churches, to keep practically tested my budding and developing theories of rural improvement, graduation from theological seminary, and some special field studies in both city and country, I settled down to rural pastorate in my native State.

Though that experience was but two years long, due to calls to state and national positions to work at the same country life problems, it enabled me to discover no reason to regret and every reason to be thankful for the special agricultural college education.

In the first place, it was a community pastorate. During my first summer in the rustic corner of Rowland Robinson's Yankee land there came to greet me at a Sunday evening service two Quaker people—quaint and devout costume and speech. One of them remarked: "We would like to worship with thee regularly, but it is against the principles of the Friends to worship with those whose spiritual leader accepts salary."

One night after many meetings together in cottage, schoolhouse and village chapel as that brother and I were returning in the moonlight across the snow-covered pastures from a meeting in which the Holy Spirit led us both, he said: "I have never been in a meeting with thee when I did not see thee have the true purpose to lift up the people, of whatever name, nearer God."

A community pastorate is a people's pastorate. One October Sunday when more than four hundred people were assembled at a religious meeting conducted by the pastor, an occasion which gave evidence of deeper religious and moral interest than the township had probably ever before witnessed, it was clear that it is profitable for the modern country pastor to be given field rather than a hole in which to work.

In the second place, the pastorate was personal experience. Though preaching was not neglected, first emphasis, as should always be in the country, was placed upon pastoral work. Two sisters and five children of one farmer in that community were baptized. It was my privilege to mat-

is older son. This young man and I took one time a week's vacation in New York City. He availed himself of a short course in agriculture at the State University and became the leader to place baseball on a decent community basis. "When I came to church a bit late that first Sunday morning of your pastorate," said the father recently, "and saw you in the pulpit, tall, palefaced, long-fingered, speaking another language than that of 'our folks,' I said to myself, 'at you couldn't mean anything to me. But I began to change my mind after the sermon when I saw you shaking hands with the people, and now you have helped us all to larger, better lives.'" One thousand families calls a year was my rule, and to go to every house and know personally every individual, and this was one of many rewards for such service.

In the third place, the pastorate was marked by some measure of interest in farming. The first Farmers' Institute ever held in the township was the result of a bit of correspondence and a timely suggestion made at a grange meeting. There was never any direct attempt to teach new agricultural methods. One group of farmers asked the pastor to coöperate with them in investigating the best methods of marketing maple sugar. It was a pleasure both in experience and training to converse with the farmers on their own level, always ready to learn than to teach. My chief recreation during the pastorate being mountain climbing, it did not seem necessary to demonstrate with the pitchfork or milk pail that I knew something of farming. I am still a member of the grange, members of which came to church en masse twice yearly for the "grange sermon." A leading farmer in that place, reputed as an infidel when I first met him, promising to attend church if I would

continue as pastor, said that the people could afford to keep the dominie and increase his salary, for the influence he had toward improving farming, even though he preached no sermons and had no prayer meetings for a year.

Those two years, in the fourth place, were a period of laboratory study with rural churches and conditions. The parish was a religious social experiment station. Canvasses of that field were made by the County Department of the Y. M. C. A., the State Sunday-school Association, the New England Sabbath Protective League, and the American Sunday-school Union, but all of those combined furnished no better data than the pastor had at his finger tips in his card index of families and individuals and his social survey of the field. It would require a book to contain the tabulated facts, field notes and photographic descriptions which the pastor carefully wrote for exact comparative study. The article, "The Country Church," was written for the *Cyclopedia of American Agriculture* almost direct from an analysis and classification of country church methods which were tried out in this "intensive farming" of a once decadent and degenerate rural territory. The people were usually glad for the pastor to have a vacation so that they, too, might enjoy a rest from the busy round of church and community service.

I acquired a working Christian philosophy of rural and village community welfare and betterment. It is the basis of writing and teaching for both local and general application. For its development the chief credit is due to the lessons of experience in that country pastorate which were so largely shaped into substantial and abiding form through the influence of four full years at the State Agricultural College of Vermont.—The Expositor.

HOME OBSERVATIONS ON MAL DE MER

Made 1,000 Miles from Land, Oct. 25, 1910, By Galen B. Royer

MAL DE MER is an affliction sometimes experienced on land and quite common among travelers on the "bosom of the briny sea." I have no doubt but if the traveler did get below the bosom the tendencies of the disease would be readily overcome. The disease manifests itself variously.

When the extremities grow cold; when each toe is noticeable as an integral part of the foot; when slight chills or creeping sensations run up and down the spinal column and there is a feeling of restlessness so that no chair, bed or deck is really satisfying; when to practice Fletcherism in eating brings the result that the more one

chews the food the larger the bulk grows in the mouth; when saliva flows freely between meals, cold oily and unbidden, and at meal time there is not enough to moisten the food so that it can be swallowed; when after chewing for a long time an effort is made at swallowing a mouthful and the unpalatable mass goes down like a hard lump and only by means of craning the neck like a chicken with a bone in the throat; when one feels neither well nor sick and declares he is feeling fine when he is not, then such a one is in the "squeamish" stage of *mal de mer*. This stage is not dangerous, though somewhat annoying. It is hard to keep a sweet temper, and one readily quarrels with his roommate. He looks over the rail of the ship into the waters below and feels like jumping into them were it not for the trouble of getting back into the boat. He is regularly at the table, to be sure, wears a sickly smile and says everything is lovely. Really it is, for never was imagination more strongly drawn upon.

The second stage manifests itself somewhat after this manner: A splendid dinner is eaten with the apparent zest of a wood-chopper who has not had an ax in his hand for two weeks and has lost the remains of an old, worn-out appetite. Course after course has been received, minced at, and mostly left in the plate for the waiter to carry away. Afterwards a "dee-lightful" (?) walk on deck, a half-hearted chat with friends, a sly reconnoiter which brings the inflicted one into a remote part of the ship, and over the rail his head goes as he takes an inventory of the soup, fish, beef, turkey, ice cream and fruits he has in time past started down his alimentary canal. The second stage is called vomiting. Its attacks are very sudden at times. The victim may be fairly well, disrobe for bed and in the act of lying down the ship makes such a lurch that the sufferer sticks his head out of his berth instead of laying it on the pillow and the same result follows. It is the consensus of opinion that persons always feel better after this stage has been experienced, and I am sure that if they wait until they get on land, the statement will be fully verified in their own experience.

The third and more dangerous stage is one that often follows the one just described. Nature, not satisfied with one upheaval, makes repeated efforts at emptying an empty stomach, of scraping all the paper off the walls, sweeping down all the cobwebs, wiping off all the furniture and leaving no vestige of food whatever with-

in the now contracted maw. In nature's effort thus to clean house the backbone grows sore on the inside through repeated, overhead plunges of the stomach in trying to force an exit through the throat. The eyes turn red and are swollen. The skin becomes clammy and cold. Great drops of perspiration stand on the pallid forehead. The patient is unable to hold his head and he does not care whether the ship goes up or down. The taste in his mouth is akin to the smell of the socks he has worn over a week and he looks to see if he still has his own on. His clothes hang on his wasted form. He is pale, wan and weary without labor. The sparkle and twinkle of the eye and the brightness of his countenance have left him. He is empty but not hungry and turns from the sight, yea, even the smell of food. This is made mere fully developed. With some it lasts for a day or two. With others as long as they smell the refreshing atmosphere of the salt waters. Indeed, in some persons *mal de mer* is so persistent in its distress that one is led to question whether ocean travel is as healthful as many persons claim it to be.

I have experienced the first and second stages. I have had observation enough of the third to assure me that there is no future in it, even if all the world laughs about it. Rarely does the malady prove fatal, but I have seen faces of those who looked like they wished some fatality would come to save them from their present misery.

The disease in every stage has a remarkable influence over the mind of the sufferer. In many instances it robs him of his otherwise high sense of truthfulness and makes him a great prevaricator. It is most interesting to see one with lips of a death pallor in the squeamish stage declare that he is feeling fine. He is not likely thus to speak during the other stages. But after recovery from the severe attack is made at the victim's feet are securely planted on terra firma again, how quickly he says he never was seasick, but only had a bad attack of gastritis or a severe spell of indigestion which he is sometimes subject to whether he is on land or sea. But due allowance should be made for such prevarication, for it has been noticed that men who otherwise are known for their high sense of honor and truthfulness, have had compunctions of conscience whatever they are making such statements. It is due to the nature of the disease. Like insanity, the victim of *mal de mer* should not be held responsible for his prevarication.

THE STRATAGEM OF SARAH

Ada Van Sickie Baker

Part 2.

THE next morning she was awakened by a tap on her door and hastily dressing, she went into the kitchen, which looked even worse, now that

the light of day revealed it more fully. Her stepmother advanced to meet her. "Well, I'm some better," she said, "but your father came home sick last night. Oh, it just comes from him spreeing," she added hastily as she saw the quick look of alarm on Sarah's face. "But he wants to see you now, to keep up your heart an' don't be afraid of him."

Afraid of her father! Sarah gulped down a hard lump in her throat as she quietly followed her stepmother. At last she saw him, but for a moment she again believed she was dreaming. That this bleary-eyed, red-faced man could be her father seemed superstitious. He was holding out his hand, and she took it.

"Well, Sarah" (she was thankful he, too, did not call her Sally), "you have come home, my girl, but it's a poor place for a girl like you. Maybe you can do something with the house, the old woman there is always ailin' and can't seem to keep things together."

There was a flash of resentment in Sarah's eyes and she nearly responded that it would be hard to keep things together for nothing, but she held her tongue and answered that "she would do her part."

"There, that sounds more like it, and here's a dollar to get something decent for dinner," said the father. Then he arose and said he must be going.

"You will be sure to be home for dinner?" Sarah asked tremulously.

"Yes, if you can cook anything a fellow can eat," replied the man.

"Oh, I can cook. Auntie Reynolds was a house cook, and she taught me. There will be a good, substantial dinner ready for you when you come."

"Well, that sounds more like business than anything I have heard for many a year."

He shuffled off, and Sarah wondered if he would return for dinner, as he had said. She turned and encountered her stepmother's eyes.

"That does beat all. Did he really give you a dollar and you never asked for a cent?"

"He did," replied Sarah. "Is that anything unusual?"

"My, yes! He never gives me money unless I fairly raise the roof."

Here was a new problem to face. But Sarah resolved to do her best with the dinner and perhaps—if she stayed—dollars would find their way into the needy home more freely in the future.

That morning was a memorable one for the girl. She donned a serviceable gingham dress, and with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, began an introductory housecleaning. She felt it was not time to give it a thorough cleaning—that must wait till later, but she could make a good start at it and prepare a savory dinner, too. On that dinner depended a good deal, and Sarah knew it.

How the morning hours flew! Sarah scurried hither and thither and when the noon whistles blew, an appetizing dinner sent out delicious whiffs from the shining dishes that had been carefully polished. There was no table-cloth, to be sure, but the table oil-cloth had been thoroughly cleansed and the table beneath scrubbed until the pine boards were spotlessly white. When John Groves appeared in the door and regarded the dinner, also the general transformation that had taken place, his face beamed with pleasure, as he said:

"You are a smart girl, Sarah." Homely enough words, but Sarah felt grateful for them.

Things went on pleasantly for about two weeks, then John Groves came home under the influence of liquor. All of Sarah's hopes fell with a thud, while her mother gloomily said: "It's no more'n I expected, though I did think maybe he would hold up straight a little while. When you have tried, and have him fail you for a few times, you will give up, too."

The words struck Sarah forcibly. Here she had been disappointed but once and was almost discouraged. She would try harder than ever and get the mother interested also. They would try for Bill, too. He was not really evil yet; just beginning a life that would be wrecked some time, if he was not brought to a realization of his danger. She looked out of the window and saw Bill slowly advancing toward the house. Bill was never in a hurry; and he now ap-

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THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN AND THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

Richard Braunstein.

Text:—"And all ye are brethren. For one is your Father which is in heaven."

If anyone looks into modern life in a broad way and compares it with the ancient world he will discover that great progress has been made in art and science, also that a radical change of spirit has taken place. This change was from egoism to altruism, from selfishness to brotherhood. The dominant chord touched upon in the ancient world was individualism. Kings marched to their thrones through seas of blood. Then the world knew only two classes—the conquerors and the conquered, the freemen and the slaves. Times have changed. Today the movement is toward union in spirit and fraternity in men's attitude toward one another. The motto of the ancient world was, "Might makes right." The modern spirit says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Selfishness dictates, "Everyone for himself." True brotherhood teaches, "Each for all and all for each. Formerly it was said, "Divide and conquer." Now we are hearing, "United we stand, divided we fall." Individualism insists on blue blood. Brotherhood claims that we are all common clay.

The brotherhood is opposed to that spirit of hatred and distrust which believes that every man is inherently and incurably crooked, unless he proves himself straight. This fraternal spirit of brotherhood with a hopeful optimism throws the mantle of charity upon men's faults and foibles and believes that there is a divinity in man that cannot be eradicated. Brotherhood teaches that "we should write a brother's faults in the sand of the seashore where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, but we should engrave his virtues in the enduring granite of a grateful memory." Is this not also in the spirit of him, the Divine Elder Brother who said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy, but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

True brotherhood tries to serve the whole man. It believes not only in individual charity, but also in organized philanthropy. It plants its feet on the solid earth while its head swims in the clouds above. It sees a vision on the heights and then descends to the valley below where men are, and live, suffer, struggle, toil and bear burdens. It harasses the vision to the task and goes about doing good, keeping the world to live better here and giving it a new song for the long way, a new hope and an impetus and desire to live the abundant life to come. It has little patience with that transcendental pietism of the day-dreamer who can not see Lazarus at the gate, or is it in sympathy with that spirit which makes men hurry to a convention up in Jerusalem without seeing the bleeding brother on the wayside? We must realize that it is hard to put religion into the soul of a hungry man. There are many occasions when the proper care of the body will prove a John the Baptist preparing the way for the Great Physician of the soul. Brotherhood has its chief quality and finds its function in the fact that life consists in ministering and not in being ministered unto.

Now in order to carry out such an extensive program, a motive power is needed. This power is found in the second part of our text: "The Fatherhood of God." Because he is our father, all we are brethren. No other motive is sufficient to carry us through where sentiment of humanitarianism is not sufficient to accomplish the great work of brotherhood. The ancients failed to realize the "Brotherhood of Man" because they knew not the "Fatherhood of God." No one sees in the outcast and sinner, the lineaments of his brother, until through Jesus he sees God the Father. The ancients' gods were cruel, vengeful and unfeeling. Unless men have seen the love of God as manifested in Jesus, they are not sympathetic and are prone to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Jesus was sent into the world to teach men the Fatherhood, love, mercy and great heart of God.

We are continually swinging around the circumference of our relationships. God the Father, Jesus his Son and our Elder Brother are at the center of the circle. It is only by coming to the center that we draw near to one another. The closer we get to God the nearer we get to each other. Without the element of personal righteousness

ness in our human relationships we lack the inner cementing power. Materialistic socialism is not going to realize the true principle of Brotherhood. Its fundamental creed may be, "We are all brethren." But in its reconstruction of society there is the danger, that instead of raising the submerged classes up it will be pulling the privileged classes down. Acting by the motive power of altruistic sentiment one may feel kindly not only toward his near and dear ones and his neighbors, but also toward the members of his own race and nation. Brotherhood is a larger word than patriotism. Jesus Christ came to save not alone his own race, but his was a mission to the world. If we recognize and worship God as our Father and accept Jesus as the Savior of the world, we must, to be consistent, recognize the Ethiopian and the yellow man as our brother. Are they my brothers? Not unless the Lord change their skins or my heart. Very well. The latter process is possible and more feasible and the more satisfactory solution of this problem.

When we come to acknowledge that we are all members of one household and that our final citizenship is in heaven and that we are under the government of one universal Father, we will need no artificial devices to reduce all the inequalities of life to a dead level of uniformity.

All men are subject to the Father's love and have been included in the redemptive purpose. The cross of Jesus destroys barriers and reveals men to one another as brothers. Because of this cross men and women are going across the sea and taking their stand for Christ on the fringes of the world and outskirts of civilization. Here at home, men and women are fording streams, climbing mountains, crossing broad plains and preaching the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. What makes them do it? The spirit of Brotherhood, the Christ tincture in their lives. They see things by the light of the cross and inspired by its immortal theme they are filled with the missionary spirit and are ever on the move in search of the lost sheep. "The cross is our message, our inspiration, our Gospel, the world's unfailing hope and a far but faint hint of the glory which shall be revealed in the earth when the love which was in Jesus Christ shall bind all men in a universal and enduring Brotherhood."

It was a stroke of divine genius and omniscience that gave this theme to the congregation of the world. It is the fruit of a

high moment of inspiration. These facts, "man's relationship to his fellow beings and God's relationship unto us all," are the twin lights that illumine the dark places of this life.

There is a prophetic word in Isaiah which is becoming truer every day we live. "They helped everyone his neighbor and everyone said to his brother, Be of good courage." This is akin to the Golden Rule, and so far as we measure our ideals by this rule, then are we striving for the realization of the Golden Age when the spirit of Christ shall reign and men shall sing:

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, West, North and South, let the long quarrel cease.

Sing the song of great joy the angels began.
Sing of glory to God and good will to man!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun,

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
And speech flow to music, all hearts, beat as one."

Let us therefore give free play to all the instincts that are awakened in us by the ideas which this theme involves, and in this as well as all things worth while, may God keep us!



THE STRATAGEM OF SARAH.

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peared to have more time on his hands than he knew what to do with. Sarah went to the door to meet him.

"Bill," said she, "I've thought out a plan. I could not get it out of my head all last night and it is something I believe will work if you will help me. I can't do it alone, but you are strong and capable and I am sure it will be a success with your help."

Bill had never been appealed to before and his face betokened surprise and gratification. Sarah was a neat, pretty little sister—one that any fellow might be proud of, and he was pleased that she had not "turned him down," to use his own words.

"What's your plan?" he asked, all attention.

"Well, it's this. You know that front room, Bill, it is just standing there useless—not even filled with furniture. It is right in the front and close to the street. Now I propose to clean it and fix it attractively and put in a few refreshments for sale—just lemonade and ice cream and such things in summer and hot soups in winter

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

RECIPES.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

Egg Biscuit: Sift together a quart of dry flour and three heaping teaspoons of baking powder. Rub into this thoroughly a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add three of the yolks (left over from the cake), or two eggs well beaten, a tablespoon of sugar and a teaspoon of salt. Mix all together into a soft dough with one cup of milk. Roll out one-half an inch thick. Cut into biscuits and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

English Peach Pie: Line a deep pie plate with a rich pie crust and bake until done. Peel and chop some peaches, sprinkling over powdered sugar to taste. Fill the pie with these and bake until they are tender. Whip one cup of heavy cream with a little pulverized sugar, flavoring with vanilla. Spread the cream high over the pie, which should be chilled before the cream is added, and serve cold.

Wild Rose Salad: Allow a good sized tomato (not too ripe) for each individual; scald, peel and put in refrigerator to get cool. Hold tomato in palm with stem end down and carefully carve from the top down to make eight petals; remove seeds and soft part and place each on bed of crisp lettuce leaves; drop a spoonful of mayonnaise in the center of each and serve French dressing separately.

Mock Ice: Dissolve a little gelatine in some milk, put in a pint of fruit which has been rubbed through a sieve, add one-half pint of cream and a little sugar. Put cream in mould till set. Cover with chopped nuts.

Mock Crab Toast: Melt a tablespoon of butter in the blazer, turning out to butter surface. Put in half a pound of mild cheese, grated, and stir until the cheese is melted; then add the yolks of three eggs beaten and diluted with a tablespoon of sauce, a teaspoon of made mustard, two tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar and one-fourth teaspoon of paprika. Stir until smooth. Serve on untoasted side of bread, while other side is toasted.

Floating Island: Beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately. Add to the whites two tablespoons of sugar, beat to a stiff froth and flavor with vanilla. Take one quart of milk and let it come to a boil, then drop in enough of the beaten whites to

make the size of an egg. When done, skin them out and lay them on a platter. Add to the boiling milk the beaten yolks and one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk, and sugar to sweeten. Flavor with lemon or orange. When cold, put in dish, slide islands on top.

Whips: One quart of cream, one pint of milk, two lemons, the peel of one grated, vanilla to taste and sugar. Whip until stiff and fill glasses.

Charlotte Russe with Whipped Cream: Soak one-half box of gelatine in a very little water for twenty minutes, add three quarters of a cup of pulverized sugar, one tablespoonful of vanilla. Pour enough boiling water to make a cupful and strain. Stir into whipped cream and pour into a dish lined with sponge cake.

Cream Waffles: One pint of sour cream, two eggs, one pint of flour, one tablespoon of cornmeal, one teaspoon of soda and one half teaspoon of salt. Beat the eggs separately; mix the cream with beaten yolks, stir in the flour, cornmeal and salt. Add the soda dissolved in a little sweet milk and lastly the whites beaten to a stiff froth.

Cream Cheese: Melt an ounce of butter and whisk into a pint of boiled milk. Dissolve two tablespoons of flour in a gill of cold milk, add to it the boiled milk and let cool. Beat the yolks of four eggs with heaping teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of pepper and five ounces of grated cheese. Whip the whites of the eggs and add them. Pour the mixture into a deep tin lined with buttered paper and allow for the rising, say four inches. Bake twenty minutes. Serve the moment it leaves the oven.

Whipped Cream Chocolate Pudding: Two eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately; two heaping tablespoons of chocolate dissolved in one pint of milk (scalded), three tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water, yolks of eggs, sugar and salt, stirred together. Beat whites and add last. Serve with whipped cream.

Dessert Dishes.

Apple Snow: Take six tart apples, stew as for sauce, add a piece of butter, one-half the size of an egg, one-half cup of sugar and two well beaten whites of eggs. Flavor with vanilla. Serve with whipped cream.

Apple Fritters: Make a batter of one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon of sugar, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder. Chop four good tart apples and mix in the batter and fry in hot lard. It is nice served with maple syrup.

Date Pie: Stew one pound of dates one hour in a little water. Heat one quart of milk, pouring one-half on sifted dates and the rest through a colander. Add two eggs, one spoonful of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake with one crust.

Apple Salad: Core and pare six large apples and cut into small pieces; chop three heads of celery rather fine and mix with apples; then add half a pint of walnuts broken into pieces. Mix all together with mayonnaise sauce. Serve on lettuce leaves. Prepare just before ready to serve.

Orange Pie: Yolks of three eggs, three-fourths cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, juice and rind of one orange, juice and rind of one lemon and a little nutmeg. Beat butter and sugar together, add yolks of eggs, and add orange and lemon, pastry in bottom of plate. Bake and when done add whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put in oven to brown slightly.

Steamed Pineapple Pudding: One pint of pineapple, one cup of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Sweeten juice of pineapple with three-fourths cup of sugar and let boil five minutes, then cool. Mix flour, baking powder, salt, butter and chopped pineapple; moisten with pineapple juice until of the proper consistency to mould. Put in buttered napkin and steam rapidly about one-half hour. Serve with pineapple syrup and whipped cream.

Lemon Pudding: Boil one quart of milk with two cups of bread crumbs; let cool, then add yolks of two eggs beaten light, one cup of sugar, a little salt and grated rind of one lemon. Bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. For the sauce, use the beaten whites of eggs, sugar and lemon juice to taste.

Coffee Souffle: Mix one and a half cups of coffee, one tablespoon of any kind of granulated gelatine, one-third cup of sugar and one-half cup of milk. Heat in double boiler. Add yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, mixed with one-third cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Cook until mixture thickens, then add whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Mold, chill and serve with cream.

THE STRATAGEM OF SARAH.

(Continued from Page 217.)

and also serve little lunches—inexpensive ones, that a man could get for a dime. We could clear a little above our expenses, and Bill, it would save many a man from the 'Happy Corner Saloon,' just beyond."

"I haven't got but four dollars," said Bill.

"Well, I just have a ten that Auntie Reynolds gave me, but Bill, we could make a beginning with that much."

Bill grew enthusiastic over the idea and industriously applied himself to making a counter which Sarah stained a rich cherry color. The floor was scrubbed until it was spotless and the windows were draped with inexpensive Swiss curtains.

Out in the kitchen Sarah's cheeks grew pink as she turned out several pans of crisp cookies and flaky buns. A great platter of golden doughnuts announced they were ready for business. These she carried in and proudly displayed, while Bill sliced boiled ham for sandwiches and dispensed hot coffee to a wondering crowd.

The news of the "new eating-house" spread like wild-fire and the two were kept busy. Bill took great pride in acting the business man before his old cronies, while Sarah secretly rejoiced that he seemed to have lost interest in his old haunts.

But the fact that made her heart sing for joy and gave her strength to endure, when finally the business expanded till it kept the two young people busy from morning till night, was that her father grew ashamed of the life he was leading and one day announced, "If the two young ones were to become such famous business folks, he was going to do his part by at least conducting himself in a creditable manner," and he made his word good.

Today, on that same location, stands a large short order house. Appétizing lunches are served at small cost. Hot coffee is dispensed in good quantities at a small sum and the elderly gentleman, one of the proprietors, gives many kindly words of advice to those who waver between his hot coffee and the sparkling decanters displayed across the street in the "Happy Corner Saloon."

But upon the two young people, Bill—now William, and Sarah, falls the main business responsibility. They are equal to it, however, for Sarah is a happy, wholesome young lady and William a great, stalwart fellow, whose ringing laugh is free from care and whose steady hand never lifts anything stronger than his famous coffee or delicious lemonade to his lips.

-:- RECENT BOOKS -:-

EIN SOMMER IN DEUTSCHLAND.

"Ein Sommer in Deutschland," by Edward Manley, is modeled on an idea not altogether new. It is that of a trip through the country of which the language is being studied. The value of this book lies in the excellent manner in which the idea has been carried out. The account of the trip is written in an interesting, smooth style and varied by the frequent use of dialogue. Besides the ordinary experiences of travel in the arrival and landing and going to the hotel, there is an instructive account of the places visited which include Bremen, Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig and Heidelberg, together with the description down the Rhine. An additional interest is added by a free use of good illustrations. There are also reproduced a number of German songs. "Ein Sommer in Deutschland," published by Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago and New York.



A MAN IN THE MAKING.

"A Man in the Making," by Harry W. Jones, deals with the life of a boy in his formative years when the impulses within him are striving for supremacy, when he is endeavoring to make them the ruling guide of his life. The scene is laid in the small country town in Illinois, and the hero, Ben Tomkins, is a real boy in every sense of the word. He is controlled by the simple loves, faiths and superstitious ideals of the average boy of thirteen. While on a fishing trip to Dutch Island with two of his companions, unknown to his parents, his father's store is robbed. The boys are unable to return at night, as they had planned. In consequence of several incidents, the disgrace of the affair settles upon Ben, and it is a crushing blow which is thus dealt him, as it strikes hard at all of his pent-up emotions, qualities of mind which are ready to leap forth and make a man of this simple boy or to drag him into a life of shame. In the struggle to vindicate himself, Ben comes out victorious and proves that he is not a thief and shows who the real culprit is. "A Man in the Making," by Harry W. Jones, published by Crane & Company, Topeka, Kans. Price \$1.35; postage 13 cents.



ANDREW THE GLAD.

"Andrew the Glad," by Maria Thompson

Daviess, author of "The Melting of Molly," is an interesting story filled with humor and carrying through it an easy ripple of laughter. It is a romance, pure and simple. It has its background in the Mason and Dixon story, and contains a double life story of two charming girls, Phoebe Donelson and Caroline Darrah Brown, and two manly young men, David Kildare and Andrew Sevier. Between Phoebe and his happiness stand the girl's natural coquetry and the desire to have Dave do something with his life and talent. A tragic story of the past holds Andrew and Caroline apart for a long while, but everything comes out right in the end. The characterization is good, and the entire work is full of interest. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. Price \$1.30.



MY LITTLE SISTER.

"My Little Sister," by Elizabeth Robins is a story which aroused considerable interest in its abbreviated form when it was published in McClure's Magazine. Now that it has been prepared in this complete book form by Dodd, Mead & Company, it will be read by thousands more. It is a story of intense but harrowing interest. The author wrote it with deep feeling and the emotion is transmitted to the reader with artistic skill. Miss Robins was born in Louisville, Ky., and first came into prominence by her successful rendition of Ibsen's characters. Miss Robins' most noteworthy productions were "The Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me," but she is most likely to be known hereafter as the author of "My Little Sister." She lives in England but has an orange grove in Florida where she sometimes spends her winters. She is a sister of Raymond Walters, a well known settlement worker in Chicago and a prominent leader in the Men and Religion Forward Movement. "My Little Sister" is published by Dodd, Mead & Company. Price \$1.25.



STANDARD PAPER BAG COOKERY.

During recent months much has been written about the Standard Paper Bag Cookery and many successful cooks who have never tried it have been curious to know whether or not it will be a successful method. To the stand-patters a new cook book will mean nothing, but to those who are ever on the alert looking for some new possibilities, the little book on "Standard Paper Bag Cookery," by Emma Paddock Telford, household editor of the Delineator,

tor, will be welcomed with much pleasure. This little cook book is conveniently arranged and detailed explanations are given for those who wish to acquaint themselves with Paper Bag Cookery. The book is filled with recipes, all of which have been successfully tried by this method. It contains 160 pages. Is neatly bound in oil-cloth. Published by the Cupples & Leon Company, 443-449 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

A PARABLE.

It happened once that a man ran past Socrates armed with an ax. He was in pursuit of another who was running from him at full speed.

"Stop him! Stop him!" he cried.

Plato's master did not move.

"What!" cried the man with the axe—could'st thou not have barred his way? He is an assassin!"

"An assassin? What meanest thou?"

"Play not the idiot! An assassin is a man who kills."

"A butcher, then?"

"Old fool! A man who kills another man."

"To be sure! A soldier."

"Dolt! A man who kills another man in time of peace."

"I see—the executioner."

"Thou ass! A man who kills another in his home."

"Exactly. A physician."

Upon which the man with the axe fled—and is running still.—La Terre.



In Detroit they tell of a young man who, although he made a great deal of money, was always in debt, because of his extravagance. Not long ago, however, he wooed and won a young woman of great wealth, and immediately things took on a roseate hue.

During the honeymoon the bride ventured to ask hubby whether the fact that he had money made any difference to him.

"To be sure it does, my love," was the unexpected response.

Whereupon wifey was a bit alarmed. "What difference?" she asked.

"Why, darling," continued the husband, "it is such a comfort to know that if I should die you'd be provided for."

"And if I should die?" added the bride.

"Then darling," was the reply, "I'd be provided for."—Lippincott's.

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THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR.

"Monkey sees, monkey does." Ain't it a good thing that everybody acts different



from everybody else? They used to wear boots when I was a little kid, and a bedroom had to have a bootjack as much as a mattress or a water pitcher. Some guy got to paradin' round in cold weather with congress gaiters on, and the whole population threw their bootjacks to the tomcats. Now every mother's son of 'em wears shoes. I ain't talking about styles. The storekeepers change them to work off a lot o' stuff they can't sell. I can't remember

hoopskirts, but I can bustles. The woman went chargin' around with a big rat trap under the back of her dress. She looked like a yard engine goin' the wrong way. Then some wise girl got tired o' carryin' them bird cages, and she came out with nothing in her clothes but herself. And then the bustle trust went up in the air. But I ain't talkin' about styles. Look at them handkerchiefs stickin' out of every dude's front pocket. It's a sure sign he knows enough to keep his nose clean. And every fellow wears his watch chain hangin' on his coat front because he sees other fellows doin' it. Lizzie told me to quit pickin' my teeth on the sidewalk. She says people don't do that any more. They don't drink their coffee out of their saucer, neither, she says. Nobody dares eat his ice cream before he eats his soup, just because we're all copy-cats. Every house you go in has got a parlor and every fellow's hat's got a bow on the left hand side. Every corporation is a \$1,000,000 one, 'cause it ain't respectable not to. Every city is chopped up into square blocks just because every other city is chopped square. Now every little town wants a skyscraper and every church tries to look like the churches used to look. It's "monkey sees, monkey does" all the time.

Crowd up to the front! Get away from the door, please!

Come on; step lively.

Watch your step!—The Evening News.

THE INGLENOOK

PROGRESS

INDUSTRY

ECONOMY

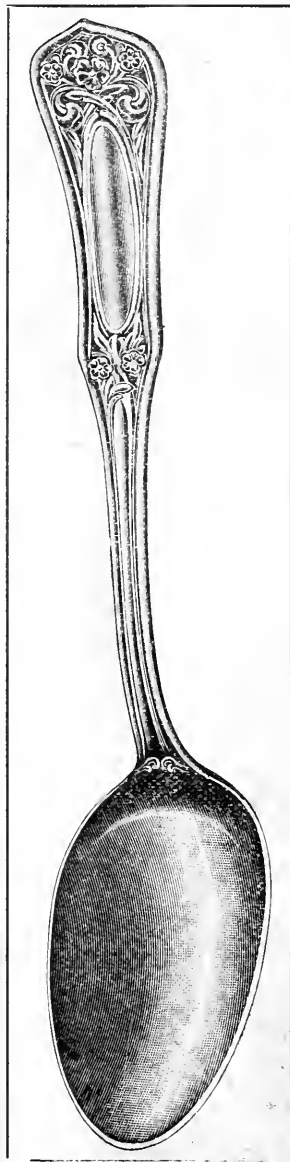


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

March 4
1913

Vol. XV
No. 9

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

You have been receiving the Inglenook for some time, and it is needless for us to go into detail concerning its contents. We will endeavor to keep it up to its present high standard, and hope in some ways we may be able to improve it. We are continually looking for the best that can be gotten for our readers.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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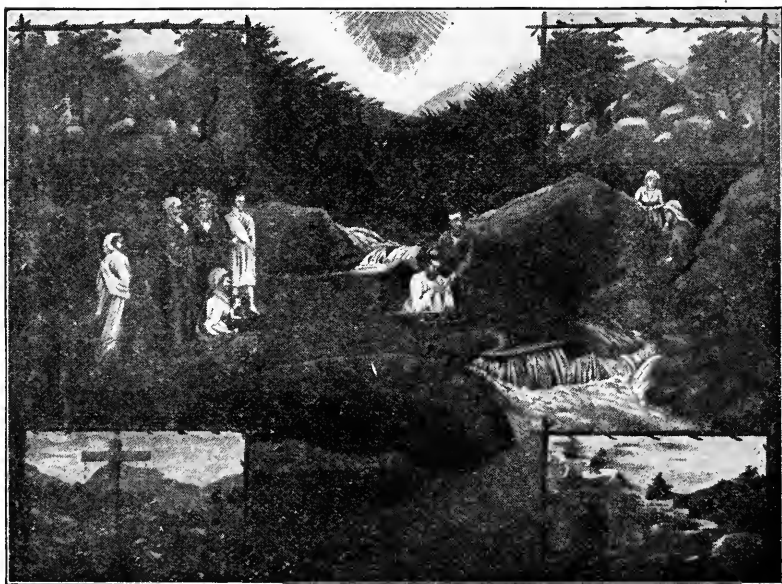
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THE GREAT COMMISSION

A FINE picture, 18x24 inches, the principal part of it representing a baptismal scene. The applicant is kneeling in a stream of running water, the administrator standing beside him, ready to begin the sacred rite. On either side are men, women and children witnessing the performance. In each of the four corners of the main picture is a smaller one (7x3½) representing respectively the blood-stained cross, Mary Magdalene on her early run to the tomb, the women returning, each on their way to report to the disciples the empty tomb, and the door of the



tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

Price, single picture,	50c
Three pictures,	\$1.00

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

March 4, 1913

No. 9.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Dr. Herman M. Biggs.

Better Health Laws for New York.

ONE of the most important acts of Gov. Sulzer upon entering on the duties of his office was the appointment of a commission of eight to inquire into the health conditions of the State and to formulate better laws and regulations than now exist. The commission was to have reported by Feb. 15, and it was also asked to make what recommendations it saw fit concerning the management of the State Department of Health.

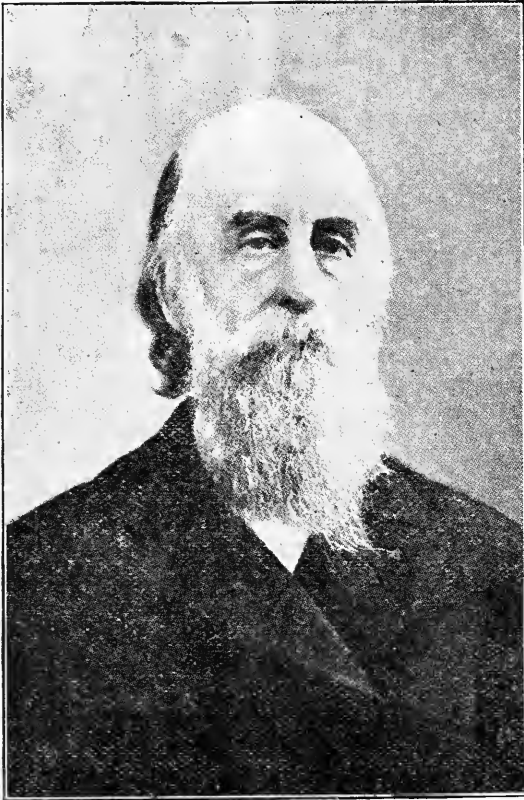
The chairman of this commission is Dr. Herman M. Biggs, a medical officer of the New York City Department of Health and also a member of the board of directors of the Rockefeller Institute. For secretary of

the commission Homer Folks was chosen. Mr. Folks is a well-known authority on social work and has been secretary of the State Charities Aid Association. His assistant, Mr. John A. Kingsbury, has had charge of a tuberculosis campaign in the State of New York. The other five members of the commission are specialists in some line of medicine or charity work.

In this connection it may be interesting to know something about the health situation of the State. A large share of the population, you know, is in New York City,



Homer Folks.



Lyman Abbott.

where many large and unsanitary tenements yet exist even though the building regulations have been improved from time to time. In the year 1911 there were 145,538 deaths in the State. According to statistics the most important causes of death are:

Pulmonary tuberculosis	14,179
Other forms of tuberculosis	2,339
Diphtheria	1,921
Typhoid fever	1,310
Scarlet fever	1,147
Measles,	977
Whooping cough	816

To seek means for the reduction of the number of deaths resulting from the so-called children's diseases will be one of the duties of the commission. These items in death statistics are being watched more carefully everywhere than they used to be. The time will come when measles and whooping-cough will be quarantined as strictly as smallpox.

The Spirit of Service.

Many of the Inglenook readers may have noticed an article in the February Ladies'

Home Journal by Lyman Abbott under the heading "My Fifty Years as a Minister," in which the problem of church attendance and administration is discussed. In this department of the Inglenook we are not so much concerned about the church as a church as we are with that part of church work which has to do with general social advancement. This is mentioned so that what follows will not be misunderstood.

The theme of Dr. Abbott is not how to get the people to come to the church, but how to bring the church to the people. You have heard it, and so have I, that all the church has to do is to see that the pure Gospel is preached and that all have an opportunity to come to service. And then you have heard the statement that the only results of church work which actually count are those that ultimately lead to accessions. No matter how much good you may do in the neighborhood, some will say that you have done nothing worthy of merit unless you have at the same time increased the church membership. Such a theory is just as fallacious as the statement that there is no use in planting any fruit trees this spring because no fruit will grow on them anyhow during the summer. Yes, no fruit will be found on the trees this summer, nor next summer, nor will there ever be any unless the trees are cared for, sprayed and pruned. The planter is not the only one responsible for the crop. We can do good in the neighborhood even though we do not increase the church membership by a single individual, but our labors will make it easier for some one else to reap the harvest—and get the credit. That underlies all genuine social work. A thoughtful religious and social worker has his eyes on the future as well as on the present.

We are going to quote a little from Dr. Abbott. He says: "When the church has been filled with the spirit of love, service and sacrifice; when it has forgotten itself and thought only of those who need its ministry; when in the spirit of self-forgetfulness it has rendered to the world a true life-saving service; when it has used its wealth, its buildings, its rites and ceremonies, its creeds and doctrines, as means for helping men to a higher and happier life, a life of helpfulness to each other and of companionship with the Father; when its question has been, not 'How shall we

et the people to the church?' but 'How shall we get Christ to the people?' it has never failed to reach them." In discussing the problem Dr. Abbott refers to several churches that were dying spiritually until they undertook some kind of missionary work in which to interest the members. When they tried to get the people to the church their congregations were small, but as soon as they tried to get the church to the people interest and congregations grew. It is the spirit of helpfulness and service that is putting life into more than one community today.

Further in the article Dr. Abbott says: If the church confines itself to the teaching of the pure Word of God and the administration of the sacraments it need not expect great congregations. Everyone ought to be interested in the preaching of the pure Word and the administration of the sacraments, but every one is not so interested. But nearly every one is interested in lending some real help to the neighbor who is in trouble." Dr. Abbott means that the mere teaching of the Word is not sufficient. You know Paul says: "Faith without works is dead." As a rule the world judges by works and not by confession. That is why social work has grown enormously outside of the church today. The church of the future will be at the head of all fundamental reforms and lead in constructive betterment of the people.

Lyman Abbott does not mean that each church should become institutional. "The question, How can we get people to come to church? does not greatly interest me. The question, How can we get the church to go to the people? interests me very much. That was the problem that interested the Master. That, too, was the problem I gave to his followers to solve. We cannot solve it by any mere change in methods by stereopticon shows, theatrical advertisements, sensational sermons, processions with life and drum accompaniment, or rich vestments and exquisite music. Gregorian

or operatic. We can do it only as the church is filled with the spirit of the Master, the spirit of his sermon at Nazareth, the spirit of love, service and sacrifice."

Dr. Abbott's articles in the Journal are valuable since they come from an experienced pulpit minister. One of his most responsible steps in life was when he accepted the call of the Plymouth church in New York City on the death of Beecher.

In this article we are not trying to leave the impression that the church, as a church, should undertake to run every enterprise of the community; but it can give the inspiration and that is what we are trying to get at. If an enterprise is doing a good to the community it should have the support of the church. There are many things in which good people ought to be interested. Clean government, good schools, homes of culture, mental development, neighborly spirit, cooperative enterprises such as telephone companies and improved mail service, sanitary conditions of labor in factories, living wages, protection of working girls in both city and country, sanitation, prevention of disease, care of the insane and their relief, care of the degenerate and dependent, clean sexual life, marriage regulations and like problems are things that all Christians should be interested in so far as their abilities and environment permit. And on the shoulders of the minister rests much of the responsibility of presenting these problems to his congregation. Those problems have to do with making the world better, and a general attack along the whole line will make the work of adding to the church membership much easier. Real social advance cannot be independent of the church, because both are founded on the same rock.

We hope the readers will pardon the lengthy article. You will, I know, if we promise to do better the next time. The subject is of such importance that it deserves a few minutes' thought. We have tried to help you think rather than dictate.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Government by Assassination.

Francisco I. Madero and Jose Pino Suarez, late President and Vice-President, respectively, of Mexico, have been killed while prisoners of the revolutionists who opposed them. Whether they were accidentally shot in an engagement between their would-be rescuers and the revolution-

ary soldiers or whether they were murdered is not clear. The story given out by the Huerta government is plausible and may be substantially true. But it seems strange that only two others besides Madero and Suarez are reported killed.

Were Madero and Suarez shot as soon as the attack, if there was one, occurred?

Mexican methods in the past give reason for the suspicion that these men were deliberately murdered. Reports of how Gustavo Madero, the dead ex-President's brother, met his death indicate murder in his case. The shooting of prisoners in cold blood, followed by the report that they were trying to escape, has been too common in Mexico.

Provisional President Huerta has promised a full investigation of this latest tragic and shocking occurrence, with a satisfactory report to the world. He and his associates must realize that the limit of civilization's patience with Mexican affairs has been nearly reached. If Mexico desires to be regarded as a civilized country she must conform to the ideas and practices of civilization. Government by assassination will not be tolerated in that or any other country. Political affairs in Mexico have caused danger to the lives of citizens of the United States and other foreigners since the passing from power of Porfirio Diaz.

The powers of the world cannot permit Mexico to lapse into barbarism. Under the Monroe doctrine the United States has a great responsibility with regard to that country; we cannot permit European powers to intervene by force to settle Mexican disturbances, and we should not ourselves intervene except as a last resort.



Rise and Fall of General Madero.

MARCH 3, 1910—Madero helped organize a national convention to nominate a candidate to oppose Porfirio Diaz.

JUNE 3, 1910—Madero was thrown into prison by Diaz on charge of sedition.

OCT. 8, 1910—Madero released from prison and fled to San Antonio, Texas.

NOV. 19, 1910—Madero, accompanied by seven men, recrossed the Rio Grande into Mexico and began recruiting troops to his standard.

FEB. 6, 1911—Joined by Generals Orozco and Blanco and the bandit chief, "Pancho" Villa.

FEB. 9, 1911—Abraham Gonzales, Governor of Chihuahua, joined Madero and gave financial aid.

FEB. 15, 1911—Madero fought Diaz troops near Chihuahua. Madero and his personal aid, Cuellar, both seriously wounded near Casas Grande.

MAY 5, 1911—Madero treated with Diaz at his request, but did not reach a compromise. Broke armistice.

MAY 8, 1911—Captured Juarez after three days' fight.

MAY 25, 1911—Porfirio Diaz resigned and De la Barra became provisional President of Mexico.

JUNE 8, 1911—Entered Mexico City and received an unprecedented demonstration. Hailed as "savior of Mexico."

AUG. 31, 1911—Nominated for presidency by the progressive party.

OCT. 2, 1911—Elected President of the Republic of Mexico.

FEB. 9, 1913—Confronted with revolution led by Colonel Felix Diaz and General Bernardo Reyes. Personally led federal troops against revolutionists.

FEB. 18, 1913—Madero thrown into prison

by General Huerta, his principal assistant against Diaz.

FEB. 20, 1913—General Huerta made provisional president.

FEB. 22, 1913—Madero shot and killed while on way to penitentiary and ex-Vice President Jose Pino Suarez was also killed.



Mrs. Wilson's Idea Shock to Modistes.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has angered Chicago modistes and startled Chicago society. Her husband may never hope to be reelected when equal suffrage prevails.

The woman who is to be "first lady of the land" says she will spend \$1,000 on her wardrobe, and not another single cent. Her simplicity decision will affect the styles. Modistes say "outrageous;" society—"I'm surprised."

Society women, imagining themselves in her place, estimate the lowest possible expenditure at \$5,000. Fashionable dress-makers, after figuring out the needs of a President's wife, maintain that \$7,325 is a bed-rock estimate.



Recommendations of the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army.

In his annual report to the Secretary of War, Brig.-Gen. James Allen, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, invites "attention to the recommendation made in previous reports concerning the urgent need of legislation to increase the efficiency of the Signal Corps of the Army. During the past few years the great development in radio-telegraphy, aviation, and in the organization of field signal companies has so greatly increased the duties devolving on the Signal Corps that the present authorized personnel is inadequate to perform the present work of the Corps." He asks an appropriation of \$3,000,000 to be distributed as follows: One million dollars for increasing the present equipment of aeroplanes, hydro-aeroplanes, and other aircraft for the purpose of warfare and national defense; six hundred thousand dollars to be spent for one hundred aeroplanes; two hundred thousand dollars to be spent for maintenance, including service, spare parts, gasoline, oil, etc.; two hundred thousand dollars to be spent for auxiliaries, including hangars, tractors, motor trucks, etc.; and one million dollars to be spent for the establishment of training schools, known as centers of aviation, on the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts, on the Great Lakes, and some central interior point, and as many auxiliary centers as it may be possible to organize with a view to having a school of instruction in each State, for the purpose of training officers of the regular army and organized militia as aviators.

EDITORIALS

"Do It Now."

These imperative words you often see connected with advertisements—last words. The advertiser urges you to buy or write while the impression he hopes he has made is still fresh and strong.

And there are many sayings that buttress such advice: "Procrastination is the thief of time;" "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." But such sayings are subject to amendment. Procrastination may be the mother of wise deliberation and the foe of dangerous impulse. Better put off till tomorrow what belongs to the morrow, and not do the family wash on Sunday.

The reasonable way is to do things in their proper time and order. To awaken a neighbor out of a sound sleep in order to apologize for disturbing his rest the night before, on the "do it now" principle, is to add to the first offense instead of removing it.

The wise Solomon has written, "For everything there is season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." He who heeds that instruction will see to it that he fits the action to the hour, neither quickening it by impulse nor delaying it by indolence or cowardice.

Men Who Have Been Laughed At.

We seldom stop to think about the fact that the men who have been laughed at are the ones who have really accomplished that which is worth while.

Washington was pelted with every epithet. And Jackson, of course, was crazy. And Lincoln: "Full of coarse and clumsy jokes." And General Booth, who spread the folds of the Salvation Army like the healing, seamless dress of Christ over the open sore of the world was, to be sure, a "fanatic," and in the opinion of Prof. Huxley aspired to be the "Protestant pope." But if such men had not kept right on looking ahead a great many years, where would civilization have been?

To them we owe all progress. All men who accomplish anything meet opposition. When a man has no opposition it is quite clear that he is not accomplishing anything worth while.

Who Is a Good Wife?

Good wives are good mothers, good cooks, good housekeepers and are economical, but are not stingy.

The things women must do to meet this requirement include:

Keep busy with home duties and healthful occupations.

Prepare wholesome meals for your husband.

Have the house neat and clean.

Practice economy, but don't be parsimonious.

Dress modestly, but well.

Train the children personally.

Live a Christian life.

It is a crime for a man to allow his wife to be idle. A wife should have something to occupy her hands or mind at all times. Idleness is the field in which domestic unhappiness usually is cultivated.

Every woman should have domestic science training before she becomes a wife. Preferably this training should be received in the home, but if it can't be acquired there it should be obtained in school.

The wife should be a good housekeeper and a good cook. Home happiness moves forward on good food. I know the wise Solomon has said a dinner of herbs with love is better than a meal of stalled ox accompanied by hatred, but love won't last long on meals of herbs, no matter how much love you have to go with the herbs.

Men more frequently are reached and their love retained by good housekeeping and wholesome food than by any other means. You say they are commonplace things. That is true. So are the rough stones that form the foundation for great and beautiful structures.

But anything but a stingy wife. She should dress modestly, but well and neatly—don't be untidy or a slattern. Love halts at dirt.

The good wife gives her personal attention to the training of her children. She doesn't go in for art and leave the children to be cared for by a nurse. If a woman desires to do something worth while, what greater thing could she ask than to have the molding of an immortal soul? More than all these things, the good wife must be a good woman, and to be that she must be a Christian.

Vocational Training.

There are, according to the latest figures, 8,000,000 women in the United States in working occupations. One way to ameliorate the slavery of the machine is to give the girls an education in a trade. We want the sort of women to enter the trades which will elevate them so that they will

know too much to be racked down to a machine by their employers.

If it is true that 75 per cent of Chicago children are not able to attend high school, but are forced into industry, they must be given a chance. If they go into industry without training, as they do now, they become slaves; they have no chance to become anything but machines. But with the vocational schools they can be educated in a trade and given an opportunity to become competent independent workers.

William B. Owen, principal of the Chicago Teachers' College, recently spoke on "Why Vocational Training Should Be a Function of the Public Schools."

"The trades," said Mr. Owen, "are too often satisfied when they have brought a man to the point of highest production. The employers often care nothing for the future of the man himself. People in the industries are saying now that the industries cannot provide a man with the sort of education he has the right to demand. They want an education which will make them more than mere producing machines.

"The industries are now shot through with scientific processes which cannot be learned in the shop. If you want to be an industrial slave, well and good, but the education in a trade gained at the bench is not enough to insure success. We want the kind of training that will make a man bigger than the job. There is every reason to believe the American public school can rise to this demand. Why should we create a new institution?"

"There is a great question in the building trades," said Mr. Woodbury, "as to the propriety of teaching apprentices. A surplus of labor is a menace. But I, for one, believe it is the inherent right of an American to make a living at any trade he chooses. I don't believe any organization has the right to close its books to competent men. It would be going too far in interfering with the rights of an American.

"I believe the Chicago carpenters have the best apprentice system in the world. We have 450 boys who take a three months' course in the Lane School, where they gain the theoretical knowledge they cannot get in the shop. This knowledge we regard as essential to the boy who hopes to become a success."



Man or Machine?

Man is supreme on earth as a maker of man inventions. Other animals can make one thing—the spider a web, the beaver a dam, the bees a honeycomb. But man alone

uses his brain to devise a thousand tools and machines to multiply the power of his hands and aid him in the conquest of nature and his fellow-men.

The net, the simple handnet with which the fisherman draws his catch from the water, is a primitive symbol of all inventions which man has made to increase his strength, his comfort and his mastery over the material world.

The prophet uses this peaceful image to depict the skill and inventiveness of the Chaldeans in war. By their well organized and equipped army they capture the other nations as if with a net. And then, says the prophet, "They sacrifice to their net and burn incense to their drag." They idolize their own machinery as if it were divine.

What a curious kind of idolatry! And yet how natural, how common, how familiar. Man adores the inventions which bring him prosperity and worships the mighty works of his own hands. Every one feels a sense of wonder before the intricate adjustment of some delicate machine, a sense of awe before the titanic force of some vast engine.

Beyond this it is only a step to bowing down and burning incense, though the adoration may be only mental, the incense may be of proud thoughts and lofty words. The worship which the old Chaldeans paid to their net was but the type and forerunner of the modern idolatry of machinery.

The triumphs of human invention during the last hundred years verge upon the miraculous. The railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph, wired and wireless; electric light and power, the flying machine, a thousand kinds of devices to conquer space, to expand time, and to outwit gravitation have changed the face of the earth and the forms of human labor and intercourse for which we would have been burned a witches three centuries ago. A city's magician's wonder box.

What we call the comforts of civilization were never so widely distributed. It has been said with truth that the dwelling of the modern artisan has luxuries unknown to the palace of the mediæval noble.

The greatest peril of an age of machinery is the temptation of idolatry to the machine. There was never an age so proud of its many inventions, and so subservient to them, as this twentieth century. The air of life is found in wealth and power. And wealth and power come to us from our machines. Glory to machinery! We sacrifice to our net and burn incense to our drag-

CITIZENSHIP AND CHARACTER

Dr. J. A. Clement, Ph. D.

THERE are two great ideas involved in true citizenship; one of them is neighborliness, and the other is righteousness. Good-Samaritanism is everyday neighborliness touched by divine love that knows no limitations or demarcations. He who asks himself seriously and earnestly "Who is my neighbor?" is a citizen worthy of our imitation.

Citizenship, like character, is a network of many interests. It garbs itself in as many cloaks as the seasons of the year bring forth. Sometimes it gets expression in the defense of our flag through public speech or through the press, and in emergency through the force of arms. Sometimes we sing it in our song, "America." Sometimes it is lived in the midst of the heaviest tasks and duties. Sometimes it is lived almost alone and away from public sanction and gaze.

It has long been the common practice in our public schools to have children memorize certain sections of the constitution. And it may be that very often a well-meaning teacher has made the mistake of substituting this procedure for inculcating into the life of the child practical citizenship. How familiar to every grown-up person are the words: "We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

It is an interesting piece of experimental pedagogy to find out how much of the constitution is really understood after many sections of it have been learned by faithful pupils. For example, try to find out how many individuals really know how the President of our United States is elected in all the details. Important as it may be to have the child memorize some parts of this great production, yet we must recognize that learning the constitution is not citizenship. It takes time and maturity of mind to understand these statements, as well as to understand the significance of the decalogue.

In these days of progress, we are changing our method of training for citizenship quite markedly, and sanely, too.

Added to the earlier form of more theoretical instruction is the attempt to lead children to see the significance gradually of the largest citizenship through the practice of the most common virtues. And so neighborliness and righteousness in this way find wholesome expression in the lives of the undeveloped and less mature children.

It would be unfortunate if our newer procedure should in any way lessen our great respect for our flag. It would be unwise to be any less patriotic than we now are on our national holidays. There is much yet to be done in all our educational system from the lower to the higher institutions of learning in the observance of our national holidays. And yet one must be much encouraged to see the "saner Fourth of July" come into existence in our country. This is an index of the deeper form of patriotism that is now growing up among us. We need these public holidays in order to magnetize our citizenship. But the import of this paper is rather to put the emphasis upon that type of citizenship and those enduring moral qualities that will make themselves felt when drums are not beating and when cannons are not booming, or when political orators and legislators are not stirring us through their words and earnest appeals, timely as they are on certain occasions.

Woodrow Wilson some years ago said in his book, called "The State," that constitutions grow and are not merely made. Just what happens in a large way among a body of men who create bodies of laws happens in an analogous way in the mind of the child. The significance of the constitution grows in the mind of the immature individual.

Legal citizenship is determined in part by a certain ripeness in years. A man's legal citizenship begins on the day when he is old enough to vote. But to be twenty-one years of age is no absolute guarantee of moral citizenship. Moral citizenship, if it is to be stable, must be started on the way a good while before twenty-one, when the brain is yet very plastic and receptive. What an individual will do, how he will live, righteously or unrighteously, and how he will get along with his neighbors, will be determined a good deal by all the years that he passes through before he casts his initial vote. This is something of what it

means to say that citizenship is a growth.

To speak of an individual as a good citizen in our country is to assume much about his character. For the qualities which we admire in good citizens are similar to those which we emphasize in seven-day-a-week character building. In these present days of political unrest, and of strategic, personal attack, which sometimes savors of a Johnson-Flynn contest, one is impelled to call for a re-reading, or re-interpretation of the minutes of the preamble of our constitution which so pithily sets forth Unity, Justice, Peace, Protection, General Welfare and Freedom.

Add to this preamble Plato's ideal of citizenship, More's ideal in the Utopia, the Sermon on the Mount, and all the other long list of writings that point the way to a larger citizenship, and we are made conscious of the fact that some men in each generation have been trying to build on the Rock-of-Ages virtues, which go to make up real citizenship.

Citizenship and one's calling or profession are inextricably woven together. And sometimes the finest and richest qualities are born in the midst of the lowliest service. For it was in such a field of service that the greatest citizen that the world has known was reared. Historians and poets, both secular and sacred have written indelibly their tributes to this leader of all ages.

To be about one's business and to be happy in it is a source of great moral uplift to the most common laborer as well as to the king on his throne. For every one to do his business in the very best way, better than he could do any other work, creates a wholesome attitude for building up a deeper, higher and broader citizenship. This harmonizes with Plato's definition of justice.

As one reads and rereads the Sermon on the Mount, one is fascinated by the unique description of the character of the citizens of the kingdom referred to. There is no doubt left in the mind of the serious reader as to the type of characteristics which the great Teacher thought that useful citizens should possess.

Just as the great leaders of our own day believe that partisanship is not citizenship, so the greatest Leader of men believed that the empty literalism of his own time was not real citizenship. The practice of righteousness is the key that rings clearly all through this great master production, and classic sermon.

The Sermon on the Mount is the divine preamble to God's whole new Constitution, written and unwritten. And it is fortunate that we are willing in our day and generation to admit that there are many unwritten laws and principles of right and wrong conduct. For to try to give specific directions at present in all the affairs of men, would indeed make a cumbersome volume. On the other hand there are enough prerequisites of character pointed out in this sacred classic to keep the world unspotted, and to serve as a guide in practical righteousness for all time. When was there ever written a greater preamble for any world? The poor in spirit, those that mourn, and are meek, those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are merciful, those that are pure in heart, and are peacemakers,—such citizens as these we need in our own time when men and women everywhere are prone to be misled by false doctrines of citizenship.

Citizenship is more than mere partisanship. It is more than mere literalism. It is intelligently guided conduct. It is the quiet, steady and cheerful practice of neighborliness and righteousness in every occupation. It is conducting oneself and one's business according to the fairest and truest standards of our own day and generation. It is the recognition of uncorrupted principles applied to changing conditions. It is a growth into a higher and higher experience each day that we live on. It is the establishment of a reciprocal faith in human beings that will never betray one's neighbor whether in the home, in the workshop, in business, in politics or in religion. Citizenship enduring is allegiance and obedience to the highest authority that one is capable of conceiving of. Citizenship and character may flower out together where righteousness is flourishing.

COUNTRY AMUSEMENTS

Lula Dowler Harris

ANY diversion or amusement which we can use so as to receive pleasure and enjoyment to ourselves and to do no harm to others, we are perfectly free to use; and any that we can-

not use without injury to ourselves or harm to others, we have no right to use whether we are Christians or not.

For convenience we will divide country amusements into two classes: Amusement

for intellectual development and amusements for pastime. Each class is a benefit in its own way.

Country people must make their own amusements, while city folks have theirs made for them.

The young people dislike the isolated life more than their elders.

Everyone needs some social diversion. The social side of life does not have to do merely with the giving of fashionable functions. Sometimes our greatest pleasures cost us least in dollars and cents. The world needs all the simple, innocent joys it can get, for everybody's lonesome.

"Way down deep within their hearts

Everybody's lonesome.

Far within their secret parts

Everybody's lonesome.

Makes no difference how they smile,

How they live or what their style;

Everybody's lonesome.

"Tho' your gift of friendship's small

Everybody's lonesome.

It may answer someone's call;

Someone's who is lonesome.

Give and give with might and main,

Give your hands and join the chain;

And your gift will be your gain,

Sometime, when you're lonesome."

Social intercourse broadens the mind and enlarges the heart. After all it is the heart that makes the human race go. All great forward steps of mankind have been due to the heart. It is the heart that sends us to our neighbors in sickness and death. It is the heart that makes us "rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep."

It was the heart that freed the slaves.

Today the heart is prohibiting child labor in the wretched sweatshops of our large cities. We cannot have too much heart.

Perhaps books in the home furnish more real enjoyment than any other form of recreation. Joy always awaits the lover of books.

Useful lessons may be learned from good books. Some books we love because of the strength of character portrayed therein, and some for their suggestive beauty, some for their forceful matter and still others for their exquisite style of expression.

In selecting reading for the country home I would advise that literature focused on country life, such as agricultural books, books on stock raising, gardening, etc. Some interesting book may be read aloud to a circle of friends and prove both entertaining and instructive. This may be

followed by a discussion of the subject matter.

Literary and debating societies are often a source of much enjoyment. Lectures, entertainments by local talent, games that improve and interest are often indulged in by country people. These games may sometimes be competitive.

Contests, musical, literary or agricultural, may be held between schools or societies.

I have in mind an agricultural contest between two consolidated schools. Both schools have ten acres of ground belonging to the school. The boys in the two schools decided to hold a contest to see who could raise the best and most corn on one-eighth of an acre of ground. The corn fields were located on their fathers' farms. The contestants registered in the early spring. The seed was furnished by their congressman. The prize, a school piano, was furnished by the two school boards of the two districts represented.

The boys learned the theory of raising corn in school, saw it demonstrated on the school grounds and applied what they learned at school in raising their own corn.

On Thanksgiving the prize was awarded. The people of the two districts turned out to hear the exercises and see the exhibits. The judges found it hard to decide. All the boys had done so well that the losing side was presented with a piano by the directors of the school that won. So both schools secured pianos.

They tell me the girls are to have the next contest. This will be in the domestic science department. A dinner is to be prepared by the girls of the two schools. I have not learned the particulars of this contest, but I am sure it will be interesting. The teaching of domestic science in the schools is a step in the right direction. Anything that can be done to improve the conditions in the home is a much needed service.

In these contests it is sometimes advisable to have someone outside of the district conduct the contest.

Chautauqua managers, merchants and agricultural papers will sometimes assume the management.

This same idea might be carried out along other lines: Contests in preparing dairy products, or raising poultry, would give each child a chance to do that which he liked to do best.

Country people can take excursions for pleasure and instruction. Places of State-wide interest should be chosen. Excursions to the State institutions, State fairs

State capitol, libraries, museums, etc., can be made highly instructive under proper management.

Perhaps winter is the best time for amusements for pastime. The farmer's family has more leisure time in winter than in summer. Winter sports and joys are more strenuous than those of summer and require strength and endurance. Every inch of surplus muscle and every crevice of lung power are called into play when heavy

sleds are drawn up long hills for the country games.

The call of the snow takes the sportsman tramping over hills and prairies and sends him home with a hearty appetite.

Life on the farm has its winter joys in abundance. The social gatherings, the sleigh rides on frosty nights and the husking bees serve to knit more closely the neighborly bonds and even the slenderest bond that holds us together should rather be strengthened than snapped.

OPPORTUNITY'S OFFERINGS

John H. Nowlan

WE often contemplate the great things in the world's history, forgetting that some of the little things, judged by the results that follow, have a right to be classed as "great."

We have perhaps heard the story of Rome being saved by the cackling of geese, Scotland by a barefooted enemy stepping on a thistle, the rich silver mines of Potosi by the giving way of a bush in the hands of a climbing native, and many more of the same sort.

But in our own day we see Opportunity's offerings. In the language of the renowned Mr. Dooley, she hammers on the doors of some as with a sledge, yet fails to awaken the sleepers, while at other times she barely taps and is gone ere the hastening hand can reach the knob to open the door and bid her welcome.

The production of petroleum is one of the great industries of our land and new fields are being explored in the hope of developing a new field.

Historians usually refer to Oil Creek near Titusville as the scene of the first oil well, when in truth oil had been found in artificially made wells in America a generation before.

The first settlers in the valley of the Kanawha found "salt licks" where the wild animals came to lick the earth to satisfy their craving for salt. Salt is also necessary for human beings, and the settlers in order to get brine of greater strength sank wells. Many of them were disappointed because the brine was ruined by a vile-smelling oil for which they had no use. Neither was any use found for the gas that issued from some wells, though its com-

bustible properties were well known. All this was a generation before Drake made his memorable find.

Arsenic is looked upon by the majority of people simply as one kind of poison with no other use than to produce death, when in truth that is the destiny of only a small portion of the mineral produced.

True, it is extensively used in the manufacture of insecticides, but also in paints, shot, fireworks, glass, metals, and many other things.

For a long time Europe was the source of supply. Now, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains near Clarksburg, Va., is the greatest mine known. A farmer had cleared a field into which he turned his cattle one morning. That night one of the cows was so sick she could hardly walk. After a day or two she was well again and he put her in the field with the others. That night he found her dead beside a clear, sparkling spring.

The farmer had the water analyzed, and found that it was highly impregnated with arsenic. For years nothing was done: then a mineralogist in Pittsburgh heard of it and investigated the ledge above the spring. He found the outcrop of rock about a thousand feet above the spring.

Here nine years ago, January 13, 1904, was opened the first arsenic mine on the western continent. In three years the plant had grown to such proportions that the daily output was six tons of pure arsenic. To this day it is the only important deposit of arsenic bearing ore known on this side of the ocean.

How many of these opportunities have been passed heedlessly we will of course never know, but many of them are record-

ed in the annals of the past. Oliver Evans was really the inventor of locomotives and the first to propose sleeping and dining cars. John Fitch invented the steamboat, but did not live to see it a success. Simi-

larly, many a man is being no doubt lauded for his benefit to mankind, when in reality the praise is due to some one else.

Keep your eyes and ears open, make good use of what you learn, and then when opportunity knocks you will be ready.

BRINGING THE WORLD TO THE FARMER

Great Changes to Come Through the Parcel Post System.

THE great change in the postal service which began January 1, 1913, with parcel post, was brought about by the growth of the rural mail delivery system, established in an experimental way sixteen years ago. So successful were the first three trial routes that the service soon spread until in eight years there were over 20,000 carriers. At present more than 40,000 carriers daily travel the trail and roadway, reaching even the far-away shack in the mountain gap or on the desolate prairie. They traverse 1,000,000 miles at every trip and serve 25,000,000 of our population.

If you ask the man who lives on the farm what is the greatest thing the nation has done for him, nine times out of ten this is his reply:

"Brought my mail to me."

Stop to think what bringing the mail means in saving the farmer time and effort and you will agree with him, for no factor in the aid of agriculture has been of more benefit than the rural free delivery service. There are two reasons for this. The principal one is the way in which it is systematized through organization, while the other is the scope of the system, both in the rural area and the population that is served by it.

The Parcel Post as an Aid to Business.

Rural patrons have grown to use the mail service so freely that the establishment of parcel post was merely a forward step. There has been a wonderful growth in the volume of mail matter of all kinds delivered to the farmer's door, but the limitation on what could be sent and received was altogether too great. Now, with the limit of weight raised to 11 pounds, the mail service will increase greatly in effectiveness.

What a convenience it will be to step to

the telephone early in the morning and order of the dealer or merchant the day's supplies sent out by rural carrier. Food and clothing for the family, new parts for machinery, and the wonderful variety of goods kept by the local stores can be brought to the door in a few hours by aid of the telephone and the local parcel post. This ought to result in great increase in business for wide-awake local dealers. The extra burden which the parcel post will put upon the carriers has been anticipated by Congress, which has made liberal provision for increase in pay.

Then, too, the farmer's market is broadening wonderfully. Many farmers who have delivered produce direct to consumers weekly or less often, have already arranged to ship daily by parcel post fresh fruits, vegetables, eggs, butter, etc., or every other day. City people are getting in the habit of telephoning out to their farmer for fresh eggs, dressed chicken, etc. Some farmers are already canvassing their nearby towns and cities to get families to whom they can send fresh produce regularly by mail.

Trading by Mail.

This business is just in its infancy. Direct selling by farm producer to city consumer will become common in a few years, but farmers have got to solicit trade, take good care of it after it is secured, and handle it in a businesslike manner.

Rural delivery not only saves the farmer's time going to the postoffice, but the carrier often picks up on his return trip the reply the farmer has dropped in his mail box to a letter delivered on the outward trip. Thus there is but little delay in the interchange of communication.

Another item of importance in time-saving in the country home by rural delivery is the mail order provision. The farmer can now say to himself: "I can send for anything advertised in my farm papers—catalogues, price lists and many small arti-

cles not over 11 pounds in weight. In this way I can go shopping anywhere and buy as cheaply and as well as if I were in the store 1,000 miles away. Furthermore, it will give me a chance to compare the prices of one merchant with another and buy to the best advantage. This ought to mean many dollars a year to me."

Parcel post has not been in operation long enough to show much effect on postal service. It will not develop to its full possibilities in a day or a year, but the wide-awake farmer will quickly "catch on" to its value. Rates and zone system were fully explained in *Farm and Home* September 15, 1912. If these prove unworkable or too costly, the postmaster-general and the Interstate Commerce Commission may change them, or Congress will be asked to make a flat rate for all. The local parcel post can be built up into a very convenient service for distributing farm and factory products in small packages. What a relief it will be to have the rural carrier do your shopping, and even to act as salesman. Where the routes are long, a small light automobile or motorcycle, with its capacious baggage carriers, will quickly cover the road and bring the carrier back to the central postoffice so that he will have several hours before sundown to work his bit of land. The open buggy in good weather or the covered cab or wagon in cold and stormy seasons will carry a large number of packages in the new mail service.

The rural mail carriers are a fine type of men. They represent about every type of American, even the full-blood Indian. Among those who want to be the postman

on the mesas, in the valleys and over the prairies are cowboys, miners, sheep herders, prospectors and discharged soldiers. In the Middle West and South most of the applicants are farmers, many of whom want to put in their extra time at carrying the mail. The postmasters of towns which are the centers of rural service routes pick out the men.

Rural Carriers Are Fine Fellows.

Here are the qualifications: The carrier must know about the mode of transportation he is to use. He must know how to ride or drive, if it is a horse route, but he can use an automobile or a motorcycle if he can carry all the mail with it. Some routes are along rivers and lakes, so the carrier must go in a boat. He furnishes his own transportation and receives an extra allowance where it may be sufficiently expensive. He is also bonded for a reasonable sum calculated on the estimated annual value of registered mail handled on the route. The bonds are issued by approved corporations, which consider the R. F. D. men such good "risks," so honest and trustworthy—that the premiums are lower than for almost any other vocation. Loss by theft or any other criminal cause is insignificant.

Naturally the establishment of the rural route has done away with other large expenses. Over 20,000 fourth-class postoffices have been discontinued, and 6,000 star routes which supplied inland postoffices with mail, at a saving of \$20,000,000. The gain can never be estimated.—*Farm and Home*.

A MERCIFUL MAN REGARDS THE LIFE OF HIS BRUTE

Goose Quill

LAST Sunday I sat at my window and saw three strapping big men in a buggy drawn by a trim little horse through an unbroken road of snow, drive up to a house, tie the horse up to a post, throw a blanket over the horse in so careless a manner that it was partially under the horse's feet a short time after they went into the house.

It was a cold, raw day. One of those days when the cold, damp wind pierces to

the very marrow. Fine, flinty snow was pelting at my window. The horse was reined tightly. All the movement I could observe was throwing his head from side to side. At the close of an hour I became observant. In two hours I became anxious. In three hours the horse became restless, myself nervous. At the end of four hours I became desperate. And when the fifth hour closed I wanted to go over and kill them all and bury them with military hon-

ers. But my wife said that would be improper procedure so I abandoned any overt act. While those men were enjoying a warm fire and a feast the hours passed swiftly for them. But how slow to the poor dumb animal, cold, thirsty and hungry, suffering all the pangs of pain. When, shortly after the fifth hour, they came out with a whip in hand, they urged that horse from the start into almost race speed.

And the morning after, when those ignorant masters find the horse developing distemper, pneumonia or glanders, no doubt they will philosophize that some microbe lay in wait and surreptitiously bit the horse. I have handled horses all my life. I make my horse my companion. I have never beat or unnecessarily abused him. Sometimes I have had to over-task him. But

not without a pang of guilt. I find him an appreciative and intelligent companion. I train him to graze the blue grass in the lanes if I have to stop to talk. When I come to take up the reins he often gives a low, gratified nicker.

By kind treatment a horse will develop affection and concern for your welfare. So I shall add but one word to poet's stanza, and it rounds out the life of a true Christian:

"I would not sit in the scorner's seat,

Nor hurl the cynic's ban.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to horse and man."

—Colman's Rural World.

LETTERS TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

Galen B. Royer

Thursday.

Dear Children:

IT is quarter of four, boat time, which means about two with you at home. I have just come in from a game of shuffleboard in which I was on the beaten side and find mama on the sofa. She is a little upsidedown in her stomach and we have just gotten done talking about wishing we were on land or were home. I concluded to write you a few lines of the past.

On Tuesday I wrote "Some Observations on Mal de Mer" found circulated through several avenues. Mama declares it ought not to be read by any one. Dr. Bolt says it ought to be published; and others say they hear it will make one seasick if they read it while on land. Be that as it may, I sent a copy to Mr. Williams and have a copy for preservation anyhow and we will try it on some friends when we reach land. This I can say: I wrote it when I was in the squeamish stage and know in part what was writing about.

Well, all day Tuesday we had a sea somewhat choppy and a number were seasick. Tuesday evening they had their grand concert, but we did not attend. Some say that was fine, and others say that it was ridiculous. I am sure it was no mistake in our not going to it. Instead we went to bed.

I have been rising each morning to see the sun rise and no time caught it coming

up other than behind the clouds. Yesterday morning the cloud effect was fine. The air was warm blowing from the south and every heart was light because the morning bid fair for us to reach New York Friday morning early. But ah, how little we know what a day will bring forth. By nine the wind began to rise and by noon we were in a storm. The clouds gathered heavy and it rained and blew and stormed and the sea made a great big fuss about things. The waves dashed over the prow of the boat, and now and then over the stern. As the big swells would come on the boat would pitch high into the air and then down into the trough of the sea and a flood of water would sweep over the prow. Oh, how beautiful is the sea when she is lashed into anger by the fierce winds! But the effect on boat is interesting, too. There are the people afraid of storms on land or sea, half weeping and badly scared. There are those who hold the pan in their laps too sick to make a sickly smile. There are those who are a little nauseated but not really sick. There are those who are well and having the time of their lives. Mama was feeling fine enough to enjoy every hour of the day, and how she did watch the waters and storm! The big waves would dash against the boat, in great volumes, fall back into snowy whiteness upon the seething, black waters beneath, and the snowy waters would sink below the surface and make an effect of beau-

ty no pen or brush can describe. Each wave hit the boat just a little different and each result was some new one more beautiful than the one before. Then at regular intervals about five minutes apart the boat would plunge over a swell, the screws would fly out and the boat would have a tremor that was felt nearly all over the ship. In addition to that during the night when the storm was at its fury, the waves would in some way give the boat a side slap that made it feel as though she struck stones and was bouncing over them. Every part of the boat would quiver and the timid would scream and all at first looked alarmed.

Now, that is the way the boat has been doing ever since yesterday noon, and it has only calmed down a little since noon today. I spent a half dozen films on the sights and this morning a man asked me to take his smaller camera and see what I could do for him. I took time and worked over an hour to get six exposures. The development shows them all very good. But the last picture is the finest. I stood on top of the captain's cabin, held on to the rail to keep from being blown off and photographed the prow just as she plunged into a wave and the spray was all about her about ten feet above. It is a great picture.

I am nearly done picture taking on this trip, and have only this to say, that while it has cost us something, we have over ninety per cent of exposures good and it will make a fine collection for our home. A few only have we sent home and the others you will see after we reach home.

The journey has been a long, tedious one. Two weeks ago today we came on board and we have been jogging along. We have made good time until yesterday. It is doubtful if we shall get into New York tomorrow evening. I fear we shall be late. We should like much to know how it is at home, but can not hurry the boat more than they can go.

We are so tired of the food on the boat. They are so slow serving and it is tainted with storage and our stomachs are not in first-class shape, and as a result we have poor satisfaction, living this way. How often we have said to each other, "If only we could eat this evening in the kitchen of our home." Well, that is coming, and we shall be glad to be back home as you will be to have us there. We can hardly wait to know how it is with you at home. God bless and keep you ever, is our prayer.

I must write you again today for two reasons: First, I have just come from what is

the captain's dinner and must write about that. First,—the room was decorated nicely with flags of all nations. That was pretty, to say the least. Then on the long center tables, three in number, were miniature lighthouses, say three feet high, in the top of which was an electric bulb. Then each table had a cake built in architectural style about two feet high, and on the top of this was a statue. Before me the statue was the goddess of liberty. Sticking around on this cake were flags of all nations which you were expected to take off and stick in your hair. There were also rolls much like candle rolls. Taking hold at the end and pulling hard it would crack like a fire-cracker, only not so loud. Then, opening it up inside, there was a paper cap to wear. Of course, the dinner began with cracking these papers and dressing up. A number of us did not do this. Then the courses went on steadily until we came to ice cream. At this juncture the lights all suddenly went out and the lighthouses began to cast first a red and then a blue light. Then the waiters walked in, the first with a big crown with a candle on the inside. Following this the waiters carried illuminated ice cream in dishes. There was a covered lid of some kind and on the outside around it were forms of ice cream. The forms had umbrellas in them. One man was dressed up like the goddess of liberty, with long, flowing hair made out of rope; another young fellow like Uncle Sam; another like John Bull, and other imitations. Well, they marched down all the aisles and out in the hall, and then the ice cream came back and was served as the regular lights were turned on again. Then we finished the meal without further interruption. Some did not keep their places, but friends gathered around tables after their liking. At the table where the Count sat he gathered a bunch, and they had a time drinking wine to each other's health and cutting up. Indeed, to sum the whole affair up, I would be surprised if John and his kind would be guilty of some of the childishness which was seen this evening. I had no heart to clap at such nonsense. There was nothing real useful or good in the entire affair.

Well, since night came on we have another high wind and what is ahead we do not know. I feel pretty sure we shall not get to New York tomorrow evening or that we shall have to stay on the boat yet another night besides this. We are well. Mama did not go to the captain's dinner but had hers on deck by herself. God bless you.

Last night was another memorable night. About midnight we had a tremendous thunderstorm, and the boat plunged and pushed on her way. She is a fine rider of the storm, there is no use talking, and I can not speak too highly of that part. But I was sleeping peacefully away in my upper berth with our deck ventilator open and was awakened by a shower of water that made me question if I was not in a bath tub taking a shower bath. In spite of my precaution last evening those careless deck hands did not close our window when they wanted to wash deck and I and my bed were thoroughly wetted. Well, I rang for a steward, and one came. I told him my troubles and he said he would look after it at once. Got no report or rather results, and I gave another ring and another came. This fellow shut the hole and left me. I sat up meditating on my fortune and finally rebuilt my bed as best I could and lay down and went to sleep. This morning I have a cold about as big as a pound of wool in my head and cold feet and other unpleasant symptoms. But I have tipped off the stewards this morning and not a one wanted to charge me extra for the ducking, so I really feel I am getting off cheap. That is

the trials of sailing on the bosom of the beautiful, briny deep.

This morning it is cloudy and cold. We have left the gulf stream so nice and warm and have come into colder atmosphere. As a result more clothes would be very acceptable indeed. But we do not have them. The only suit of underclothes I have is on and so thin I must get into them with the greatest care. But tomorrow we will dress for winter unless the stores in New York are all closed.

Since breakfast has been served the word is passed around that we will reach quarantine this afternoon. So this will be the last page I will mail you from the boat. We will let this go before we get your letters or know what is doing on shore. So as soon as you get our next letter you may know our plans. We have all our plans conditioned on what word we get when we reach quarantine. I do not look for a long hold-up at quarantine, for we can not learn of any sick on the boat. We are well and as happy as two can be who expect soon to hear from home again. We are nearly frantic to know about home and you children. God bless and keep you ever.

Affectionately,

Papa and Mama.

A START IN LIFE

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

RECENTLY, when asking how Ella and her husband were getting along, we were sorry to hear the mother's explanation: "Well, they're doing the best they can. But it's with them as with all poor folks, they don't seem to get a start. If they could once get a start I think it would go better."

And Ella's mother honestly believed this. Just what her idea was of a good start could easily be inferred. She thought if some one should hand over about two thousand dollars to them and they could pay their debts and begin on a thousand dollars there might be a chance for them. And many people agree with her. The vision haunts them of some benevolent personage who has an eye for distinctive merit and who may single them out as worthy of being the recipients of a sum of money with which they can commence and then go on swimmingly to certain success.

The French have a story which gives a

picture of many poor families. In the Ardennes there lived once upon a time, a poor laborer who could scarcely support his wife and seven children, no matter how hard he worked. For sometimes there was no work to be had, and so his children had to go hungry at times and their tears grieved him very much.

One day he lamented over his misfortunes. "How wretched and unhappy I am! If sickness should overtake me, or if I should find no more work, my children will all die of hunger. I dare not even think of their suffering." Oppressed by this thought he sat down by the roadside with his head in his hands.

A physician from the nearest town came by. He was good and charitable. He stopped and asked, "My good fellow, are you ill?"

The poor man told his story and the physician answered. "Ah, yes; if one does

not kill grief then grief itself will kill. I will do all I can to help you."

The poor man went to the physician's home. There the physician showed him a crystal case with something glittering inside, and he said, "Now here is an ingot of gold which my father bequeathed to me. My father was very poor, but in spite of his poverty he saved a sou a day and when he died he gave me this. I, too, was poor, but I have never touched this. I saved my money and now I give you this gold ingot. I hope that you will not have to make use of it but that the possession of this may put your mind at rest and you will have courage to do your duty towards your family."

The poor man was most grateful. He took the ingot and went home with a light heart and showed it to his wife. "Now we can sleep without fearing the morrow," said he. "And if I cannot find work my children need not go to bed fasting."

Together they buried the treasure in the cellar. They said they would not break into it unless compelled to. The next morning the man went to look for work, and his frank and beaming face attracted the attention of the man to whom he applied for work, and he was given a good job. He worked faithfully and so the earnings were sufficient for his family. His wife, who no longer spent her time weeping and lamenting her hard lot, found that she could cultivate their garden and so raise much of their vegetables for their daily use. Later she raised enough to sell a part and then she, too, began to put aside a sou a day.

Again and again work was not to be had and they sometimes had to break into the mother's little savings, but they never unearthed the ingot of gold. So the years passed. And they grew rich, they had more than their neighbors. Then one day a stranger stopped by their gate and told them of his misfortunes. The workman

then told him of his struggle and ended by saying: "We have not needed the ingot of gold; we will give it to you." Accordingly they unearthed it and gave it to the man.

But the stranger looked at the ingot closely and said, "This is not gold, but brass."

And so it proved. And on its side was this inscription: "It is less privation than fear of tomorrow which causes the misfortunes of the poor. Go then boldly and without fear upon the road of life."

Is there any surer sign of an unmanly or cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help, a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others? It is the spirit which permits a small farm to be cut in smaller portions for sons who should be willing to go out and earn a foothold in the world as their father before them did.

"How can I make a start in business? There isn't anything to do in this hide-bound little town and I can't leave the old folks." This is the despairing cry of many who feel the iron bounds of circumstance. But there is a way. A young man with good broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds more or less of good bone and muscle, certainly can find a way or make one to honest competence. As he looks at the purpling hills of great delights there comes into his heart a wholesome purpose to make good, and in time he finds the way. Our best biographies are the lives of men who have overcome, who have tried and tried again and then succeeded against odds.

"The men who stand at the top are those

Who never could bear defeat;
Their failures only made them strong

For the work they had to meet.
The will to do and the will to dare

Are what we want today;
What has been done can be done again,
For the will finds out the way."

JUVENILE LITERATURE IN THE FARM HOME

Donald C. Leslie

THOUGHTS, upon which the strength and impressiveness of the personality depend, are like trees or growing grain,—unless nourished properly, they wither, perish or dwindle

away to but a shadow of their possible selves.

How else shall we measure the strength and worth of the human character other

(Continued on Page 244.)



Glenn Robert Miller and His Mama.

A HEALTHY BABY

MY name is Glenn Robert Miller. Mama came with me, not that I was afraid to come alone, but I cannot walk yet, so she came to hold me while I talk to you. I was three months old when the photographer took this picture and weighed 16 pounds. That is nine pounds more than I weighed right after I had taken my first bath, and four pounds less than I weigh now.

Oh, yes, I think it is a pretty good world that I came into, and there are a few things that I hope to accomplish here, if all goes well. I haven't seen so very many people yet, but those whom I have seen I like very much because they are all just a little different. Wouldn't it be dreadful if everybody were just alike and all the babies had to be and look just alike?

I am no cry-baby, but sometimes I like to squeal just to get them to make a fuss about it. That doesn't work very well, though. I tried it a few times and papa and mama never paid any attention at all. Then when I quit squealing they came and

said, "Why, hello, what you talking about?" just as if they hadn't heard me fuss at all. When they eat their meals I like to lie in my basket near the table where I can see them eat. It's fun to see their jaws wiggle. Papa sometimes says, "Sonny, would you like a bite of ham?" and then I say, "No, daddy, I'll work for my living." I have never had to take any medicine, but I have smelled peppermint, and if that is a fair sample of what medicine is like, I don't care for any at all, thank you. It doesn't suit my smeller one bit. Medicine and bottles are not in my line.

On the fresh air deal is where I like to come in. Just wrap me up good and snug in blankets in my basket, but let my face stick out, then put me in a room with the temperature down to about 40 degrees, and I'll ask for no more accommodations till morning.

Say, mama, I think it's about one o'clock and I wouldn't mind having a bite to eat. Good-by, I live right here in Elgin and may see you again.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Richard Braunstein.

MANY years ago there lived and thought and wrote one William Shakespeare in Stratford on the Avon, who said among many wise things that we can "find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

Nature is man's teacher. Many lessons come to us who live in the country. Nature teaches us obedience. This is evident to the farmer—he who has so much to do with nature. Nature teaches patience. It is interesting to take up a handful of dirt and learn how it has been ground out of primeval rock into fertility by the hammer of the ages. To read how nature stood, waiting through the years for the coming of man. This is the patience of nature. There are other lessons for him who can depend only on the "harvest of a quiet eye." The seed lies patient in the dark ground until the sun in vigilance has sought it out. The forest sleeps through the cold winter until God has woven it a new dress. The apple tree waits years before it can give its fruit. There is no hurry. Nothing complains nor frets or fumes. Only man. He does not seem to realize that the eternal rocks and hills and valleys and stars, preach to him an eloquent sermon. Only where man lives and works, do you find the note of impatience. The hurrying feet of the multitudes, the throb of machinery and the busy scene of the market place and mart of trade—all cry aloud in impatience. Man gets all fretful and feverish and querulous and overheated and out of sorts with nature, and if he will but submit and if he will only let her, she will give him rest and peace. She will lay her cool hands on his feverish brow and she will sing to him, soft soothing words of cheer and admonition and his blood will cool and his brain will clear. The melody of nature is Rest.

"Nature," says a recent writer, "teaches honor. We can trick and deceive one another and nobody will find us out. But nature cannot be deceived." We cannot commit sophistry with two pieces of wood. They won't fit. So it is that nature teaches honor. There is something about her that is like the integrity of God. She will not reward the idle, nor honor the fool, nor pay debts that she does not owe. But upon the man that deals squarely with her, upon

him will she pour out her largess with a liberal hand. For him will she open the doors of her treasure house and enrich him with spoil. When man does his best for nature, she will do her best for him.

No one can live close to nature as the farmer and the nature lover and the seer and poet and not realize that God has written across her face in legible characters the lessons of patience and honor.

When we get close to nature we get close to God. Adam saw God in the garden. Moses found him in the bush. Elijah saw God in the lightning. Job saw him in the cluster of the Pleiades. David heard him in the sigh of the wind and the murmur of trees and the leap of the cataract. So John met him in the desert. So Jesus saw him in the lily and the raven. When Jesus wanted to be very near God, he left behind him the crowd and went up into the mountain or out on the desert and there he spoke to God and there was answered and there received rest and strength for the great work he was doing. The poet sings:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him,
And the little gray leaves were kind to him
When into the woods he came.

"Out of the woods my Master went
And he was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame."

Happy the man that can hear the voice of nature. Away from the dust and smoke and noise of the city and town, let him yield himself to the sweet breath of nature, that she may blow away the grime and soil that have covered over high ideals and divine impulses. Happy the man who can realize that, when in nature's domain, he is "standing on holy ground."



JUVENILE LITERATURE IN THE FARM HOME.

(Continued from Page 242.)

than by the bigness and purity of the daily thoughts of the individual? Be he a hewer of stone, a wood chopper, a captain of industry or a Governor of a State, if his thoughts be sensuous and groveling, each of these may be mean and little. And each of these

can shine in his respective place provided he has the habit of entertaining clean and inspiring thoughts and ideas in his secret life.

One of the big problems of rural life is that of supplying the many hours necessarily devoted to silent reflection with a suitable form of thought culture. Proverbially, the farmer and his wife and their children are hurried along with the workaday affairs and tend gradually to acquire the non-reading habit. This is bad for the parents, in that it keeps their minds running around in a little cycle of hard, industrial facts. It is worse for the children, as it fails to supply the proper nourishment for the dream life through which their lives are necessarily passing.

Rural parents, therefore, should put forth more intelligent and energetic efforts to nourish and build up the best possible thought activities in their children.

The young person, as rule, cannot invent his own ideas,—he does not manufacture his thoughts nor something latent within his own organism: he thinks only about things which have actually happened in his life, what he has seen, and heard and felt, constitute the "stuff" from which his thoughts are made.

The literature best adapted to the child would be that which appeals to the interests predominating in his life at any given time. During his early years, not hard, prosaic facts, but situations that stretch the truth and sport with the fixed conditions of things are especially appealing. Classic myths, fairy tales, fables and the like. Of course parents will be on their guard against children acquiring any seriously erroneous beliefs in respect to such things. Later on, during the early teens, boys and girls will become more and more interested in stories of the wars of old, and in facts and romances of history. Stories supplementing textbooks of American history may be introduced. Nature studies and stories go far toward bringing the children into a more intimate knowledge of the rural situation. One of the best and most helpful results accruing to the young person with the reading habit, is this: he acquires a large vocabulary of words and phrases, with which to clothe his secret thoughts and express himself to others. All this furnishes a splendid form of entertainment for the silent reflections, and gives the thinker a sense of the power and worth of his own personality.

No farm is well equipped for the happiness and well-being of the dwellers thereon

unless there be an ample supply of good literature in the house.

Of course the Bible might head the list, in a text of convenient size, containing a concordance: there should come into the home a first-class weekly newspaper,—many farmhouses now receive regularly a daily paper. There should be a weekly or monthly summary of the current events of the nation and the world.—The Literary Digest, World's Work and Review of Reviews are excellent examples of this class. A first-class farm magazine is almost a necessity: three very good ones, giving special attention to boy and girl life on the farm, are Wallace's Farmer, Des Moines, Ia.; Farmers' Voice, Chicago, Ill., and Farmers' Guide, Huntington, Ind.

Look out for trash. There are many so-called farm journals of a cheap and trashy nature devoted almost wholly to advertisements of patent medicine, get-rich-quick schemes and other frauds. A reliable means of testing a periodical is to examine the advertisements. If there are a large number of trashy, questionable ads, it is a safe guess the general tone of the magazine is low, and unworthy a place in your home.

Books for Children.—In selecting books for farm boys and girls there is no distinction between them and the children of city homes, their youthful literary needs are practically all alike, and their minds must be nourished in about the same fashion.

In order to proceed with greater certainty and economy in purchasing books for the children, I would advise that parents consult someone thoroughly familiar with children's literature, perhaps the superintendent of schools of the town nearby, or some local minister might furnish the desired assistance. Or if you will write to me at Rockford, Ill., I will send you free a detailed, selected list arranged from ages four to sixteen, which is regarded as an excellent help and intelligent guide to parents desiring that literature for their children which will be most helpful at their respective ages. You might also send for catalogues of some of the large publishing houses, and from their lists select a number of suitable titles.

Today many valuable works are put out in a cheaper edition for scholars and children generally at from 10 to 25 cents each, the original unchanged and unabridged.

In order to stimulate interest in forming the nucleus of a home library, the farmer should either make or purchase a small set of book shelves.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

FAVORITE CANDIES.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

Wintergreen Creams: Boil two cups of sugar and two-thirds cup of water ten minutes, add one-eighth teaspoon of cream of tartar. When it strings take from the fire and add one teaspoon of wintergreen flavoring. Beat until it begins to grain, then drop quickly on waxed paper.

Lemon Cubes: Soak one package of gelatine in one cup of lukewarm water. Add this dissolved gelatine to four cups of sugar and one-half cup of water and boil ten minutes. Add nine tablespoons of orange juice and six of lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon. Cook ten minutes longer. Add one cup of chopped walnut meats and pour into buttered pans. Let stand over night and cut in squares and roll in the powdered sugar.

Pralines: Into a saucepan put three cupfuls of light brown sugar, one tablespoon of vinegar and a cupful of boiling water. Bring to boiling point, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved, then boil steadily until a soft ball is formed when dropped in cold water. Remove at once from the fire, let stand without jarring, until it is lukewarm, then beat until a creamy consistency. Add one-fourth teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of vanilla and two cups of almonds cut into pieces. Drop from the tip of a spoon in small balls on buttered paper.

White Sugar Candy: Boil together four tablespoons of vinegar, four tablespoons of cream, one pint of water, four pounds of sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg, for about thirty minutes. Pour out in well buttered tins and when nearly cold, cut in different shapes. Just before hard, place any desired nut on top of each piece.

Nut Molasses Candy: When making molasses candy, add any kind of nuts you fancy, putting them in after the syrup has thickened and is ready to take from the fire. Pour out in buttered tins. Mark it off in squares before it gets too cool. Peanuts are very nice, if desired.

Pop Corn Candy: Pop as much corn as desired, salt it and keep warm. Sprinkle over with a brisk broom a mixture of an ounce of gum arabic and one-half pound of sugar dissolved in two quarts of water. Boil all a few minutes. Stir the corn with

the hands or a large spoon. Mould into balls any size desired.

Walnut Fudge: Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of corn syrup, one-half cup of cold water. Let boil until it strings, usually about eight minutes. Add whites of two eggs, beaten stiff and one-half pound of walnuts. Beat and then cool. Put in buttered dish and cut in squares.

Fig Rock: Boil three-quarters of a cup of water with one cup of granulated sugar until mixture turns to an amber color. Add a little cream of tartar before taking it from the fire. Have figs cut in halves on a large dish and pour the mixture over them. When nearly cold cut into squares.

Date Candy: Boil slowly one cup of cold water and four cups of white sugar with a little butter. Cut dates, remove the seeds and close them again. Lay on a well buttered platter and pour the boiled candy over them. While cooling cut in squares so that one date will be in each square.

Meringue Drops: Beat until very stiff, whites of four eggs, add a little salt, a teaspoon of flavoring, one cup of fine granulated sugar. Beat with a fork until very stiff. Drop on buttered paper and bake three-quarters of an hour. If desired, put one nut on each drop while hot.



STORING VEGETABLES.

Potatoes should have plenty of air-slacked lime sprinkled among them when stored, as the lime will absorb the moisture and prevent sprouting or rotting. If the cellar is very warm the potatoes may begin growth later on, and the sprouts must be rubbed off, as they take the life out of the potato.

Turnips, beets, carrots and such vegetables as can not be left in the ground will retain their crispness and juiciness if packed in layers of sand or garden soil. If the cellar is too dry, and they begin to shrivel, water should be sprinkled over the top of the soil to moisten, but not make it wet. The sand or soil should be about as moist as the soil naturally is. Tubers and roots should be kept as moist as when taken from the ground.

Onions and apples should be laid on shelves, and be kept as cool as possible, but not allowed to freeze.

In all underground storages for the fam-

ily supply of vegetables, fruits, milk, butter, lard, etc., it is essential that all noxious gases be eliminated. Charcoal is an absorbent of gas, and should be set about in the cellar to purify and sweeten the atmosphere wherever unwholesome gases are liable to exist. Lime will absorb moisture, and sweeten the air, also. Where milk, butter, or other foods that readily absorb odors are stored, a dish of charcoal should be set near them. Underground cellars should be kept clean and sweet, as the vapors, gases and odors arising from the contents during the winter may bring sickness to the rooms above.



A dressing to be served with the turkey, but not cooked inside of it, is made of equal parts of mashed potatoes, soft bread crumbs and finely-chopped butternuts or walnuts; season this with salt, pepper and parsley and a small onion grated; stir this well together with some butter and the beaten yolk of two eggs; shape into balls and fry quickly in very hot fat until a nice brown.

Pumpkin Pie—Cut the pumpkin in small pieces after peeling and removing the seeds, put into a kettle with a pint of water; cover closely until it gets to boiling well, then let simmer slowly with the cover off, that the water may evaporate as it cooks. The pulp should be thick and dry when thoroughly done, and it must be stirred often in order to keep it from burning. Rub the pulp through a sieve or colander; some pumpkins will still have a little water in the pulp, and this may be allowed to drain off in the colander. To four cupfuls of the pumpkin allow four cups of rich milk, four well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, cup and a half of sugar, half a grated nutmeg, and two teaspoonfuls of ginger; beat well together to blend seasoning. Cinnamon or other desired spices may be used. Bake in one crust in a steady oven until a golden brown.



THE NATURALIZATION FARCE.

A New Jersey judge denied final naturalization papers to an alien who did not know whether the Constitution was a he or a she, and who thought he ought not to be asked to support a constitution since he was already supporting a wife and family.

Such an item as this provokes a smile. But how many aliens are naturalized in spite of an ignorance almost as "amusing" as this? Our naturalization mills are always busy, often work overtime, and turn

out a quantity of citizenship that too often reflects on the national intelligence.

The Record-Herald has opposed a reading test for immigrants. On no principle can one justify the exclusion of an industrious, honest, able-bodied man or woman seeking a chance to work here. But naturalization is not mere admission to opportunity. To naturalize the ignorant and illiterate is to go beyond reason, beyond justice, beyond generosity even. No principle requires us to confer the privilege of voting, of electing governors, lawmakers and judges, or of passing on questions of policy, on men who haven't the faintest conception of popular government, who haven't the remotest idea concerning our institutions and laws.

To insist on an adequate preparation for naturalization is a right and a duty. To make citizens of men who can be voted in hordes, bribed or used by cheap politicians is to be guilty of lunacy.—Record-Herald.



MOROCCO.

Mrs. T. D. Foster.

AFTER years of jealous dispute, France and Spain have come to a complete agreement about Morocco. They divide the country into "zones," each to govern in one zone. France gets rather the lion's share, to pay for the territory she had to give up in the Congo region. This territory was given to Germany, to buy German consent to the Morocco scheme. Spain gives up some 200,000 square kilometers which have been held by Spanish troops.

The French capital is to be at Fez. The capital of Spanish Morocco will be at Tetuan, the seat of the Mohammedan religion in Morocco. This city is in the extreme northern part, not far from the Strait of Gibraltar.

So, after many hundred years, the Spanish have their revenge for the Moorish conquest of their country. The Moors once ruled Spain; now Spain is to rule even in the "holy city" of the Moors. Just where the line is to be drawn between Spanish Morocco and French Morocco, the dispatches by cable do not make plain.



Johnnie—"Mama, our governess can see in the dark."

Mama—"How do you know that?"

Johnnie—"Last night out in the hall I heard her tell Uncle Jack that he hadn't shaved."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

THE WHY AND HOW OF ORCHARD SUCCESS.

Every farm has a small orchard. If it does not have, it should have. It, however, needs the same care that any other department of farming must have if any results are to be expected from the orchard. A useful little book entitled, "The Why and How of Orchard Success," is full of valuable information and will be welcomed by many farmers. It gives detailed instructions for the care of beautiful trees and how to raise perfect fruit. Published by the Field Force Pump Co., 803 Grand Ave., Elmira, N. Y. Price, \$0.50.



CAMPBELL'S SOIL CULTURE MANUAL.

The farmer of today is continually looking for some helpful guide to direct him in his agricultural work in order that he may keep abreast with the new investigations which are daily being made. Many books and papers are being written on agriculture these days, but one of those which deserves especial mention is "Campbell's Soil Culture Manual," which is being sold with Scientific Farmer, published at Lincoln, Nebr. Mr. Campbell has prepared a careful handbook for the farmer which is readable and highly instructive. Every page is brim full of information. The subject is treated from a scientific standpoint and the book shows scholarly preparation. Its pages are enriched with many valuable illustrations. He discusses the proper fitting of the Soil for the Conservation and Control of Moisture and the Development of Soil Fertility; How Moisture Moves in the Soil by Capillary Attraction, Percolation and Evaporation; the Relation of Water and Air to Plant Growth, and how this may be Regulated by Cultivation. The book is especially adapted for agriculture in semi-arid regions. It should be found in every farmer's library. The price of the book is \$2.50, but the publishers are willing to give the Inglenook readers the book and one year's subscription to the Scientific Farmer, published at Lincoln, Nebr., for \$2.50. Published by Campbell Soil Culture Co., Lincoln, Nebr.

THE MONTESSORI SYSTEM.

"The Montessori System," by Dr. Theodate L. Smith, is a system of education which is just now attracting a great deal of attention. Several of the universities of the land are making careful investigations and are seriously studying its merits. Columbia University has sent three members of its faculty to Rome, where the system originated, to make a thorough study of it. Dr. Smith is a highly trained educational expert connected with the staff of Clark University, which has long been an important educational center of investigation. He has spent some time in Rome studying at first-hand Madame Montessori's work, and this book is the result of his investigations. It may be accepted as the best of any of the expositions that have yet been given of the Montessori system, though Madame Montessori's own book, of course, takes first place since that has been translated into the English language. The fundamental principles of the system, namely, the complete liberty of the child in its spontaneous manifestations, and the utilization of its natural energy, are clearly set forth by Dr. Smith, the illustrations aiding very much in this respect. "The Montessori System," published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$0.60 net.



THE UPAS TREE.

Florence E. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," has also written "The Upas Tree," sometimes called "A Christmas Story for All the Year." The plot of "The Upas Tree" gives an entirely new setting for the unconscious selfishness of a man and the self-sacrificing spirit of a woman. Ronald West was a genius as a writer and because of his childish irresponsibility in business affairs, his wife spared him all the disquieting experiences in looking after the business matters to allow him to be free for his chosen occupation. He decided to go to Africa for material for his new book and Helen, his wife, agreed to let him go, knowing full well that those months would be full of anxiety for her. When Ronald returned a few months later, his brain distorted by too much tropical sun, he fell an easy prey to the designs of an evil-minded cousin. Fortunately, through the good spirit of Dick Cameron, he is saved and Ronald's mind is restored, after which everyone is happy. "The Upas Tree," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.00.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR.

"Now that we've been able to ride anything that rolls or flies it's gettin' to be high toned to walk. I see Gov. Sulzer walked all the way to th' statehouse in Albany from his flat, an' he didn't get corns, neither. Them suffragettes hiked up the Hud-on River inside o' thirty days, an' that gets Woody Wilson all excited, so he's goin' to try to walk from his joy wagon to th' platform to get sworn in if th' crazy people tryin' to be postmaster'll let him. It's a good thing folks is gettin' used to their legs again. I've been



keered ever since this motor car-trolley ar-airship funny business has been going on, thinkin' mebbe all us muts'd forget to se our feet. You can go so far for a nick- nowadays you might as well have no shoes. Seems to me all th' shanks' mares dead. If our granddaddies hopped into a buzz wagon every time they was goin' to town, us fellows wouldn't have legs enough to put a pair o' pants on. Them shoemakers that used to half sole boots from sunup to dark has all turned tailors now. They take more money puttin' seats in pants. That's where the wear comes these times. This ridin' in 'lectric cars is all habit. My ar's chuck full o' spindle-legged dudes every mornin' that ought to be hoofin' it bytown. Hobos all live to be grayhead- 'less they get chewed up by a railroad ain. It's walkin' does it. A fellow's head n't right 'less he walks enough to make s blood run down to his heels an' back. Never seen a engine yet doin' good work ith its flywheel rusty. If you wasn't eant to walk with your feet you'd 'a' had aws like a canary bird, an' they wouldn't any car seats. They'd only be perches.

"Step aside, please, step aside!

"Lively, gettin' on! Walk 'way up in- de!

"Watch your step!"

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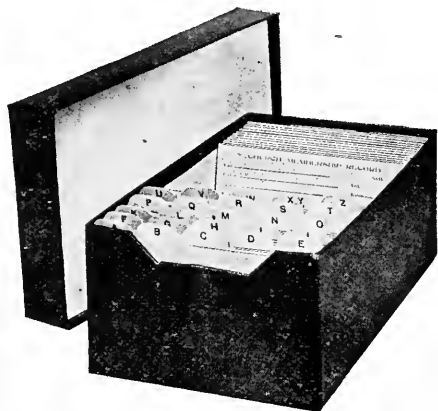
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For a thing that springs mostly from badly digested misinformation, public sentiment is amazingly often right.—Puck.

"James, there's a burglar downstairs. I'm going for help."

"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."—Harper's Magazine.

Blobbs—Do you think the death of old Closefist will be a loss to the community?

Slobbs—Well, I understand the loss is fully covered by insurance.—Philadelphia Record.

"There haven't been any automobiles violating the speed limits for more than a week," said the constable. "What shall we do?"

"Arrange to lower the speed limit," replied the sheriff.—Washington Star.

Mrs. Youngwedd (shopping)—Look at this new stove with the glass door in the oven. Wonder what it's made of glass for?

Youngwedd—It's to make the bread lighter, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

"You ate all of your own cake and Mabel's, too, Tommie?" said the mother.

"Yes'm," replied Tommie.

"You'll be sick, child."

"Well, mother, you see if anybody was going to be sick I didn't want it to be Mabel."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I ate a worm," said the little tot in the kindergarten.

The teacher, thinking that perhaps the child had really done such a thing, protested warmly over the undesirability of the proceeding. "Why, just think," she said, as a final argument, "how badly the mama worm felt to have her little baby eaten up."

"I ate she's mama, too," was the triumphant rejoinder that proved too much for the teacher.—Harper's Magazine.

Rastus had caught Sambo red-handed.

"Ah'm gwine hab yo' arrested foh stealin' mah chickens, yo' Sambo Washin'ton—dat's jess what ah'm gwine to do," said Rastus.

"Go ahead, niggah," retorted Sambo. "Go ahead an' hab me arrested. Ah'll mek yo' prove whar yo' got dem chickens yo'seff!"—Harper's Weekly.

THE INGLENOOK

PROGRESS

INDUSTRY

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

March 11
1912

Vol. XV
No. 10

THE TEACHERS' MONTHLY

Sample copies sent free.

Concerning this publication we do not hesitate to say that it is as good as the best for anybody and better than any other for those who teach in the Sunday-schools of the Church of the Brethren. The best of talent in the church is employed to furnish the helps which appear in connection with the lessons.

The writers treat the lessons under the following heads: The Gist of the Lesson, The Lesson in Everyday Life, How to Teach the Lesson in Adult Classes, How to Teach the Lesson in the Intermediate Classes, How to Teach the Lesson in the Primary Classes. These, in addition to the editorial comments, make the publication one of great value. Each month, also, a number of helpful articles on timely topics appear in its columns.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

March 11, 1913

No. 10.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Miss Mildred Chadsey.

What a Trained Social Worker Can Do.

A FEW years ago the writer heard a prominent teacher of Sociology make the statement that the day of the professional social worker was here. The statement seemed more like a prophecy than anything else, but the teacher was right. The day of the professional social worker is here. Graduates of universities who have specialized in Sociology and graduates of the professional sociological schools are to be found in almost every large city at work on special investigations or as holders of offices. The profession is a new one and offers no great financial rewards; but it is a profession in which one can be extremely useful to humanity. Unfortunate conditions used to be investigated, but this investigation was carried on chiefly by those we call muck-rakers who expose a sore but who neither offer nor apply a healing balm. The mod-

ern investigator is a social physician who not only diagnoses a case but who also prescribes a remedy. As an illustration of such a servant of the people we can refer to Miss Mildred Chadsey, Chief of the Bureau of Sanitation of Cleveland. Miss Chadsey is a graduate of the University of Chicago, where she specialized in Sociology. She received a Carnegie fellowship and did research in some Western cities. Afterwards she was employed by the United States Government and investigated the conditions of labor in factories where women and children were employed. That was her preparation before she came to the city of Cleveland. Her first work there was to make an investigation of the dance halls of the city. The result was the closing of many of the halls and city regulations of the others. A year or more ago she was chosen as Chief of the Bureau of Sanitation, and since that time Cleveland has been kept busy cleaning house. Tenement houses have been improved (the truth is, Cleveland is determined to get rid of her slums), alleys cleaned, filthy privies removed, and the people in general educated to cleaner methods of living.

Playgrounds for Small Towns in Illinois.

A bill has been before the Illinois Legislature providing for the establishment of playgrounds in small towns if a sufficient number of voters desire such an institution. Public playgrounds are a common thing in the larger cities, but this seems to be the first attempt to widen their usefulness so as to include the smaller towns. The purpose of these playgrounds, of course, is to furnish a safe and convenient place in which the boys and girls may exercise. Before playgrounds were furnished by the school or city authorities children had to do their playing on the streets until they were stopped by some policeman. The bill pro-

vides that each recreation district shall have authority as follows: "It shall have power to purchase, rent, construct, equip, and maintain buildings suitable for gymnasium, bathing, swimming and club purposes, and to own, equip and maintain athletic fields, the intent and object of this act being to encourage, promote and provide for healthful indoor and outdoor recreation for the people of the district organized."

What a Lyceum Course Can Do in a High School.

Some time ago we referred to an essay winning first place in a contest conducted by the Redpath Bureau of Chicago on the benefits of a lyceum course. The contest was interesting because it brought forth the expression of those who knew by experience what a good lecture and entertainment course can do for a town and the surrounding country. For the contest a school superintendent wrote as follows: "The question before me in regard to an entertainment is: Will it uplift, broaden and inspire the young people or will it make them more restless and dissatisfied? Critically I examined the Redpath attractions, and selected a quartet of young women, a quartet of young men, and an impersonator, for three of the numbers of our lyceum course, because I wish my high school boys and girls to see other young men and women who can do something well. I want them to receive the inspiration, the broadening, and the encouragement that may be derived from the contact with successful lives. The rhetorical work in the high schools, the bugbear of the teachers, becomes much easier when the students have a chance to hear some of the master readers and speakers. Again, for weeks after a high grade musical attraction, I can see and feel a new spirit in the high school singing. There is more lift in it. There is more heart in it. . . . We must give the young people some entertainment that will uplift or they will find some that will debase." Many on reading that last statement will at once say that it is not necessary that young people attend places of amusement. The truth is that they should not be found at places where amusement is the only purpose, but it is possible to attend places which afford recreation and uplift at the same time. At this age it is not right to deny a boy or girl the opportunity of listening to good music or reading or oratory when it is possible to support a lyceum course of some kind. Many a boy has had his ambitions kindled by an inspiring lecturer. We know it to be a fact.

Nothing takes the self-conceit out of a person sooner than the knowledge that some one else can do a thing better. A young man or woman may think that he or she is the only singer in the community until a voice that is really trained is heard. It is then that the young man or woman finds out that there are a few things yet to be learned. If you don't believe that a lyceum course can put life and thinking matter in your community just try it next year. Get a few of the most progressive men or women together, hire talent from some reputable bureau, and boost. You may be surprised how many other people have been waiting for the opportunity to attend a good lecture or musical. But by all means run the course for the benefit of its patrons. Do not run it in the name of any one church or church society. Let it be a community matter with members of the board from all the churches interested. A case is on record in the State of Iowa where a class of Sunday-school boys under seventeen years of age have conducted a lecture and entertainment course successfully during the past winter. These boys are workers. It was a four-hundred-dollar course, too. One minister who conducted a lyceum course in his town wrote the bureau thus: "It takes so much work and energy to make the work go, but when the talent comes and you see how delighted the audience is and realize that you are giving them something besides picture shows to go to, one cannot help but just feel tickled all over."

What the Negro Has Done.

In a recent number of the Survey, Mr. Du Bois, who is editor of the Crisis, writes concerning the progress of the negro during the past half century. He points out that the negro was freed as a penniless and almost helpless laborer. In the North many of the colored people owned property during the Civil War, but the negro of the South began with almost nothing. When they were freed 90 per cent of the negroes were field hands and servants of the lowest type. What has the negro race accomplished since that time? "Today," says Mr. DuBois, "fifty per cent are farm laborers and servants, and over one-half of these are working as efficient modern workmen under wage contract. Above these, to use the figures of 1900, there are 750,000 farmers, 70,000 teamsters, 55,000 railway hands, 36,000 miners, 33,000 sawmill employees, 28,000 porters, 21,000 teachers, 21,000 carpenters, 20,000 barbers, 20,000 nurses, 15,000 clergymen, 14,000 masons, 13,000 dressmak-



Rev. John Thomas Jenifer.

200,000 mistresses of independent homes, and 2,000,000 children in school."

Many of the negroes of the South are renters, but it is surprising how the number of landowners has increased during the past two decades. "By 1875 the negroes probably had gotten hold of something between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 acres of land through their bounties as soldiers and the low price of land on account of the war. . . . In 1890 negroes owned 120,738 farms; in 1900 they owned 187,799; in 1910 they owned about 220,000. Thus, over 25 per cent of the negro farmers owned their own farms, and the increase of farm owners between 1890 and 1910 has been over 83 per cent. The value of land and buildings owned by negroes in the South was in 1910 \$272,992,238. This is an increase of nearly 90 per cent in a single decade."

The negroes now own and control 200 private schools and colleges in the United States, and many men of genius have arisen from among the colored race since the Civil War. Rev. John T. Jenifer is one of them. He was born a slave in 1835. Four years after the close of the war he was graduated from Wilberforce University in the theological course. For fifty years he has been in the service of the church.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

President Wilson's Inaugural Address.

Woodrow Wilson has addressed the people of the United States for the first time as their chief magistrate. His inaugural speech was the utterance of the head of the nation, not of a party. Its spirit is wholly admirable—lofty, unselfish, humble, earnest. Some of its phrases suggest Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

In more than one respect is President Wilson's inaugural a new departure. Its rigorous brevity, its absolutely nonpartisan tone, its underlying historic sense combined with a thoroughly modern attitude, its idealism harnessed to a practical outlook are severally features characteristic of the President's mind and temper.

The address indicts neither the nation nor any particular part of the nation. It speaks of great forces and tendencies that, perhaps, have been inevitable. It emphasizes

the fact that our present evils are due to heedlessness and impatience rather than to deliberate sins of commission. "Our work," says Mr. Wilson, "is a work of restoration." Our duty is to reconsider, correct, readjust, not to tear down and create anew. We must revert to first principles, to great traditions; in dealing with abuses and defects in our political and economic system we must bear in mind that we have no clean sheet to write on, and that change must be gradual and sane to be salutary and permanent. To Mr. Wilson change in blind haste, or in a purely partisan spirit is "inconceivable." This word is used more than once, and it is expressive. The style, indeed, of the inaugural is the man in this instance.

The President refers to the tariff, finance, corporation law, conservation and improved industrial organization by way of illustrat-

ing the principal tasks awaiting action in the new spirit. He is intentionally general in these terse paragraphs, and none of his political opponents will take exception to his mere outline. The application of the principles laid down will begin when the President writes his first message to the special session of the new Congress. Mr. Wilson evidently means to suit word to occasion. In this he obeys his standard of efficiency, his idea of method. He will get down to particulars and specific recommendations when the proper time comes.

Meantime the inaugural must commend itself to all intelligent and sober-minded Americans as the utterance of a sincere, scholarly, thoughtful and progressive man who assumes his exalted position with a rare single-mindedness of purpose and with every determination to serve the people without thought of self, faction or party—to serve under the guidance of a "rectified will" and disciplined mind.—Record-Herald.



"Joaquin" Miller, the Poet, Dies.

At the age of 71 years the venerable "Poet of the Sierras," generally known as "Joaquin" Miller, died Feb. 17, at his mountain retreat near Oakland, Cal. His real name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, but that name was more than he could bear, and when a young man he took the name of "Joaquin" from a Mexican brigand of that name whom he had defended as a lawyer. Miller was a unique character—"rough and ready" as a poet and a man, and his experiences would make an interesting book of adventure.

He was born in Indiana, that prolific mother of modern literary lights. But he left that State to go west with his folks at the age of eleven. The family settled in Oregon, but the desire for adventure took young Cincinnatus to the California gold fields when he was a boy of fifteen "to seek his fortune." Already he had taken part in an Indian war and received an arrow wound in the neck. In California he was adopted by an Indian tribe and married the daughter of the chief. You see such things are not entirely confined to story books, but actually do happen in real life. Shortly afterward his wife was killed by white settlers in a war on the redskins and Miller returned to Oregon, studied law and soon became a judge.

He married an Oregon girl and they had two sons. The sons took after the father and also ran away from home, and Miller erased their names from the family record and dismissed them from his mind. In 1866

he went to Mexico and took part in an insurrection there, being captured but later pardoned. Then he divorced his wife and made a tour of Europe, where he made a great hit, as he was always dressed in a sort of Wild West garb, including flannel shirt, high boots with his trousers tucked into them, etc. The Europeans, on seeing him, took his costume to be a fair sample of what everybody in America wore, and they have not got over that impression.

For some years he lived at Washington, where he was engaged in newspaper work and married a third wife. At that time he built and occupied a rude log cabin overlooking the city. The city has since grown up all around this point and last year the cabin was taken down at the expense of the California Society and moved to Rock Creek Park, where it is preserved as a memorial. He was in Alaska at the height of the gold fever there, and in fact was usually found wherever there was anything startling going on. For several seasons he appeared on the vaudeville stage and lecture platform. In 1887 he settled in California, in a simple retreat which he called "The Heights." Many of his poems have been published in a collection called "Songs of the Sunland." At his request his remains were cremated and then scattered to the winds of heaven, from a stone monument he built with his own hands several years ago.—The Pathfinder.



Mexico and the United States.

If present indications are confirmed by later reports, responsibility for the assassination of ex-President Madero of Mexico and the ex-Vice-President, Suarez, rests upon the revolutionary Mexican government. This goes far toward placing that government in the criminal class as to all its international relationships. Neither as a retaliatory or penal measure nor in any necessity for self-preservation, can excuses, much less justifications, for those killings be found. When himself in power, Madero refused to execute a duly imposed death sentence for treason upon Diaz, one of the leaders now concerned in displacing him and apparently in having him assassinated. This was in accordance with Madero's humane policy of pacification while pursuing his plans for what appears to have been the democratization of Mexico industrially as well as politically. In his deposition by insurrectionaries, Mexico has lost a patriotic public servant of democratic ideals, and acquired in his place (from present appearances) a gang of self-seeking assassins.

EDITORIALS

Oysters Still Eatable.

The popular tendency to exaggeration is illustrated in the case of the recent attacks on the wholesomeness of oysters. There have been some instances in the last fifteen years in which illness was ascribed to eating oysters, but in most of these, where circumstances permitted a thorough investigation, it was found that the accusations against the oyster originated in the imagination, and, in one or two cases at least, to a desire to attract public attention on the part of persons who placed the matter in print.

The real facts concerning oysters are that a large proportion of the foods and drinks of which we partake every day are more likely to be unwholesome than oysters, because oysters are now principally grown in the deep, pure waters of the large bays and sounds, where they are continually swept by the clean salt water currents. These grounds are miles from land and are remote from all sources of contamination. Not one bushel of oysters in one thousand has any chance to become contaminated.

Mystery of Buried Kernels.

Corn grows, it would seem, in the night. Some naturalists have thought that the analogy of the tree life is followed. It is well known that in the spring the sap of the tree passes upward from the roots on a warm morning and retreats at night. In its passage the sap of the maple is to be obtained by a wound in the trunk. There is little doubt that the life blood of the corn rises by the heat of the day and takes on something from the sun, something from the air to breathe, since the young blades of the stalks are like lungs. But the theory is that when the chill of night drives down the corn sap in retreat, there is a deposit of fiber left in the passage. Hence the stalks enlarge. Hence the slipping of green fetters makes itself audible, and the farmer says he hears the corn grow.

He laughs when the night is warm. Just why the process is interrupted by cold nights is not so very clear. It is true, however, that one cannot hear the corn grow when the nights are decidedly cold. Probably that other chemical process, the twin of the process in the sunlit leaf in the upper air, needs a warmed earth, and the sap that undoubtedly went up in the morning was not made fit.

Taken all in all, the corn plant, a thing

of rapid growth, presents a charming study. The citadel of life is yet never penetrated. The eternal "why" and "how" elude us still. If the picture of a Great Teacher endlessly breaking a few loaves and passing the bread to thousands seems a "miracle," the miracle is being repeated every July day, upon a thousand beautiful hills, in our modern sight. From a few handfuls of dried kernels, kept in winter store till they looked dead, yet the mystery of abundant life has sprung and is waving green streamers of promise in the air.

One Woman's Queer Living.

There is living and working in London at the present time a woman who, by her own unaided efforts, has amassed a fortune of £20,000 three or four times over by selling watercress.

This woman is Mrs. James, of Covent Garden, and her career furnishes one of the most romantic stories of business the metropolis has ever known. As a tiny girl of five years of age, Mrs. James began her business career with a couple of baskets of watercress, which she hawked about the streets of London. Today she has practically the monopoly of the watercress trade, for she supplies nearly every large London hotel and restaurant. She owns a watercress farm and a country house, keeps a river motor launch, and has a fine house in Kensington.

But her prosperity has only been built up by a hard fight and stern struggling. As a matter of fact, Mrs. James has been selling watercress for seventeen or eighteen hours a day since she was a girl, and even now she has to spend laborious days in maintaining the splendid success she has obtained. Her business day commences at 3 o'clock in the morning, and by 10 she has finished with the market. She then attends to her office work at home. In the evening she goes around the stations to meet the afternoon consignments of watercress, and sells them right off to the barrow merchants to be retailed all over London.

"Hard work," says Mrs. James, "is the secret of success in business—at least, I have always found it so. Study your customers, never disappoint them, give them the best, and you must get on. My greatest happiness is in my work, and I enjoy myself most of all looking after my customers in the market. Once I retired from business, and I lost three stone in weight in nine months. Holidays do not appeal to me, but last year I went for a trip to

America with my daughters on the Carpathia and came back on the Lusitania. I was hungry to get back to the market and tired of looking at the sea and listening to people's silly talk. Women have just as good a chance as men in the market if they will put the necessary work into the business."

Boy Born with Locked Jaws.

There recently left the Union Protestant Infirmary a boy of 14 years who thinks that Dr. W. S. Baer is the greatest man in the world.

He was born with stiff jaws. Nature forgot to supply him with the joints and sockets which make it possible for the normal man to open and shut his mouth at will.

For fourteen years it was necessary to feed him by means of a tube. Dr. Baer cut through the solid mass of bone where the joints should have been and modeled upon the separated pieces while the boy lay on the operating table the shape of the joints and sockets nature should have supplied him with. Then he placed a piece of pig's bladder between these joints, put them together and sewed up the incision made for the operation. Now the boy can move his jaws as the normal man can.

The operation is only one of 150 or 200 which the surgeon has performed, and his work has dealt with all the joints of the body—jaw, hip, knee and elbow. There are many persons walking around Baltimore with legs or arms which swing properly in joints and sockets sculptured upon the living structure of their skeleton as they lay upon the operating table.

Dr. Baer is the only man in the country—probably the only man in the world—who has done this work. He read a paper on the work before the Johns Hopkins Medical Society a few months ago.

After the surgeon had conceived the plan of modeling the joints the problem which confronted him was to discover something which could be placed between them, so as to prevent this reuniting, to hold them apart, until nature, working with the physician, accustomed them to their role and, when this had been accomplished, to withdraw.

He found this in the pig's bladder when prepared in a certain way. After ninety days the pig's bladder is absorbed in the human system. That is time enough for these created joints to wear off the rawness left by the molding. Fluid for the joints is supplied by natural processes of the body.

Astor to Be a Farmer for Useful Life's Sake.

Vincent Astor has selected the field of agriculture for aiding humanity. He has so informed Governor Sulzer of New York, who recently announced he had appointed Mr. Astor to head the delegation that will represent New York at a meeting of the general assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome next May.

"Vincent Astor recently passed a night at the 'People's House,'" said Governor Sulzer, "and we talked over many things. He wanted to get my views and advice as to how he could be a useful man in the progress of the world.

"I told him he was living in a house with only one window, that he was looking out of that window every day and his views were consequently limited and contracted.

"I said, 'I am going to put nine windows in your house. You can look out of each of these windows with me and you will get a greater perspective. After you have looked out of all the windows, select the view you like best, and the field wherein you think you can be the most useful, and then go to work and do something for your fellow-man.'

"He spent some time looking out of these windows, and he didn't seem to take much interest in any of them until I went to the agricultural window, and the moment he looked out of that he said: 'That is my field, that is what I would like to do. I have one of the finest farms in the State of New York down along the Hudson River. My father never did anything with it. I am going to make that farm an experimental farm along scientific farm lines, and everything I do there will be told to the people of the country.'

Vincent told the governor he would use the Astor farm at Rhinecliff for scientific and experimental purposes with a view of benefiting farmers of the country.

Go for Backsliders.

Pupils in the Moody Sunday-school in Chicago, either will report for attendance every Sunday hereafter or a bright-faced boy or girl will appear at the family domicile within fifteen minutes with a notification, delivered in the presence of all the family, that "Mary" or "Sammy," as the case may be, isn't attending to her or his religious duty.

The notification will be written on a blank just like a telegraphic message and it will be addressed to the recalcitrant pupil.

The messenger, one of a trained corps which is responsible for the territory between the river and Irving Park Boulevard, will have the notification in a small envelope.

At the "Smith" home, for instance, little Charles will plan to "renege" on attendance, just one Sunday. By some clever device he keeps his parents from noting that the hour for religious service is passing.

Enter the messenger.

"Mr. Charles Smith live here?"

It is too late for Charles to escape his fate. He tears open the message as nonchalantly as a busy business man and there loom these words:

"Charles: Sunday-school is in session and you are not attending; why not?"

If Charles indifferently explains to his parents, "Just a little business matter between me and 'Spike Johnson,'" the messenger, from his or her copy book, will read the message in a loud voice so that Charles' parents will be apprised of its contents.

Then Charles will have some explaining to do, and the visit of the messenger, with the "showing up" before father and mother, will serve to compel attendance at Sunday-school thereafter.

Seventy boys and girls have been made members of the messenger force.

COLLEGE. AND CHARACTER

Dr. J. A. Clement

IT has been shown conclusively a good many times that the man or woman who has taken a college course has increased his or her earning capacity. And there are probably fewer people proportionately who would doubt this statement at present than ever before. Professor Eikenberry has wisely called our attention to this fact in his significant series of articles called "Our Schools." The fact has found corroboration in comparing the earning capacity of men in different fields of activity.

On the other hand, while our American colleges in the first place were founded under very moral and religious influences, as any one may remember from the history of education in the United States, yet it has often been doubted by many persons whether the colleges of today are producing the highest types of manhood and womanhood.

Unfortunately, to many people, the college is simply a sort of intellectual depot at which only the fast or speedy trains stop. Young people, they believe, travel only on the limited express, or on the flyer, and consequently in Pullman cars, financially speaking. It is said that the young man's chief occupation is to become a spendthrift, a sport, or a gentleman of leisure, who lives without working, and that the young college lady is the main recipient of this young man's multitudinous favors.

Of course there are a very limited number of such students who do escape from all the higher institutions of learning. But

do you know of any manufacturing establishment, business concern, or agricultural enterprise that rates its worth by its least valuable product?

Sometimes, too, it has happened that young people have believed that a college is a place in which to wait until something happens. Others have believed that it was best for themselves to become buried and lost in books, and speculative theories, and forget practical affairs, and thereby miss the opportunities for practical and helpful service among fellow students. "No," says such a student, "I am working toward my goal." Yes, that may be true; but do not forget that the best way to be working for a place is to be always working in your present place in relation to those about you. It is the giving of character that most enriches the college giver.

It is proper that the educationist should point out clearly that no college exists for the purpose of making spendthrifts, or mere gentlemen of leisure, or unhappy intellectual misers. No educational institution has a right to exist which in a period of one, two, three or four years does not add some moral asset to an individual's nature.

It is as conclusive that a student may increase his moral capacity as it is that he or she may increase his or her earning capacity through four years of the right kind of higher education and training.

It must always be remembered that the college is not the only intellectual and moral station along the highway of learning.

It is rather but one of the many important relay stations at which the average student is not expected to remain more than four years at any rate. The first educational relay station is the kindergarten, the next is the common school, the next is the high school or the academy, and the next is the college.

Now a man may be educated although he has never been to college. That will depend very much upon the make-up of the man. On the other hand, a man may go to college and never become educated. This will depend very much upon his previous habits of life, and upon how successfully he has passed the previous relay stations. It is surprising how much some young people contribute morally to an institution to which they come. To him that hath morally, when he comes to college, to him it shall be given. A student always carries away from an institution in proportion as he brings to it when he comes.

There is likely to be one important difference at least between the educational relay work and the familiar relay race. Whether you win or lose may often depend upon the other fellow in the latter undertaking. In the former undertaking one may sometimes need to set his own pace and run his own race. And it is absolutely impossible to do the whole thing at the fourth relay station, namely the college. College character must grow up out of the same early pure soil as any other character must do. And college social soil is one of the richest regions in which to produce individuals of sterling worth.

There are three effective factors in the higher institutions of learning which have influenced the lives of individuals in all their previous experience,—the apparatus or things they use, the books which they read, and the people with whom they live.

We have been so accustomed to carving up every individual into a physical, mental and moral being that it is very easy to forget that this is only a convenient classification, and so we fail to realize that he is always a physical, and mental, and moral being in every thought that he thinks and in every act that he performs, simple as it may be. Every piece of laboratory apparatus which the student uses and handles in some way directly or indirectly makes for accuracy or for inaccuracy, for neatness or for slothfulness, for honesty or for dishonesty, for systematic, or raggedly loose work.

Textbooks, too, leave their impress, for these are at the center of attention during the pursuance of a course. The more ma-

ture the mind is the more critical and analytical will the attitude of the student be.

Of the making of library and reference books there is no end in our day. The appetite for good reading may often be determined here, if it has not been done earlier, as it should have been. The ability to use a library is an asset that should be common to every student who leaves the college halls. And to omit the Bible from our catalogue list is to neglect the most comprehensive Book of all.

It has long been a mooted question as to whether certain types of subjects in the course of study did more than others to develop one's mind. Latin and Mathematics, with Biography and History and Literature, particularly for moral development, have been most often used to illustrate the peculiar cultural value of the special subjects. But experimental education and modern pedagogy have shown that no one subject has a corner in its so-called superior cultural value either on the intellectual or moral side. There is large evidence that the old so-called formal discipline doctrine is not true, and that there is no subject of study but that will be of intellectual and moral value when it is well taught in all its relations, just as there is no occupation that is worthy which will not afford some opportunity for moral and intellectual development if rightly and faithfully pursued.

But it is in the social realm of college life with its many organizations and classroom work that we find the most fertile soil for the production of ideals and purposes. It has long been a truism among us that a great literary writer once said "I am not concerned so much about the studies which my daughter is to pursue in college, as I am in knowing who her teachers are to be." It is true at this stage of life that teachers may be real comrades, friends, and collaborators with students. Paul and Gamaliel, Plato and Socrates, Jesus and his disciples are brief but significant references to such fellowships as can grow up between lives that closely sympathize with one another. Life purposes and ideals seem to be formed almost unconsciously in the presence of a great personality.

And then the opportunity for social service among one's fellow-students while life is yet in the making is too large to be turned aside without grave reflection. To be a true friend in your college days is to be a missionary on the home field. There are many lonely hearts to be cheered by your presence, there are many discouraged ones to be helped, there are many faltering ones to be guided, there are many seek-

ing a knowledge of the best things whom you may lead if you are sure of the way ahead. The import of this college social service is that it may be influentially carried out into any calling which one may choose to take up after graduation.

Let the chief purpose of the colleges of our land be the enrichment of human life everywhere. Let both knowledge and character grow up out of the same roots, firm and deep. And let the giver enrich himself by giving the best that he has in him.

VIRILE READING FOR YOUNG MEN

Don Scott

Young men should read books that build Manhood, Character.

SEVERAL engineers were constructing a bridge some ten feet above a creek: farmers who had lived in the vicinity for years told them it was not high enough for the annual spring rampage, but the engineers from college gave no heed to such ignoramuses. In a single night, some three weeks later, the creek rose to a furious torrent and the timbers of the bridge were deposited promiscuously over the twenty acres of a nearby cornfield when the water subsided.

Young men are the engineers, bright, brainy, alert; but along the banks dwell people who have lived longer, and know more intimately the dangers and possibilities of life.

To read for character is to build strongly and wisely. If one has not the time or strength or eyesight to become a real student or a general reader, the reading he should select is, first, that which will build him up in manhood.

Most mature men will agree that the best character-forming books are the biographies of the strong and noble men and women who have done the world's various works:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make or lives sublime."

The story of Washington, read in early life, was one of the inspiring forces in Lincoln's career. All young people ought to be familiar with the lives of our great Americans.

There is one book that has done more toward arousing and influencing the men of the last two thousand years than any other, except the Bible, and that is "Plutarch's Lives." Young men of today may laugh and say, "That was all very well for those men, but today we want something

new, something modern." But when we answer that the foremost men of today are readers of the same old book,—that it affected Wilson as well as it affected Lincoln, Blaine or Hamilton, isn't it well, then, to pause before you throw aside the book that contains the very stuff of which manhood is made? Today there is not a clerk, a struggling boy, a youth under trying conditions but will be braver and stronger and make a better fight for knowing the lives of those men who endured and fought and suffered, and showed what the strength of men may be under all circumstances. In such biographies you learn pluck, indomitable will,—how to fall and rise again,—how to turn failure into success,—defeat into victory.

Among modern character building books none are more potent than the series written by the late Samuel Smiles,—they are not fine literary books, not written in a polished style,—but they tell with plain, strong, compelling force what men have done and borne,—what men can do. I wish I might place a volume of his "Self Help" in the hands of every young man in the land. "Character" and "Duty" are vital volumes. Read them! Absorb them! Know what the solid, lasting qualities and virtues of life are!

When you tell young men of the Bible, they shy off and think they are about to be preached to. At that, they might be worse occupied, for every great book and lesson and experience, work or picture is at bottom preaching. Young man, don't shy off, just keep right on reading,—I'm not going to preach here,—I just want to tell you something.

The Bible is absolutely unsurpassed in literature. It is a great book of conduct, a noble history, bringing before you the panorama of the ages. It is the greatest masterpiece of the English tongue. It is,

as Huxley declared, "The epic of the English-speaking races." It is so interwoven with the literature of the world that to be ignorant of it is to be unable to understand the allusions and significance of half the literature of the last thousand years.

Great books require great readers. The Bible is not a book to be read with cigars and slippers, or when the reader is half asleep,—but it is to be read in earnest,—until its great significance, its sentences and phrases, flash, and live and burn into your soul.

Young men, we ought not to slight American history. We should know what this great country of ours is, how it came to be, what its problems have been and are today, what men have suffered for its existence, who its heroes have been,—what American citizenship stands for,—until we really appreciate our own great heritage,—and are inspired to be, in our own place and degree, true citizens of the Republic.

Let us read history of other lands and nations, ancient and modern; if limited as to time or strength, get at least brief historical outlines and go over them until the chief events of the world story and history are fitted in their places.

Young men should know something of science,—but they should read wisely. There are hundreds of books on the market today marked "Science" this, and "Science" that, which are merely vague assemblages of large words embodying no proven facts or truths, and of no value whatever to the young chap who has a desire to round out his education. Hundreds of people talk of Science whose minds are as blank as a fresh sheet of paper. If you read science at all, take the best works and read them thoroughly. Remember that vast progress has been made in human thought in the last decade. A young man is foolish if he does not read science,—he is also foolish if he swallows all he reads as if it were unquestionable truth. Investigate the scientific ranks first, select those who are held in honor and eminence by the

world at large, and read their works wisely.

If you have time and strength, don't neglect Psychology, the Science of Mind. It will lead you to realize the wonder of your own personality. It will help in exploring the mystery of your own constitution, and it will teach you a thousand useful things which you will find invaluable in daily contact with your fellow-men. The millionaire and the clerk both need it. It would clear their heads and a new light would come upon men and their relations to them.

Prof. Wm. James' notable book, "A Study in Human Nature," is invaluable. Read it, study it,—it will give you ideas that will brighten your whole life.

Certainly we should read Fiction. The very best. Because the very best is the most interesting. We ought to follow good current fiction to a degree sufficient to teach us what is in it of knowledge of human life and nature. But I have found that a steady fiction diet is not good for mind or life. Fiction gluttons lose their hold on reality,—they come to see those around them mistakenly and morbidly as the characters of stories.

Read poetry? Grocery clerk, messenger boy, office man alike dwarfs himself if he does not. Get away from the gibes of this big, swirling, up-to-date, seething and congested world; don't allow them to cut you off from the poetic outlook upon life,—the music of great masters, the infinite wealth and sublimity that is in the poets. You don't need to become a dreamer, nor a talker of poetry. It belongs with painting, music, art,—a wonderful refreshment, a noble inspiration.

Let us read good newspapers, study good editorials, follow world movements, grasp the tendencies of our times,—know our own place in general history.

Let us read good books and good magazines, which picture the times and their great thoughts.

Good reading is a tonic to mind and soul,—and it passes like iron into the blood of earnest men.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH MEXICO?

S. Z. Sharp

THE trouble in Mexico is found in the character of its people. Selfishness, avarice, ambition, haughtiness, disregard for the life and property of others, and a propensity to rob

and plunder, are prominent traits of the character of the Spaniards who settled in Cuba, Mexico and the Central American States. Their tyranny over the native Indians of Cuba practically annihilated that

ancient race, and ever since the Spaniards took possession of that queen of islands, their tyranny and oppression were so unbearable that revolutions became so frequent that the United States was induced to drive the Spanish rulers from the island and give the inhabitants a model form of government. Even then quietness could hardly be maintained. Lack of patriotism and a propensity to indulge in graft, so prominent in the Spanish character, would not let the island develop peacefully, but Uncle Sam had to take charge of the island the second time, restore order and give the people a chance to show their ability for self-government.

What is true of Cuba may also be said of the Central American States. Since their independence in 1823, they have been noted for their frequent revolutions, tyranny of its rulers and graft. Honduras is a favorite resort for revolutionists and malcontents. What is true of Cuba and Central American States is also true of Mexico which illustrates the Spanish character. From the time Cortez set his foot on Mexican soil, tyranny, oppression and revolution followed each other in close succession. The avarice, perfidy and cruelty of that conqueror are known to almost every schoolboy. The oppression and civil commotions under his successors have been about as frequent and as destructive as the earthquakes to which that country is subject. All official posts in the State were filled by Spaniards and were regularly sold at auction in Madrid to the highest bidder, who used his position for exploitation and self-aggrandizement. Since 1823, the time when Mexico became independent, its history has been marked by constant revolutions. Between 1823 and 1876, a period of fifty-three years, there were thirty revolutions and changes of presidents. The longest period during which there was no revolution was six years. Sometimes there were two revolutions and two different presidents during the same year. This frequency of revolutions and change of rulers has hardly a parallel in the history of the world. Santa Ana, well known in American history as chief commander of the Mexican army during the war of Mexico with the United States, was president five times, each time being deposed during a revolution by some other aspirant. No sooner had one president installed himself into his office than some one else began to foment a revolution to obtain that office. This has been the trouble with Mexico for a period of more than fifty years, and is

the trouble today. Porfirio Diaz was the only exception to this rule. His superior skill in statecraft and his indomitable will enabled him to hold the reins of government for thirty-two years. In 1877 he was elected president and took hold of the government with an iron hand. He found the country infested with numerous roving bands of brigands living on pillage. These he found hard to capture as they would soon scatter in all directions, only to unite and pillage again, hence he concluded to bribe them and enlist them into his army and pay them higher wages than is paid to soldiers in any other country. Should any prove unfaithful, he was quickly tried and dispatched. By means of armed rurales, throughout the country, he was enabled to keep the nation in peace and quietness. Under his dictatorship, for such in reality his government was, the country developed marvelously. Railroads were built, canals dug and countries irrigated, mines of gold, silver and copper of marvelous richness were opened which attracted capitalists from the United States, who at this time have invested five hundred millions of dollars in mines, smelters and other great projects.

Diaz, however, had his faults. Like others of Spanish blood, he was tyrannical and oppressive. This aroused strong opposition among the common people. They could not oust him from his office because he controlled the elections and had himself reelected each time. His opposing candidate for the presidency was Madero, a man of great wealth and influence. After his defeat by Diaz he resorted to the usual custom of organizing a revolution. He made great promises to the people and by the connivance of United States officers he was enabled to ship vast supplies of arms and ammunition across the line into Mexico. He succeeded in forming a large army and drove Diaz from the country and assumed the office of president himself. But he failed to redeem his promises to the people and counter revolutions sprang up in various parts of the country. Many of the federal army joined the revolutionists and at no time was Madero able to mobilize sufficient force to put down the rebellion. Should anyone else, even if it were the United States, try to restore peace and quietness, he would soon have another revolution on his hands.



Mrs. Hoyle—"Are they in our set?"

Mrs. Doyle—"No; they are not even in our parcel post zone."—Town Topics.

BENEFITS COMMUNITIES DERIVE FROM THE CONSOLIDATION OF THE RURAL SCHOOLS

Lulu Dowler Harris

THE movement for the consolidation and concentration of the rural schools is attracting the attention of educators all over our land.

All children should have equal opportunities. This is the principle back of the movement. The consolidated school furnishes the country child the advantages of the city schools without the distractions incident to city life. Economy is not the least thing to be considered in the consolidation of our country schools. The money spent on the one-roomed schools scattered over a township will do more and better things for the children when used in a consolidated school. Most tax-payers welcome the change.

The terms in consolidated schools are longer; this attracts better teachers; better teachers keep pupils in school longer. Result: Better citizens. The buildings for consolidated schools are better than the one-roomed schoolhouses. The health of the children can be better looked after, the ventilation and sanitary conditions are good. Result: Healthier people. One taxpayer in Iowa says, "I am greatly in favor of the consolidated schools. The fuel for our schools is quite an item here. Our consolidated schools use about sixteen tons of coal per year at about six dollars and fifty cents per ton, or about one hundred and four dollars' worth per year, while the rural schools, about nine in number, used close to three hundreds dollars' worth in the same length of time.

"Teachers' salaries for the nine schools amounted to about four thousand and fifty dollars per year, while the salaries of the teachers in the consolidated schools amount to only two thousand eight hundred dollars. The transportation costs about one thousand eight hundred dollars." Undoubtedly better teachers are employed in the consolidated schools, they have better buildings and vastly greater opportunities and the cost is not much greater. The consolidated school enlarges the neighborhood. Instead of a school district containing about four square miles it increases

the area to twenty-five or thirty square miles. This is a great advantage. The narrow prejudices and petty jealousies are broken down. Not only do the children enlarge their horizon, but the parents as well. The school itself often becomes a social center where lectures and entertainments of different kinds may be held. A by-product, so to speak, is the advance of social life. From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life; where there is free interchange of sentiment the mind acquires new ideas, and by a frequent exercise of its powers the understanding gains fresh vigor.

Good libraries may be obtained by the consolidated schools, not only benefiting the pupils but the communities at large. An interest in good books and periodicals will raise the intellectual and moral tone of any community. Dr. Claxton, our Commissioner of Education, outlines a splendid plan whereby schools may secure libraries at a minimum cost to the patrons. This article can be found in the Journal of Education, published in Boston (Feb. 15, 1912) Space will not permit my giving the plan here.

In a large district we are likely to have better men for our directors because the list to choose from is longer. Personalities are not so likely to enter into the election of teachers. And right here let me say while I am not a suffragette I do think women should have something to say in the selecting of men to run our schools. When the mother lets her little ones go out to school they are no longer under her protection and influence, and she ought to have a voice in the selecting of the school board that chooses the teachers into whose charge she trusts her children. She ought to know whether the room is warm and the air good and the water pure just the same when the children sit in school nearly all day as when they play about her feet at home. It is an undisputed fact that in the States where women vote better men are selected for office.

Since the real object of an education is

to give children resources that will enable them to make the most of their lives it seems natural for the practical things to predominate. I believe the consolidated schools will make these things possible. In these schools manual training and domestic science can be taught at least. A boy will become interested in the object he is making as well as skillful in the use of tools. The boy who can, by the suggestion of his teacher, design and make a gate, though a model, will not be satisfied with dilapidated bars on the farm. And what is true of the gate is true of a great many other things about the farm. These things well and artistically made add to the comfort, convenience and happiness of those who have to use them. A knowledge of soil is now being taught in some consolidated schools, the food values of farm products, the deadly parasites and how to exterminate them as well as the cultivation of crops.

Practical demonstrations are given in some schools where competent instructors can be secured. One school has ten acres of ground adjoining the building. This is used in many ways. Fruit growing, rotation of crops, use of fertilizer, and many other things are successfully taught. Children are encouraged to apply their knowledge on their father's farm. This will educate them to look for results when they work. Successful farmers will be the result of this teaching. It will educate the boy towards the farm instead of away from it.

Girls are taught domestic science, the scientific value of foods, their preparation and serving. They are taught how to can and preserve fruits and how to care for the dairy products. These make for the happiness of the individual and the comfort of the home.

It seems impossible to accomplish much

along these lines in the one roomed rural schools for lack of time and revenue. Education is training the mind to the use of its own powers. Books and teachers are merely a means to an end. We are coming slowly to recognize the necessity of using the motor activities of the pupils scientifically. The Creator has constituted the human intellect so that it can only grow by its own activities. Vocational education is demanding recognition. While culture must not be eliminated from our public schools there is a crying need for the education that will make boys and girls self-supporting when they leave our schools. They should not all be compelled to follow a beaten path.

Cleveland schools and some of her factories are coöperating in giving the children a vocational education. Chicago has her continuation schools. Pittsburgh is thinking seriously of adopting Chicago's plan. This is certainly a time of educational unrest, but conditions are slowly adjusting themselves to the needs of the individual. In the continuation schools of Chicago there are work shops representing every trade except blacksmithing and moulding. Some of these things are possible in our consolidated schools. The benefits a community would derive from such teaching cannot be estimated. Every man a skilled workman. Is it possible?

In the continuation schools the boys are taught designing and mathematical accuracy, the latter so many workmen lack. The object of these schools is to improve the condition of the man working at his trade rather than to flood the labor market with imperfectly trained workmen. And last but not least our consolidated schools afford splendid opportunities for teaching patriotism. This is thoroughly taught in schools of the Balkan States and how well it serves them in their hour of need.

THE BALKAN SITUATION

Mrs. T. D. Foster

MR. FREDERICK MOORE, who has been for a number of years head of the Associated Press Bureau in Constantinople, possesses knowledge of the Turko-Balkan situation such as no other Americans and few Europeans can boast.

Frederick Moore was born and reared in

New Orleans. His first work was done for New Orleans papers. Later he branched out into magazine work, finally going to Washington as a free-lance. From Washington he jumped to London, joining the staff of an English newspaper. Finally he entered the service of the Associated Press,

and has represented that agency on some of the biggest assignments of modern times.

Mr. Moore has given an intensely interesting summary of the Balkan war, from its causes to the present day situation, and prospects for the future. At the time he represented the Associated Press in Constantinople, Mr. Moore had occasion to visit all the Balkan countries and to meet their rulers and public leaders. He learned to know their politics and their national hopes and ambitions. He looked at the matter from both sides. He saw the Turkish forts and armies, and gleaned from their commanders something of their expectations. He learned what he could of the Bulgarian, Servian and Greek preparations for the war that was bound to come. This is the way he tells it:

"Knowing the Balkan people and the secrecy that had attended the working out of their plans, I knew that they would not permit war correspondents with them at the front. I also knew that the chances were ten to one that most of the correspondents would be sent to that side. I knew from experience that the Turks were more or less lax about those matters and that a man working out of Constantinople with a knowledge of the situation could get a better line on what was happening than from any other point. So I put it up to the Reuter Agency and the Associated Press, and they sent me to Constantinople.

"To understand this Balkan situation, it should be remembered that 500 years ago the Turk came over from Asia Minor intent on conquering Europe and was only stopped at Vienna. Since that day he has been steadily driven back, state after state gaining independence, until that portion of Macedonia lying south of the Bulgarian border was all that was left. It was only a question of time until the Turk should be dispossessed of this remaining strip.

"The Balkan states could have done it at any time during the past thirty years had they been able to get together, but fear that one state would get undue advantage in the division of the territory once taken from the Turk kept them apart. In the last eight months, the master minds in these states succeeded in burying these fears and in actually effecting a confederation. Once they were combined, the result was inevitable. The Turk had to go.

"But inevitable as was the result, the fact that it was accomplished within thirty days, makes the achievement one of the most marvelous in modern history. The people of the United States do not appre-

ciate what a marvelous thing it was. It took the United States two months to mobilize 10,000 men. Bulgaria mobilized 300,000 men in two weeks. The Bulgarians have the greatest fighting force of its size in the world today. That's the achievement. That's the story.

"Bulgaria has been preparing for this war for more than twenty-five years. Every male child has been brought up a soldier. From babyhood every boy has been taught that some day he must meet the Turk. The women were reared to that belief. The whole nation was organized in preparation for that event and when the call to arms went forth, every man and woman was prepared for it. The men left their horses in the fields for their wives to bring in. They took the first train for the rendezvous. Every man knew his place and every regiment had its orders. Within two weeks 300,000 men were crossing the border in Macedonia.

"The Turk is a slow-moving creature. When he heard that war was declared, he rolled a cigarette and thought that after a cup of coffee and a little music and a pleasant night, he would get up in the morning and march into Bulgaria. He awoke in the morning to find the Bulgarians shooting at him.

"It was evidently the opinion of the Turks that when the Bulgarians did come down, Adrianople would be the point of attack. The town commands the principal pass through the mountain chain which forms the Bulgarian border, so it had been fortified until it was a veritable Port Arthur. The idea was that the Bulgarians would strike at Adrianople first and break their backs taking this fortress, while the Turks brought up a million of men or so from Asia Minor to do what they desired to Bulgaria.

"But the Bulgarians had it planned differently. They lined up all along the border at every pass, and they came down through every pass, 300,000 strong. They threw 60,000 men against Adrianople, not as an offense, but as a defensive measure to protect against the forts and bottle up the men there. The rest of the big army swept on towards Constantinople.

"The Turks were taken by surprise, absolutely unprepared. The Bulgarians hadn't allowed a newspaper man along the border and the Turks didn't know the immense army behind the chain of mountains. A Kirklissee they overwhelmed the Turk and forced them to fall back. At Luli Burgas the Turks rallied and gave battl-

again. Again defeat met them. They did not know even yet that Bulgaria's 300,000 had fallen upon them, so great was the secrecy that attended the Bulgarian operations.

"It is evident that the plan of campaign of the Balkan states was for Montenegro, way up in the northwest corner, to start the fracas and force Turkey to send the bulk of her Macedonian army into that end of the peninsula to meet the attack. Then the Bulgarians would hit them on the east and drive straight for Constantinople, bottling up the whole of Turkey's army in Europe, and leave it to the Servians, Greeks and Montenegrins to dispose of this army. Turkey didn't fall into the trap, she declaring war on Bulgaria, when that state failed to do so, after a two weeks' wait, but the Balkan states' plan of campaign proved a winner anyway.

"When war was declared, Turkey had about 400,000 men scattered through the peninsula which comprised European Turkey. Thirty days later an army of less than 70,000 serviceable men faced the Bulgarians at Tchataldja. What a destruction was wrought in three weeks of actual fighting! It has never been equaled in history. What became of these men? The Turks had left 40,000 at Adrianople and detachments of 10,000 and 50,000 at various other cities in the country cut off by the victorious Bulgarian army. Every one of these detachments had been surrounded by the Greeks, Servians and Montenegrins; 50,000 more the Turks had lost in actual fighting. Then cholera struck down 50,000 more. Men died at the rate of thousands a day during the retreat and in the early days of the defense at Tchataldja. Another 50,000 were rendered useless by footsoreness, starvation and preventable diseases due to poor organization within the Turkish army. So thirty days after war was declared, Turkey's magnificent European army of 400,000 men had been reduced to 70,000. Behind the lines of Tchataldja there were 25,000 men, but not more than 70,000 were actually available for service.

"Tchataldja is a narrow place in the peninsula, about twenty-five miles from Constantinople. Two lakes run inland for some distance at each side and between the lakes a double chain of mountains runs cross the peninsula. Turks moved their attleships with heavy guns into the lakes and strongly entrenched themselves with heavy guns behind the second row of mountains. The valley between the two ranges being entirely open ground, and with light-

er artillery than the Turks, the Bulgarians were necessarily at a disadvantage. After several days' cannonading, during which a few trenches were taken by the Bulgarians which they were forced to evacuate later, General Savoff arranged the armistice with the Turkish commander, Nazim Pasha.

"Of course Bulgaria has, since that time, brought heavy guns up and is now in a position to make things hot for the Turks if hostilities are resumed. I have no doubt Bulgaria could take these forts and drive the Turks completely out of Europe, but Bulgaria does not want the Dardanelles, nor Constantinople. For them to take either would throw them into international politics and they want to keep out of it. They have offered the Turks a strip of land along the Tchataldja, which is more territory than the Turks actually occupy now.

"Adrianople is the stumbling block. I have no doubt that the Turkish Government would feel greatly relieved if Adrianople should fall. The old Turks now in power will never consent to ceding Adrianople so long as it is held by the garrison because to do so would practically make certain the overthrow of the present party in power, and you know in Turkey changes in the party in power are sometimes attended with assassinations, incarcerations and banishments.

"On the other hand, neither side has anything to gain by the continuance of the war. Turkey can never hope to win back her lost territory, and Bulgaria does not care to spend money, time nor men necessary to carry the Tchataldja forts. Moreover, it would be humiliating for her to relinquish Constantinople after once occupying it.

"The Albanian-Servian crisis brought about by Austria, is simply the natural result of Austria's fear of the creation of a big Slav kingdom to the south of her. Austria has a great Slav population. Her great enemy is Russia, the great Slav nation. The people living to the south of Austria are nearly all Slavs and left alone might unite in a new Slav state, combining Servia, Montenegro, Albania and portions of what is now Turkey. Austria fears such a contingency because of the effect it would have upon her Slav people. Consequently she is set upon keeping Servia and Montenegro apart, and in keeping them small."

She—"Yes, I will be yours, on one condition."

He—"That's all right. I entered Yale with six."—Yale Record.

THE SWAN SONG

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

THERE is a legend that the swan sings only when dying, and then it sings a song unearthly in its sweetness. Tennyson speaks of a swan that was dying on the river and its last song was heard as the midday sun was shining:

"With an inner voice the river ran
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow."

The poet describes this music strange and manifold, how through the open gates of the city came the dying strains, while the marshes and the desolate creeks and pools were flooded over with eddying song. The song was low and sad at first, then rising higher to notes of triumph, it rose and fell and at last died away to a mere echo. Those who heard it never forgot the strain.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth in England, an ancient law was enforced which gave to the queen all the white swans found in an open river and over 400 were taken at one time under this law. They were placed in a river close to Chesil Beach. A high wall enclosing several acres of ground, covered with small willows, furnishes a home for the swans. Along the margin of the pool, which is sheltered from the main sea by Chesil Beach, the swans build their nests, up and down the glassy water they swim at aristocratic leisure. There are over a thousand swans. Just before breeding time the female swan begins to build her nest, which is about a yard in diameter. The male hastens to bring rushes and other material, but she is builder and architect.

There are a king and queen among them. They occupy a small embowered inlet all to themselves, and if any other swan should venture in here they are attacked by the king or queen with fury. Swans grow to an advanced age; some in this swannery were over fifty years of age, and no one knew how much older. The swan is not a tropical bird, but it loves smooth water. For this reason it is likely that it nestles behind Chesil Beach to get protection from the heavy seas that dash against the coast.

To see two hundred or more of these swans emerge from behind a green shore and sail slowly like a fleet of yachts to the end of the lake is to have a new idea of what we mean by the poetry of motion.

In Iceland a story is current in which swans rescue a king's son, Linus by name. When Linus was twenty years of age, he disappeared and no search, however prolonged, availed. A girl, who was the foster-sister of the prince, now said she would look for him. Her mother, who was something of an adept in sorcery, gave the girl a ball of thread and taught her to throw it before her as a guide to the hidden abode of the king's son. The girl took the ball of thread and let it roll before her many miles over mountains and through valleys until it suddenly stopped near a precipitous cliff.

"He must be here," thought the girl, and then she saw a narrow crevice through which she crept into a cave. There, after wandering about for a little while, she found Linus, the prince, lying on a bed. No effort of hers could rouse him, for a giantess had imprisoned him. The girl hid when the giantess came on a chariot of ivory inlaid with gold. The giantess sang,

"Sing, sing ye, my swans,

To awake Linus, the king's son."

Immediately the swans began to sing their song, charming beyond all description, and it roused Linus. But in a little while the spell was reversed and the prince was fast asleep. His foster-sister then called upon the swans to sing and so roused him. They had some difficulty in making their escape; but the song of the swans broke the spell of enchantment and saved the life of Linus. They took some of the precious stones from the cavern and made their way back to the palace.

So in all countries we find some peculiar beliefs in song and story clustering around these birds. There is only sadness in the futility of our earthly hopes, in the disaster that comes unexpectedly at the very gates of victory, it can only be commemorated by the swan-song. The sands in the hour-glass run down when a triumph has been achieved, death ends all, and the brilliant success proves to be the swan-song of the successful one.



Orville Roy and Orren Joy Davisson, Sabetha, Kans.

HEALTHY BABIES

We are twin brothers and our names are Orville Roy and Orren Joy. We were born December 19th, and weighed 6 and 8 pounds respectively. We had to work for our living, which agreed with us very well. We never knew of any other kind of food than that which nature provided for us until

we were six months old, when we began to eat at the table. We have eaten from the spoon only since we were ten months old. At five months we weighed 15 and 16 pounds respectively. We are now one year old and weigh 20 and 21 pounds respectively. We can push chairs all over the house.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

BIBLE STUDY AND PRAYER.

THE world's greatest prayer book is the Bible. In a real sense prayer is the key subject of the Bible. Its study involves God and man in their natures and relation to each other.

We state here two propositions. The first is that Bible study is essential to the true prayer life; the second is that prayer is essential to true Bible study.

There are many considerations on which these statements rest. Taking the first proposition, that Bible study is an important aid to prayer, note:

1. In the Bible we learn about the true nature of prayer. We discover, for instance, that prayer does not consist in mere words. This is most strikingly taught in the parable of the publican and the Pharisee. We learn also from the Bible that time and place and attitude are incidental to prayer. Some one has said that the only posture which is wrong in prayer is imposture. Our Lord in speaking of time and place uttered very important words to the woman at the well. "Neither in this mountain," said he, "nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father. * * * the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth." This may be done anywhere at any time.

Moreover, from the Bible we learn that prayer is a mighty force; we learn that it is an appointed means to certain appointed ends. The Bible does not teach that everything has been appointed to be accomplished through prayer, but it does teach that prayer is the only means by which some things are to be secured or accomplished.

Prayer, according to the Bible, is as necessary to the ends which are appointed to be secured through prayer as sowing is necessary to reaping. One who does not expect to reap will not do much sowing. There are important results from prayer in the one who offers it. Prayer is a great self-searcher. It is a spirit renovator. But this is not all of prayer. Its function is related to accomplishment outside the one who prays. We accept heartily the conclusion of the poet when he says: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

2. The Bible teaches more than that

prayer consists in other than words, and that it is independent of times and places and postures, and that it is a mighty force. It teaches us about the true object of prayer and discovers to us how we are to approach him, and secure results through prayer. The Bible tells us about the only true God. It reveals him as our heavenly Father.

The Bible reveals also the fact that we find this God in Jesus Christ, by the Holy Spirit. We have discovered in a verse in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians (the 18th) a simple but most comprehensive formula for prayer. It reads: "Through him we both have our access in one Spirit unto the Father." Here we have the Father named as the one to whom in prayer we ultimately go. Him we reach through Christ in the Spirit. Note the prepositions in this verse. They are: unto through, in. Unto the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Spirit.

It is very important that correct ideas about prayer be held. In no one particular is the study of the Bible more needed by Christians than here. There is a tendency to pray to Jesus and in doing so to think of God as afar off, which should be checked and caused to disappear entirely by a true knowledge of the Scriptures. Mr. Andrew Murray once strikingly said that whereas Jesus died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, it is true that a great many people come to Jesus who never get to God. He meant that people stop with Jesus as a man, or even if they think of him as the Divine Son of God, they are never taken through him by the Holy Spirit into the presence of God the Father. He constantly referred people to his Father from whom he came and whom he came to reveal and to whom he felt it was his work to conduct man.

3. A third reason why the Bible is an important aid to prayer is because in the Bible we have information about what we are authorized to pray for. We are not left in the dark in this matter.

There are many explicit promises in the Bible as to things to be given in response to prayer. There are many prayers in the Bible in which specific requests were made. There is much instruction in them as to times, seasons, and petitions. Then, too, after all there are principles set forth in the Scrip-

tures by which we may be guided as to what the will of God is. Above all we have his Spirit to teach our spirits how to interpret and apply these principles.

4. The last reason which we shall here give for the study of the Bible as an aid to prayer is that in the Bible we discover what kind of person may have prayer answered. Let us never forget that it is not enough to have a right prayer. You may have discovered a definite promise of God, and your petition based upon that promise may be all right, but that is not enough.

There is a kind of person who can have prayer answered. James describes him as a righteous person. In 1 John 2: 21, 22, we get light here. "If our heart condemn us not, we have boldness toward God; and whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments and do the things that are pleasing in his sight." Here is a definite promise on condition. If we keep his commandments we shall have whatsoever we ask. If we do the things that are pleasing in his sight he heareth us. If our hearts condemn us not we avail in prayer. How shall I know what his commandments are? Take the Bible and look for them. Try the commandments in the Sermon on the Mount for instance. Look up those there which refer to prayer. Set yourself to keep them and see what will happen.—The Bible Magazine.



BETTER CORN AND PIGS AND CATTLE—WHY NOT BETTER BABIES?

In the March Woman's Home Companion appears the first complete report of a new campaign that is springing up in this country with astonishing virility—a campaign for "Better Babies." A year or two ago a woman in Iowa, Mrs. Mary T. Watts, conceived the idea that in her State the principal enthusiasm among the people was for better cattle, better corn, better hogs and all that sort of thing. At the county and State fairs there had been occasional "baby shows," but the whole purpose of them was to pick out and reward babies for their beauty and attractiveness rather than for their health and development. In other words the baby was simply a sideshow for entertainment, and not taken seriously, while in every other exhibit or contest science ruled and the object was to cultivate among the people knowledge of the best ways to produce better products.

Mrs. Watts saw that Iowa was neglecting her most valuable crop—her crop of babies. With the coöperation of a physi-

cian, Dr. M. V. Clark, she organized a real baby contest. The object was to award prizes to those children which made the best physical showing. Dr. Clark prepared score cards, the principal items of which were adapted from the cards used in judging cattle and animals of various kinds. These cards formed the basis of a scientific inquiry calculated to reveal the strength and physical and mental efficiency of the child examined.

The results of this first contest were appalling. They showed that Iowa had better corn and cattle than babies, and awakened public sentiment to a wide study of all those matters that concern the care of children—diet, clothes, baths. One child who had received a low marking in the first contest won a prize at the second because the mother had carried out the suggestions as to the child's diet and care which she never would have heard of had it not been for the aroused state of the public mind.

This year many States are going to have scientific baby shows in connection with live stock shows and State fairs. Women's clubs, newspapers and physicians are awake and one of the most important world-movements has begun.



Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a Friend,
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools
She still humming of her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring,
For the woman has a Friend
Who will keep her to the end.



Beggar—"Will you please, sir, give me ten cents for a night's lodging?"

Philanthropist—"I'll give you five cents if you raise the other five."—Life.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

FLORAL NOTES.

It is getting along toward time for starting the early plants, and here are some directions which will aid you: Hard seeds, like the cyclamen, canna, moonflower and smilax, should be soaked by pouring over them boiling water, letting cool, and repeating, three or four times the day before they are planted. As soon as the first water begins to cool, pour this off and put on fresh water, and repeat the draining and covering with the hot water three or four times. Unless this is done, the seeds may lie in the ground a long time, and at best it may take about a month for them to germinate. It is a good idea to take a three-cornered file and file through the hard shell until the white inside shows through. Do not file too deeply—just enough to show the faintest sign of white.

There is nothing more lovely, in the way of a hardy vine, than the dear old-fashioned trumpet creeper that grows along the rivers and creek bottoms. When used for a hedge, the plants should be set in an even row where the hedge is intended to grow, as early in the spring as possible, not more than two feet apart. Tie each plant to a stout stake, and allow only one branch to grow, cutting this back when three feet high, to form the head. By the time the stake has rotted away, the plant will have made a trunk that is perfectly self-supporting. All dead and weak branches should be kept trimmed out, and the hedge pruned back as any hedge; if the seed pods are not allowed to form, the plant will bloom from July on, nearly all summer and fall.

As a climber, there are few things handsomer, and on rough surfaces it will support itself, with tiny rootlets. Where it does not find support, it must have a support furnished. It is a heavy-topped vine, and the support must be strong. When grown as a standard, the top branches will form a beautiful weeping effect, each branch bearing a big cluster of orange colored flowers.



FOR THE GARDEN.

With Easter coming so early, we are hoping for an early coming of warm weather, and it is time to send in your orders for seeds. The catalogues have been flying about for some time, and if you have not yet supplied yourselves, do not delay. A

good rule to follow is to sow carefully in season; indoors for transplanting, and outdoors as soon as the ground is warm. Enrich the soil, and stir often, as soon as it is in condition to stir.

Many things do best if planted very early, especially is this true of peas and potatoes. Sweet peas must be in the ground as soon as it can be worked. Many things should be started in the hotbed or cold frame, and if you do not know how to make and attend to a hot bed, send to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., stating your wants, and I think you will be supplied with advice. Unless you have tried it, you have no idea what a fund of information you can get from this bureau.

Just as early as the weather permits, the garden should be plowed and harrowed until the soil is fine and mellow. But if worked when the soil is too wet, it is apt to be lumpy and hard to manage.

In another month, at farthest, it will be time to start many plants in the house if early vegetables are wanted. Tomatoes, lettuce, cabbage, celery, egg-plant, and many such things will grow in the kitchen window, and with careful transplanting at the right time, the plants will be stocky and sturdy, and do finely when the earth warms up to receive them. Don't leave the garden for mother's particular work; let it command attention with the horse and plow, and it won't be asking too much to supply the family with some of the hand tools that will make the work of cultivating easy enough to be attractive.

Try to have some window boxes for flower-growing this summer. Get the boxes ready before needed, and see how much the plants add to the beauty of your home.



EGGS AND WATER-GLASS.

It will soon be time to begin putting the eggs away for the "shortage" season. Water-glass as a preservative is about as satisfactory as there is known, but there are conditions to be considered. Strictly fresh eggs must be used; just as fresh as possible, and eggs for this purpose should be collected during April and May, as it is conceded that eggs at that time are at their best. If possible, the eggs should be collected from flocks which have no male running with them, as the infertile eggs keep best. The eggs must be perfectly clean

and the sooner they are put into the glass after being laid, the better. Eggs gathered from ordinary farm flocks, or bought from unreliable people are not satisfactory. These eggs, while not satisfactory for boiling in the shell, are to be used in almost any other way. If the water-glass should become jellied, or turbid, it will do no harm. The way to prepare it is to use nine times as much water as you do of the glass—one pint of the liquid glass to nine pints of fresh boiled water, letting the water get cold before mixing. The eggs should be at all times covered with the liquid.



A RECIPE FOR SOAP MAKING.

Mrs. C. C. Sherrod, Kansas, sends us the following, which she recommends: "Two pounds of rosin, two pounds borax, one pound salsoda, four boxes good lye, eight and one-half gallons of rainwater, sixteen and one-half gallons of grease. First add water, then grease, then the other ingredients. Boil altogether one hour, after it begins to boil. Let cool, then cut in pieces. Less than this quantity may be made by keeping the same proportions.

In giving recipes, do not give name of manufacturer or brand of flour, or other ingredients, as we can not use such recommendations.



COFFEE AND CAFFEINE.

According to the deductions of Dr. Hulingsworth, of Columbia University, after a forty days' experiment with a "poison squad" of sixteen, caffeine is the only known stimulant that quickens the functions of the human body without a subsequent period of depression. The test was made as thorough as possible, and in order that the "law of suggestion" should not interfere, two kinds of tablets were given—one containing caffeine and the other sugar, and the subjects were kept in ignorance of what they were swallowing. Experience teaches us that well-made coffee is not only harmless, but helpful, while cheap-quality, poorly-made coffee is very bad. It is much easier to make good coffee than bad coffee, but a majority of the "average" women seem not to know that not only the coffee—not itself, but the kettle the water is cooked in, should be perfectly clean when in use, and kept so, when not in use. One of the worst things one can do is to keep a dirty, long-used coffee pot sitting on the stove, with a lot of grounds in it, and a muddy liquid stewing all the time, from which to serve the family. You may buy

the best brand of coffee, and keep the vessels clean, but if you over-cook the decoction, or let it stand on the grounds from one meal to another, the stuff will upset the strongest digestion.



LOOKING AHEAD.

Now is a good time to plan for the summer vacation. A little early, if you have plenty of money; but the working girl must watch her pennies. It is said that many girls are now putting into savings banks of some description, the pennies, nickels, and dimes that have heretofore been spent for sodas, candies, moving picture shows, and chewing gum, and in this way accumulating a fund to be used for the summer vacation pleasures. Once a person begins to save, the practice grows, until it becomes a habit, and it is the only way to rise above the grind of necessity.



REMOVING STAINS AND SPOTS.

To clean a Panama hat, soak a cupful of corn meal in benzine or gasoline, rub this well on the hat with a clean, soft cloth, and it will clean and leave no stain. For the straw hat, use one teaspoonful of oxalic acid to a cupful of water; scour with an old toothbrush, until all soiled spots are clean.

One of the best dry-cleaners is gasoline, and if used away from any possible contact with fire, it is perfectly safe; but it just must be used outside of the "fire zone." To clean the soiled skirt, gasoline may be used on all woolen stuffs of all grades without injury to color. A whole garment may be washed in gasoline; but the fire must be far away. Out doors is the only place big enough.

To remove ink stains from goods, saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine and let it remain several hours; then rub between the hands. The ink should crumble away without injury to color or texture.

For cleaning blue silk this is recommended: Put the article to be cleaned in a tub, or large vessel; cover with corn meal slightly salted, and scrub with the meal as you would use soap suds, rubbing between your hands and give especial attention to the soiled spots. Then shake out the garment when clean, cover it with clean meal again and leave two days, covering the tub to keep out the dust. Then shake and brush with a perfectly clean brush or whisk broom.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

CORPORAL CAMERON.

"Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor, is a popular story from the pen of a popular writer. He has been before the public so long that he has almost become a household word. This is the latest of his stories and comes with the craftsmanship more polished than any of his others. His character drawing is skillful. The book is delightful and one wishes to read it in a single sitting. From the cultured environment of his old country home, through the trials of life in a new land, the author takes young Cameron until he becomes a corporal in that great body of men, the Northwest Mounted Police. Never before has the author handled a more picturesque subject and not in any of his earlier books has he so risen to the opportunities and possibilities of his theme. It is a story to inspire and to thrill and to satisfy. "Corporal Cameron," published by George H. Doran Company, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.



BAEDEKER'S NORTHERN GERMANY.

For the convenience of the traveler there is no guide so valuable as "Baedeker's Handbook for Travelers." It is a useful volume of 439 pages, brim full of information concerning the cities, railroads and hotels, as well as the steamship lines of Germany. As this was Carl Baedeker's home region, the book is naturally valuable because of his accurate knowledge of the territory. It contains fifty-four colored maps and 101 plans. "Carl Baedeker's Northern Germany," published by Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2.40 net.



MY IRISH YEAR.

"My Irish Year," by Padraic Colum, gives the reader a splendid glimpse into Ireland. The book is not representative of the whole of Ireland, as Catholic and peasant Ireland only are shown, and this is only a localized strip of country crossing the Midlands to the west. The book, however, is a fair presentation of the Irish life and people. While the book is not a new source of information, it has much literary value in the manner in which it treats the life, religion and customs of these people. Chapters on "Surviving Myth and Custom," "Religion

in Popular Poetry" and "Songs, Stories and Conversations" are of especial interest. These chapters give us a touch of Irish life which the average traveler perhaps would never see. "My Irish Year," published by James Pott & Co., New York. \$2.50 net.



THE BOOK OF CORN.

"The Book of Corn" was prepared under the direction of Hubert Myrick, assisted by some of the most capable specialists in the study of corn. The book holds many valuable revelations for the practical farmer, feeder or corn grower. When 255 bushels of shelled corn containing 235 bushels of crib-cured or dried corn are raised on one acre, the marvels of the corn plant must be recognized. The secrets of some of these possibilities are discussed in this valuable handbook on corn. Mr. Myrick did not depend upon his own information and resources on the subject, but secured the help of such prominent men as H. J. Waters, President of the Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kans.; E. B. Voorhees, Director of the New Jersey Experiment Station; Albert W. Fulton, Managing Editor of the American Agriculturist Weeklies; J. C. Arthur, Purdue University, Ind.; Willis G. Johnson, late State Entomologist of Maryland, Associate Editor of the American Agriculturist; Clarence A. Shamel, Associate Editor of the Orange Judd Farmer; H. N. Starnes, Georgia Agricultural College; B. W. Snow, Statistician Orange Judd Farmer, and P. G. Holden, Iowa Agricultural College, all of whom are experts in their line of investigation. Such a combination of men has given the farmer a book that is highly valuable as a guide in corn raising. "The Book of Corn," published by the Orange Judd Company, Chicago and New York.



FEEDS AND FEEDING.

W. A. Henry, emeritus Professor of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin, has given the farmer an exceptionally valuable handbook on "Feeds and Feeding." Mr. Henry has made a careful study of this subject and gives the farmer a scientific treatment which is entirely reliable.

The book is divided into three parts. Part I deals with Plant Growth and Animal Nutrition, showing how the plant grows and elaborates food for animals, the composition of the animal body and the relation of vegetable foods to animal life. He devotes two chapters to Nutrition Studies

and one on Feeding Standards, giving calculating rations.

Part II deals with Feeding Stuffs, in which he discusses the leading cereals and by-products, followed by a discussion of minor cereals, oil-bearing and leguminous seeds, the grass and leguminous plants and miscellaneous feeding stuffs. He also discusses the soilage, the ensilage of fodders and manurial value of feeding stuffs. Part III deals with Feeding Farm Animals. He gives a careful discussion of the horse and feeds for the horse, followed by the feeds for a dairy cow, giving station tests with feeding stuffs for dairy cows, and then discusses the general investigation in care and management of sheep, followed by a discussion of various feeding stuffs for swine. Henry's book shows care and scholarship in its preparation. "Feeds and Feeding," by W. A. Henry, published by the author, Madison, Wis.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Brown—"I got mixed up in a real estate deal last week."

Browne—"Did you?"

Brown—"Yes, they did."—Sydney Bulletin.



But, my dear madam, there's no use consulting me about your husband. I'm a horse doctor."

That's why I came to you. He's a tonic kicker."—Life.



Woman—"How did you get that Carnegie medal?"

Gramp—"Heroism, lady. I took it away from a guy that was twice my size."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Earlie, why don't you let your little other have your sled part of the time?" I do, ma. I take it going down the hill, and he has it going back."—New York Morning Telegraph.



Griggs—"It is said that coal left exposed to the elements loses ten per cent of its weight."

Griggs—"I left some exposed once and there was a much greater loss than that."—Boston Transcript.

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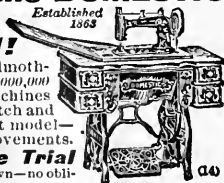
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and street cars in inauguration day. That so people can look at their own detective. If you see a fellow face you don't like go take a look at the photographs and get his pedigree. If he's Jack the Ripper, get him pinched. If he ain't done nothing wrong yet, he might be. He ain't got no business there inauguration day anyhow. They'll be enough crooks that ain't got their faces in the rogues' gallery 'tween in' Washington the day. I'm lookin' for

some terrible mixups. Some lean politicians is goin' to get pinched sure. 'Bout time they get next to the new President, some guy followin' 'em around all day'll jump an' grab Mr. Polytics an' say, 'You're No. 9347, an' you was seven years in Sing Sing. Now that'll queer any man's chance for office. That there rogues' gallery'll get on the President's nerves. He'll see so many faces in it lookin' like candidates for possum masters an' soft snaps, he'll holler out 'Give that fat job to No. 8127 an' tell one thousand 'leven hundred an' twenty-three. I want him to come eat his supper at the White House.' First thing you know the rogues' faces'll get to ingrowin' in the President's mind. It's a crazy stunt to plant them phizzes all around Washington. It ain't fair to th' politicians at home, who ain't got their number yet. The President get so tickled 'cause them rogues' gallery mugs ain't runnin' after him, he'll give 'em the jobs to 'em. None of 'em would care what they got, just so's they got out.

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"Stand back so's they can get off!"

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"Watch your step!"—Chicago Evening News.

Hogan—"Did Clancy's wife get a separation?"

Grogan—"She did; four cops tore her off him."—Brooklyn Life.

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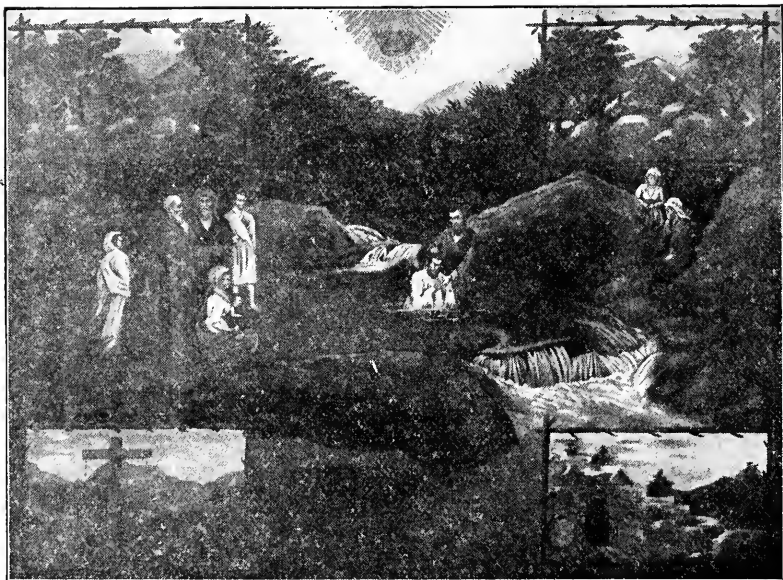
ILLINOIS

March 18
1913

Vol. XV
No. 11

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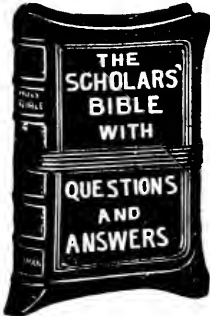
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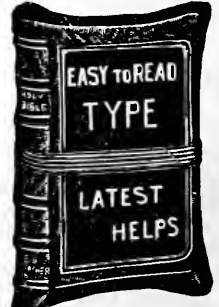
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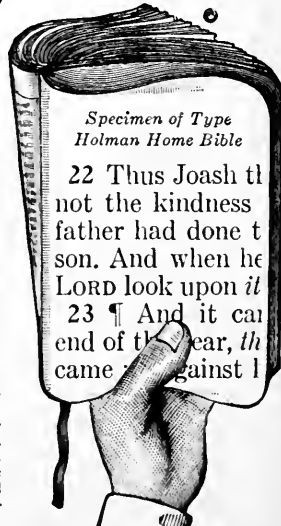
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

March 18, 1913

No. 11.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Child Labor in Canneries.

A Sample of Child Labor.

THE accompanying illustration is a poor one, but it serves to show what is happening each year in the canneries of New York, and for that matter, in the canneries of other States. These little fellows are employed at snipping beans and other light work. There are cases on record where children ten or twelve years old have worked eleven and twelve hours a day. New York has had a child labor law for some time, but notice how the canneries have evaded it. They built sheds in connection with the canning factories, and these sheds, they said, were

not a part of the factory. A child employed in the shed, according to such an arrangement, would not be "factory employed." The climax of the outrage came when the New York Court of Appeals ruled according to the opinion of the cannery owners.

A new law by the State Legislature may abolish such wholesale exploitation of children, providing the law is enforced. In some States where good child labor laws have been passed it has been difficult to enforce them because the parents themselves were so anxious for the additional family income that they overstated the ages of their own children. We have known of notaries who would willingly sign an affidavit which they knew to be false for the small sum of a quarter.

This winter many State Legislatures are in session. What is your Representative or Senator doing? Are you enough interested that you follow him up in the paper so that if he comes out for reelection you will know what to do? In the face of such sins as child labor, are you satisfied to have the "gang" run your State? Those are the questions that confront the American citizen.

Killing the Crows.

We offer no apology in discussing the subject "Crows" in this department. You may have noticed that from time to time something has been said concerning the value of birds and of the pleasures as well as profits which they bring to us. Become their friend this year and see if you are not a better man or woman, boy or girl.

Crows are a nuisance in the spring and early summer. They carry away one's small chicks, dig out the corn before it is sprouted and pull it up root and all when the tiny sprout appears above the ground.

We know by experience what a crow can do to a corn field. Towards autumn we have seen them in the corn field, fifty or more at a time, tearing open the husks and eating the green corn. But did you ever try to find out whether they are of any benefit to the farmer? Some years ago the Department of Agriculture investigated the habits of the bird, and found out that he returns more favors than he asks and that in spite of his sins he is a valuable bird. In the report we read: "In the insect foods, however, the crow makes amends for sins in the rest of his dietary, although even here the first item is against him. Predaceous beetles are eaten in some numbers throughout the season, but the number is not great. Beetles, 'dor-bugs,' or June bugs, and others of the same family, constitute the principal food during the spring and early summer, and are fed to the young in immense quantities. Other beetles, nearly all of noxious character, are eaten to a considerable extent. Grasshoppers are first taken in May, but not in large numbers until August, when, as might be expected, they form a leading article of diet, showing that the crow is no exception to the general rule that most birds subsist to a large extent upon grasshoppers in the month of August. Many bugs, some caterpillars, mostly cutworms, and some spiders, are also eaten—all of them either harmful or neutral in their economic relations."

The Other Side of the Dynamite Case.

The dynamiters are sentenced and the whole country has been told of their crimes by the daily papers. It was a peculiar trial. The charge against the men was the transporting of explosives on passenger trains. In reality the charge was blowing up bridges and other structures from one end of the country to the other. Evidence was brought into the trial that proved the guilt of the defendants beyond any reasonable doubt, but much of the evidence had to do with the blowing up of structural work rather than the transportation of explosives. In sentencing the men Judge Anderson declared that it was difficult to keep within the limits of the charge.

It would be an injustice to say that the Structural Iron Workers' Union was on trial and that as an organization it backed the acts of violence of a few of its officials; nor is it just to consider such deeds as representative of labor unions in general. However, should we not expect such a prominent labor official as Samuel Gompers to repudiate the actions of the dynamiters as representatives of labor unions? The public



Mr. Samuel Gompers.

is getting just as tired of labor violence as it is of enduring the sins of the large corporations. The doctrine of Samuel Gompers is to meet violence with violence—a doctrine that is not so popular today as it was centuries ago nor as it is in Mexico just now. Labor unions are justified in striking when no other means avail, but do men either as individuals or as representatives of a union gain anything by blowing up buildings and depriving homes of breadwinners? The rank and file of union men do not believe in that sort of a program and when violence does occur it is usually because some hot-headed leader or organizer urges them to it. Samuel Gompers has done much for his country and fellow-men, but his doctrines are gradually becoming antiquated. In the A. F. of L. Weekly News Letter Mr. Gompers writes: "Just what is the social interpretation of the alleged crimes, the trial and the conviction. Whether or not there was a conspiracy to do violence by some labor men, is there any doubt that there was conspiracy by 'big business' to disrupt organized labor? Concede, for the sake of the argument, that the convicted men are guilty—and I earnestly trust that their appeals may be successful and upon a new trial their innocence may be demonstrated—but are the monster industrial corporations and hostile employer associations guiltless of conspiracy to destroy labor organizations, thereby rendering the workers helpless to the death-grinding process in which so many industries abound? . . . Will organized labor repudiate the Structural Iron Worker

Unions and leave them helpless and at the mercy of organized capital and insatiable, uncurbed greed for profits? Such a course might win the praise of the pharisaical and unmerciful good, but those with the love of humanity in their hearts will join in the pledge to sustain and strengthen the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Union."

A New Cabinet Member.

At a meeting of the American Medical Association recently in Chicago Dr. J. N. McCormack, secretary of the Kentucky State Board of Health, made the following statement: "I do not assume to speak for Mr. Wilson, but at a conference in New York he assured us that the protection of health would be a feature of his administration. We have reason to believe that the bill creating the department of health will be passed by Congress next winter and assure a new cabinet member."

"What a Man Will Do for a Drink."

Among several articles and stories of social importance in the American Magazine for March is a valuable one by a bartender, who discusses why men drink. The article

is valuable and interesting because it comes from one who has seen men drink and who, because of his personal touch with them, knows why they drink. In a few places the article seems a trifle biased, but as a whole it is worth the reading by all those interested in temperance work. Many temperance agitators have never been inside of a saloon and do not know about many of the things that happen behind the screen. The writer admits that the saloon business is bad although legal, and that he has wished to get out of it himself. He says: "I had it out with myself, and I stuck to the bartending because I satisfied myself that I could do more good as a bartender than I could outside—prevent more drinking and warn more fellows that they are in danger of becoming drunkards." The statement may be true and it may not be. His only solution of the problem is that the manufacture of liquors should be stopped—a simple solution, but how shall it be done? Can it be done? If you do not subscribe for the American Magazine get a copy somewhere and read the article. It will widen your point of view.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Woman Suffrage Demonstration.

On the day before President Wilson's inauguration, a parade in behalf of the woman suffrage movement came off in Washington. Mrs. Richard C. Burleson and Inez Milholland rode at the head of the procession as grand marshal and herald, respectively, followed by the officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association. The rest of the procession was made up of several sections with floats symbolizing phases of the woman suffrage movement. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Suffrage Alliance, led the first section, which comprised representatives of countries where women have full suffrage. Other sections represented successive stages in the history of the movement, one of them being devoted to full-suffrage States of the United States—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, California, Arizona, Kansas and Oregon. This was followed by the National Men's League for Woman Suffrage, led by James Lees Laidlaw. The last section consisted of floats and delegations from the States now working for woman suffrage. In response to an invitation to members of both houses of Congress, several Senators and Representatives

marched in the procession under the leadership of Representative Hobson of Alabama.



Moonshine Whisky in Wet New Jersey.

Talk about the licensing of saloons as the only safe and sane way to prevent the establishment of blind pigs. How's this, coming from New Jersey, perhaps the wettest State in the Union? They are going the blind pig business one better in establishing illicit stills, according to this press dispatch from Paterson, New Jersey:

February 26.—A spectacular raid, carefully planned by federal officers, resulted in the finding of a fully equipped illicit whisky distillery and the arrest of two men in an old gun mill yard, along the banks of the Passaic River. Nathan Smith, a wholesale liquor dealer of 94 Jefferson Street, and the alleged owner of the plant, Joseph Barber, were taken before United States Commissioner Nelson and held in \$3,000 bail for a hearing.

The place raided was believed to be a soap factory. When Deputy Internal Revenue Collector Burke, of this city, and Fed-

eral Officers Sinsel, O'Brien, Hearn, Logue, and McGuire, of New York, secreted themselves about the place, fully surrounding the plant, all was quiet. Burke and Sinsel smashed in the door of the plant and with drawn revolvers were ready for expected resistance. None came. The interior of the place looked like a boiler shop with copper tanks scattered all about it. Smith and Barber were found hiding under one of the tubs.



Tried to Send Whisky by Parcel Post.

A press dispatch from Minneapolis, under date of February 25, says:

For sending a bottle of whisky from Minneapolis to Belgrade, Minn., through parcel post, a Minneapolis saloonkeeper was late today bound over to the federal grand jury by United States Commissioner Abbott.

This might have been a cause of pure ignorance of the law; then again it might not have been.

It is a fact that there has never been a law enacted affecting the liquor business that has been respected by the booze vendors. It is in order now for the liquor interests to demand the repeal of that provision of the parcel post regulations which excludes whisky from the list of commodities that are deliverable, on the grounds that the rule will be violated.



Vice President Marshall.

If he is correctly reported, Vice President Marshall and his family are at one with President Wilson and his, in a purpose to make official life at Washington a busy business life instead of a snobby social one. "I am not here to lead a german," said Mr. Marshall when questioned about his intended mode of life. He had taken as his permanent home as Vice President, not the expensive mansion that the Washington snobocracy expects of high Federal officials, but moderate-priced rooms at a modest hotel. "There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States," he explained, "which says that the Vice President must rent a big house and entertain lavishly." With the Vice President quartered modestly at a hotel, with the inaugural ball abandoned at the President's request, with the President neglecting aristocratic clubs rather than Presidential duties, and with the families of both finding their functions in serious concerns instead of the frivolities of court etiquette, there

is much reason for hope. It is all part of the unfolding promise of higher ideals and more truly democratic service in and about official life at Washington than the national capital has seen for many a day.



An Interdenominational Creed for Chinese Christians.

An interdenominational church is being planned for that new Chinatown in the vicinity of Archer Road and 22nd Street, to which the high rents of South Clark Street have driven the large Chinese population of Chicago. In order to procure a common basis of faith a committee representing five denominations comprising the Co-operative Council of Missions was appointed to prepare a constitution, a set of by-laws and a confession of faith, with this result for a "credo":

"I believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and accept him as my Savior and Guide."

The instruction to be given under this common agreement is thus stated:

"This church shall instruct its members from the Scriptures with regard to the Fatherhood of God, the divinity and saving grace of Jesus Christ, the work of the Holy Spirit, the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures, the sanctity of the Lord's Day, Baptism and the Lord's Supper and the fundamental necessity of living daily with God's help in harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ."

These simple statements of faith and doctrine have found favor with the Chicago Chinese. Louis Sing, "Mayor of Chinatown," declares: "That is real civilization. You've got to get together in order to do anything."



New Use for Postal Automobiles.

The Bavarian government has found a new use for the many automobiles employed by the Post Office Department, by means of which the danger of great conflagrations in the rural districts is minimized. If a big fire breaks out in any of the villages farther than ten miles from a city, the fire engines of the nearest city are attached to the postal automobiles and hauled at high speed to the point of danger. As only the larger German cities have motor fire departments, the assistance of the postal motor cars is invaluable to the surrounding villages. The first practical test of the plan was made last month in Bamberg. The village of Walsdorf asked the city for help and a small fire engine was fastened to the rear axle of the automobile

EDITORIALS

Christian Safe from Divorce.

Man's tendency to worship himself rather than God was blamed for the divorce evil by Rev. William E. Danforth, pastor of Christ Church, Elmhurst, in Chicago, in his sermon on "The Modern Lucifer."

"The idea of God as the Creator and Source of moral sanction has been displaced by the idea of 'every man his own god,' amenable only to himself," he declared. "There is the root of the divorce problem. When people constitute themselves their own god and recognize no other, they adopt Nietzsche's motto: 'Nothing is true; everything is permissible.'"

"The natural homing place of the soul is God, and when one leaves that home to set up his own individual abode, the physical, moral and spiritual balances are destroyed and life ultimately becomes as barren as a windless moon."



Urges Aid in Births.

Government supervision of the birth of every child in the United States has been urged by Dr. Charles Zueblin in an address before the Chicago Ethical Society in the Fine Arts Theater, Chicago.

Every boy and girl of future generations should have the assurance that they had fair and equal advantages at the start of life, at least, he said. The country owes this duty to its children.

The day is coming when we shall want to use the scientific knowledge we are acquiring so that every child that is to come into the world shall have at its entrance the presence of a government physician to see that all is done properly and that the mother may have as many private physicians and other persons she desires, but government subsidies must guarantee a decent entrance into the world. - That is a perfectly legitimate requisite on the basis of the scientific knowledge we have. Does it seem Utopian? We already impose a penalty for failures to report the death of any one. If death is concealed we look into the matter and suspect a crime. Surely it is more of a crime not to get the children properly into the world.



When in Rome.

"When in Rome do as the Romans do" is an old saying often quoted. Some one in our present day has changed it to "When in Rome do as the Romans ought to do."

In other words, do the right, regardless of expediency.

Here is a girl away from home; at school, let us say. In the large dormitory to which she has been relegated, no one kneels to pray before sleeping. It is not the custom. Shall she do as the others do? Upon her decision hangs much—not only so far as she herself is concerned. If she is brave enough and true enough to take a stand, her influence will be felt by all. As Moody once said: "If we can only solve our own problems as they come along to us, it goes a wonderfully long way in helping other people to solve theirs."

The story is told of a grasping old curmudgeon who, moved by some sudden and unaccustomed spark of decency, gave a ten-dollar bill to a man to whom he morally owed it. Before night it came back to him. He recognized it, for it was a custom of his to mark all notes that passed through his hands. Out of curiosity he proceeded to trace its wanderings. This was what he found:

The man who had received it in the morning, with tears of joy, had passed it on to his hard-pressed landlord in payment of his modest rent; the landlord had presented it to his daughter for her beloved music lessons; the daughter had paid it over to her struggling teacher; the teacher, in turn, had been enabled by it to settle a grocer's bill of long standing; the grocer needed it to turn over to a wholesale dealer; the dealer joyfully paid it, together with other bills, to the "curmudgeon," saying, "I shall not have to ask you for time on my note, as I feared I should have to do, for several unexpected debts were paid in today—which just enable me to meet my obligations."

And all this because one individual did his simple duty! It is like an endless chain of "consequences," is it not?



Homes for Cabinet.

An effort will be made during the approaching special session of Congress to have the government supply residences in Washington for members of the Cabinet. Representative Stephen B. Ayres of the Eighteenth New York district is forwarding the project. He is preparing a bill carrying sufficient money to enable the government to purchase homes for Cabinet members.

The argument that has been used in the campaign to purchase residences for our ambassadors and ministers in foreign capitals to the effect that only very rich men can afford to accept place in the serv-

ice, will be used in connection with the effort to supply official homes in Washington for members of the President's official family.

"I have been working on a plan to have the government appropriate half a million dollars to be used in the purchase of homes for Cabinet members," said Representative Ayres. Recently the House passed a bill carrying appropriations of over \$25,000,000 for the purchase of sites and the erection of federal buildings in various sections of the country. This government is big enough and rich enough to provide homes for Cabinet officers. The amount of money they receive as salaries is not sufficient to meet all the demands made upon them.

Mr. Ayres says that his idea already has met with much encouragement. His contention is that if such an inducement as he proposes is held out to poor men who can not afford to accept positions in the Cabinet of a President on account of expenses attached to the office, in the future the list from which an executive will select his official family will be increased at least 100 per cent.

President "Snubs" Exclusive Country Club.

President Wilson has hurled his second bomb of a politico-social character by declining honorary membership in the Chevy Chase Club, the ultra-fashionable country club of the national capital. His action in forcing the abandonment of the inaugural ball created the first sensation among the society folk.

The Chevy Chase Club, which has extensive grounds in Maryland, a few miles from the district line, embraces in its membership nearly all the members of the official, army and navy, diplomatic and "smart" resident sets in Washington society.

It has been the custom of the club to have two honorary members—the President and the Vice-President of the United States. Ex-President Taft during his term as President and before that as Secretary of War was a member, and the late Vice-President Sherman also was a regular patron of the links.

The governors of the club sent an invitation to President Wilson according the courtesy of honorary membership, and great was the surprise of the governors to receive in reply a polite declination. Officials of the club when interviewed were loath to comment on the matter. It was intimated by some, however, that Mr. Wilson

might change his position when he has a better understanding of the situation.

So far as can be learned the President takes the ground that he has gone to Washington for hard official work and expects to have no time to indulge in social diversions. Some of the comment, however, attributes other motives to the new President. It is asserted in some quarters that he is averse to doing anything that will make him appear a follower of ex-President Taft and that he believes that immediate connection with the capital's leading country club would lead to "charges" of neglecting the public business to indulge in play. Another assertion is that the new Democratic President expects to make a hit as an executive of the "plain people," and that he is inclined to go out of his way to impress the country with the fact that he intends to snub the fashionables.

Starr Sees Future Race Minus Hair and Teeth.

Hairless, toothless and eight-toed human beings will soon have the civilized world to themselves, according to Professor Frederick Starr, the University of Chicago anthropologist. The scientist warned his students of the coming change and advised them to submit gracefully to Mother Nature's latest intentions.

Modern civilization in general and hats, cooked food and shoes in particular, are held responsible for the fate of the race. Professor Starr asserted that because the people of today do not live under primitive conditions the children of the future will be more and more unlikely to develop hair, teeth and little toes.

Professor Starr has observed signs of the new race in Chicago and various other parts of the world. He declared that he could prove his theory by pointing out personal defects in the guests at any social function. He affirmed that many of his own students had less hair on their heads than they should have.

There is no question but that the human race in civilization is tending to become hairless, toothless and eight-toed. Look about you. The time will come when the man, woman or child with ten toes, hair and teeth will be a curiosity.

The natural man needs hair as a defense and protection against blows, heat and storms. We with our hats and our civilization do not need it. People with a scant supply of hair tend to die out among primitive peoples, but in civilization they tend to increase.

CHRISTIANITY AND CHARACTER

Dr. J. A. Clement

CHRISTIANITY is Christ-likeness actualized in all of the phases of our present civilization. It has increased the respect for women and children; it has steadied the life of man; it has dignified labor; it has sanctified thinking; it has fertilized character; it has permeated the fields of literature, history, music, art, philosophy and science; it has magnified the teacher's calling; and thus has left its divine impress everywhere.

Because of its purifying nature it has been possible for our civilization to make greater and greater progress from year to year. The World Today magazine for August, 1912, contains the following words written by the great Italian historian, Dr. Guglielmo Ferrero: "We speak of the continuity of progress. We could adopt no better phrase than that. But to **progress** means more than to pile up riches of this world, the power and speed of machines, dominion over nature. It means improvement, the growth of character and diminution of those vices that are inherent in human nature."

It is a great sign of the success of Christianity when all nations bear witness to its influence, and when all men acknowledge the strength of Jesus' character. In the words of Dr. Ferrero again, "We know the virtues of patriotism, of civic pride, of warlike valor, which the ancients also knew; but to these we have added a sense of law and order, an appreciation of even and swift justice,—which, created by the ancient jurists, has by the moderns been brought to perfection. We have added to their virtues, the horror of cruel pastimes, charity, pity, the love of our neighbor which Christ taught."

One needs to know only a little of the authentic history of the world, in order to realize the invaluable effectiveness of Christianity upon civilization both in war and times of peace, and in order to feel the influence that it has had upon the lives of individual leaders and statesmen.

Much of the best literature is hallowed by the mellowing spirit of Christianity. Who can measure the wholesomeness of all the books besides the Bible which have reflected the leavening spirit of virtuous liv-

ing? Who can now listen to a reader from the platform recite the "Sign of the Cross," or who can spend a few days reading "The Imitation of Christ," or "The Holy Grail," or "Pilgrim's Progress," without discovering those Christian virtues and graces which we regard the very basis of character?

If all the Bibles now in existence should be destroyed there would yet remain in the great literary classics of our best writers sufficient Christian influences to mould many generations of noteworthy men and women. Ideals like diamonds in a clear moral sky shine out in almost every great masterpiece. And in our day of so much greed and graft we will do well to hunt them out, and take time for the same sort of reflection as did the writers who first gave these ideals birth.

The ordinary school readers of the first half of the nineteenth century were literally filled with religious and Biblical passages. And this no doubt was one among many reasons why we were successful in establishing in the minds of the children of the schools of those days some far-reaching moral principles. But there have been many newly added interests in every community during the last half century and we must needs recognize this fact, if we would be broad enough in our training of children to catch the whole boy or girl. It is one purpose of this article to recall attention to the pregnancy of all the best modern literature, with all its superior ideals.

There are very many reasons why Jesus was a great character. But one reason why he was great was because he was preeminently the Teacher of all ages. In his life Christianity and character were inseparably knitted together. They were one and the same. They grew up together. This twinship was a most divine relation. He was the fulfillment of perfect character both in ideal and practice.

In him theory and practice were complementary one of the other. Action supplemented contemplation and meditation in his plan of life. Virtue was neither knowledge alone as Socrates believed, nor was it action alone as other philosophers thought, and taught.

One of his purposes was to get people to think right things. For he knew that to think up the mountain and into the desert was sure to lead one there, as it often had led him, to be alone and to pray. What an inspiring picture he left us by taking the inner disciples apart to set them thinking aright. He understood the laws of human thinking. He knew that every thought would tend to pass into action, if only he could get the disciples to fix deeply in their own minds his own ideals.

It is now recognized as one of the most fundamental principles of psychology that every idea does seek to get itself expressed somehow, somewhere. There is a tendency to do the things, to put into action the things which our minds dwell upon. Repeated thoughts quickly fix themselves into permanent habits. For "as a man thinketh in his heart," from day to day, "so is he."

Jesus never worked by hit and miss methods. He was sure of his policy. His moral and religious map was clearly before him. He knew what he was about, and so was successful in bringing things to pass. And when he spoke it was with the authority that commanded even the attention and comment of those who misunderstood and opposed him. Christianity like character requires definite knowledge for its pilot. Conscience for him was always enlightened by the highly conscious needs of the people round about him.

It is impossible to estimate the value of a constructively good life among people. Aggressive goodness will in time leaven the whole lump. Life so abundantly lived as it was in the work of this great Teacher, is one of the most contagious forces in substituting good for evil thoughts, and righteous for unrighteous actions, that the world has known.

Pestalozzi, the German educator and philanthropist, pithily called our attention to the fact that activity is the law of childhood. Froebel supplemented this idea by establishing the kindergarten in order to occupy the child in a wholesome way. Jesus illustrates the law of activity early in his own life, when he answered, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" But furthermore his life is a long commentary on the principle that the law of Christian and moral manhood and womanhood is, too, one of constant activity, and busy employment.

Earlier in this series of articles it has been stated that to be wholesomely engaged in something, and to feel individually responsible for some thing or other, or for

some body, is to exercise one of the most effective principles involved in moral education. The principle just mentioned finds corroboration in the work of the great Teacher among men, and in his never-ending sympathy and concern for them.

Some few years ago, the Forum magazine, and others, too, were publishing a series of articles on "Can Morality Be Taught in Our Public Schools?" On reading these treatises, and most of them that have since been written on the subject, one usually finds that whatever the plan advocated may be, the large emphasis is placed upon the daily life and action of the teacher. And no doubt, life rightly lived among the children will always be the best moral and religious vitalizer. The consensus of opinion among the contributors to Sadler's two volumes on Moral Education is in agreement with this attitude. The personality of the teacher usually gets first emphasis in its importance as one of the factors affecting moral education.

There has been a great deal of discussion, and some legislation, too, during the last half century on the teaching of the Bible in our public schools. This has all been fruitful. But in spite of the fact that the Bible can only be read without comment, in most of our States, yet no one can successfully demonstrate that our schools are un-Christian in the real sense, or irreligious, or Godless. As a matter of fact our children are growing up with higher and higher ideas and ideals wherever there are teachers whose lives are up to par value. Christianity, like morality, will grow up most easily in the lives of both children and adults when teachers and leaders themselves are able to live honestly, squarely, and judiciously before all men.

Judas' thinking had been wrong. It was bound to distort and blacken his character. It was inevitable that it should express itself, just as it did. Neither Christianity, nor character is a mere external garment. And if one would cleanse his nature he must think on the things that are lovely, and true, and just, and good. "Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also."

Christian graces like moral virtues may grow up together in all wholesome occupations. Give them time. It is as natural for human lives to unfold and develop as it is for the most perfect flower. And the blossom that gives to character its sweetest scent is Christianity.

CULTIVATED FACULTIES

Don Scott

THERE is as much difference between the trained and the untrained faculty as there is between a blacksmith's arm and that of a girl who idly sits and reads the fashion books. The Indian who can follow a trail by noting slight disturbances of the grass or twigs, invisible to the ordinary eye, has trained himself. Arms become strong by use. The eye of the astronomer, by constant gazing through the telescope, becomes able to see what others can not. Through all the realm of human faculty, development comes by use.

By training comes the power to see as a sailor sees, to distinguish accurately, to hear keenly; to leap and throw and shoot better than other men. After natural gifts, training is next greatest. And this, in any line, is Education, that is, developed faculty.

Complete education deals with body, mind and soul; every sense, every faculty, requires a share of attention. Body, mind and soul must go together. Gymnasium and outdoor exercises are means of grace; to think well one must take care of the body; to have a wholesome soul one must keep the mind clean and full of noble thoughts and principles,—and to have the mind right, one must care for the soul, keep the conscience good, the emotions true and pure.

Man is a Unit,—and the various parts of his being react on one another, so into the scheme of any real education, all these parts must enter.

Whatever the nature of the soil, its best bearing qualities depend upon plowing and fertilizing. The best crops, in civilized life, are grown from the best seeds gathered from everywhere. It is thus with our minds. Education brings the seeds of thought that have been produced by the noblest thinkers; great discoverers; masters of every art and science, and sows them in the mind.

The mind of the African savage produces a crop as scant as his field.

Some assert that education is needless, since certain great persons have done wonderful things without it! They tell us what Lincoln did, forgetting that these excep-

tional geniuses form no rule for ordinary men.

But Lincoln did not become what he was by sitting on a stump and twirling his thumbs, but by stretching his length in front of a fireplace and studying with severe application the problems of Euclid or a work of logic. Where a man has the colossal will to drill his mind day and night, alone with a few books, he may well dispense with the daily lessons of a school; but most people have so little concentration that it is hard to keep them at a lesson even under a teacher's eye.

As it is safe to say there are not many Lincolns among us, it may be taken for granted that hard study and ordinary processes are necessary for most of us. Let us not measure our needs by the extraordinary endowments of great geniuses.

There is danger that we will sympathize only with our immediate interests,—that nothing will touch us but what happens in our own community, or that which happens outside our State and country may seem of little importance to us. Most of us are too narrow.

Let us be citizens of the world, not of one little community! Our sympathies and interests should be world-wide. Gladstone had more sides to his nature than any other man of his day. He was interested in every great public question for over fifty years; he thundered in Parliament and read prayers in a quiet country church. He was the greatest authority of his time on Homer,—he sympathized with every art and industry; knew everything from astronomy to potatoes, star-dust to Manchester pig iron,—from battleship building to wood-sawing. That is to say, he was a man, not a piece or fragment of manhood, but a whole man. He was not one who looked from his narrow prison through a knothole and saw but one thing, he was a whole man; a great human being of living heart, vital brain and iron body.

A mere allusion to a man of his type is enough to enforce the great powers and benefits of Education, as it is only necessary to glance at the sun to perceive the value of light.

The young person should be impressed

with the fact that Education is a process to be continued. Arriving at the end of school life, he must remember that he has only learned his trade. Study should not cease any more than a farmer should stop cultivating his fields after learning how to do it. The graduate of a school has but **learned how** to study, and he should resolve that the process shall continue through his life.

There is no point of attainment, no age, when any one can safely say he will cease from study, that he has learned enough. The fields of knowledge are boundless, and time is fleeting.

To be a complete man or woman, one must look after the heart as well as the brain and the body.

He who will give an hour a day to rational exercise in the open air or in a gymnasium will be more healthful, cheerful and able to work.

He who will give an hour a day to some noble intellectual task, to learning to think clearly and justly, who will read some noble author,—will steadily ripen his mind until not only Knowledge, but the very flower and attar of knowledge,—Wisdom,—shall be his.

One who will give what time he can, daily, to cultivating the graces of the soul and heart, will inevitably become a better, nobler, kindlier person. So do we commend culture of body, mind and soul, in order that we may be COMPLETE Men and Women.

Since we live in tabernacles of flesh and blood, it is necessary to do our best for them. In a world where fresh air and clean water are as abundant as they are in this, one should have a body as clean as that of a Hindoo high priest. He should be well groomed, and his body disciplined to obey his will as an engine responds to a touch on the throttle.

Our minds should be open to receive truth; should be generous and broad in receiving and retaining all knowledge. Our brains should serve as the skylights of our beings. Our hearts and souls should be kept full and glowing with the nobler emotions. They should be kindled with zeal in the service of noble aims in life.

And they should feel and bring us into closer, higher relation with God and our fellow-men.

MAKING SHORT DAYS

W. H. Hamby

WHILE investigating farming conditions in the corn belt of the Middle West I stopped one day at a small town in the Missouri Valley. I had not been on the streets an hour until I heard a farmer named Henry Dodson mentioned, and mentioned in the way that makes a stranger know that he was a man of importance. I began to inquire about Henry Dodson, and learned that he was not only prosperous, but a man of unusual ideas of farming, or rather of practicing. Many men have the same ideas, but very few work them out.

One thing in particular interested and surprised me. Although it was seven miles out to his farm he was as well known and well liked in town as he was by his near neighbors. There had been a social gathering at his home only two evenings before to which nearly a score of the town young people had gone to meet those of the neighborhood. And the coming Friday evening there was to be an ice cream social on the

lawn for the benefit of the country Sunday-school.

I heard of other things happening out there—there had been company and some music the week before, and the bank cashier and wife were going out to spend Saturday night with the farmer's family. And this was the rush season, too, the last of May.

I wanted to know Henry Dodson and 'phoned to him. Could I have an interview? "Sure, come right out, come to supper," was the immediate response.

"At what time is supper?"

"Half-past six."

"All right. I'll be there," I said.

"Wait," he called, as I started to hang up the receiver, "have you a team?"

"No, came in on the train."

"Then I'll send in for you." And when I protested he waved it away lightly. It was nothing, he needed to send in for some things anyway.

The farmer's son Harry came to the hotel for me at five. He was about twenty-

two and as fine a fellow as I had seen in many days—tall, straight and muscular. He was cleanly shaved and wore comfortable but neat summer clothes. If I had any lingering notion that Dodson was an easy-go-lucky fellow who sat in the shade and let things take care of themselves, that notion vanished the moment the young fellow lifted his whip and said with modest pride, "That's our place."

Outbuildings, fences, fields, everything was as neat and tidy as a bookkeeper's figures. I was taken into the family circle with the most unaffected cordiality. Mr. Dodson was a man near fifty, hearty, well built, with good gray eyes, kindly but reckoning. His wife looked happy, and well preserved, and the daughter, two years younger than the son, was as charming a girl as one could wish to meet. The three were in the living room to receive me when Harry brought me in and introduced me. It was a large room with a fireplace at one end, a good rug on the floor, a substantial library table piled with farm papers, magazines and books. There were a piano, some good pictures, and comfortable chairs. It was as homey a room as I ever entered.

Mrs. Dodson went out and almost immediately returned, saying, "Supper is ready. Come out."

Before we sat down I was introduced to Jake Wade, the hired man, and Martha Jenson. In town Martha would have been a hired girl; here she was a member of this benevolent household working for wages. I looked at my watch and it was just 6:30. I looked out through the cool, open dining-room windows and saw the sun still brightly shining on the orchard.

"Do you have supper this early every day?" I asked. "I confess I am not accustomed to supper on a farm before dark."

"Yes," said the farmer. "We have supper at 6:30 from the first of May on until fall. During the winter and spring we have it at 6."

"And breakfast?" I inquired.

"Also at 6:30," said Dodson. "Yes, Henry, Jake and I take it week about getting up before 5:30 to build fires and feed. Martha is up a few minutes later and starts breakfast. The rest of us are out about 6 and have breakfast at half-past. You see," he said, smiling at my surprise, "we farm on ten hours a day."

"Even in the busy season?" I was still more surprised.

"Yes, even in the busy season. Oh, there is nothing ironclad about it. If the fences were down, or a field of hay about to get wet we would work overtime. But I ven-

ture not three days a season do we run over. We start to the field at 7, get back to the house at noon, and return to the field at 1. If there are any unusual chores to do one of us quits at 4 or 5 and comes in to do them. We return from the field at 6, and by half-past are ready for supper, and the evening."

"The evening?" I questioned. He had spoken it as though it meant a great deal to them.

"In the evening," he said, "we have a good time. Martha does the dishes after supper and Jake does the milking. I pay them \$2 a month overtime for doing this. We have from 7 until 9 or 10 to read and sing and visit with ourselves and friends."

And after supper I had a sample of what home life with a little leisure might be. Miss Dodson played and sang to us, Harry joining in. Two young people from a neighboring farm dropped in for a half hour about dusk. And while Dodson and I discussed farm topics, Mrs. Dodson read a serial story in the new magazine that had just come. Jake and Martha both came in for a little while and added agreeably to the general sociability.

"Yes," Dodson admitted, "I could make money perhaps this year, if we worked fourteen or sixteen hours a day, but, perhaps in ten years," he spoke modestly, "not many of the neighbors have cleared more on the same sized farm." He had 160 acres. "And I know," he laughed, "none of them have enjoyed it more."

"I never could see," he went on, "why a farmer should not enjoy life as well as anybody else. I don't see why he must work himself so hard that he can't do anything but eat, work and sleep. I like company, I like music, I like to read, I like to go to places the same as other people. I want my family to enjoy life, too. And I don't see that a few hundred a year which we might make by overwork, would pay for the loss of that—do you?"

I most certainly did not.

"And as I said before," he continued, "in the long run we make as much. We feel more like work. We won't break down so early, and we are able to keep the best of help. Jake is the best hired man in the county. He has been with me four years. You could not run him off with a dynamite bomb. And the girl likes to stay. She is just like one of the family."

"But how do you manage it?" I asked. "Farmers have always told me that the work piles up so they have simply got to work from daylight to dark. Why, I know

men who get up at 4, and do their chores after an 8 o'clock supper."

"And are still behind with their work?" Dodson laughed.

"Well, in the first place I have learned about how much work a man can reasonably do; and also about how much work a given crop requires. For years I have kept books on every crop. For instance, I sow twenty acres of oats. I put down the cost of seed, the number of days spent plowing, sowing, cutting, threshing. After five years I average this up; and can tell just how many days of one man's work an acre of oats requires, or an acre of wheat or one of corn. Of course, it will vary, but I can come mighty close.

"Then in the spring I plan my crop according to my help. If three of us are going to farm it, I arrange the crop for three men's work, and generally allow about twenty days' time for one man to make up for emergencies. If it is going to work us too hard to put eighty acres in corn, I sow more of it in grass or small grain until I have the work fitted to the hands.

"Another way we get along on ten hours a day, we work to the point when we do go to the field. We make it our business to look ahead and see that everything is ready. I know farmers who will start out in a rush at 5 o'clock to plow, discover they need a new point, and spend a half day of good work time going for it. A minute of forethought would have gotten it on the last trip to town. We see that our tools, our harness, our horses are all in trim, all

right where we can lay our hands on them. Thus we save two or three hours a day that could easily be spent fiddling around getting ready to work.

"And again, while I do not spend money recklessly, I never waste \$5 worth of time trying to save a quarter. I have seen farmers in the busiest season spend three hours going from store to store trying to get a pound more sugar for \$1. I have seen fellows right at a time when hours meant dollars spend a half day trying to mend a broken doubletree, or a bit of harness, and thereby save 50 cents."

"Your son seems contented to stay on the farm," I suggested.

The farmer laughed happily. "I don't know of a more contented fellow that is an ambitious boy. I sent him to high school. He graduated at seventeen. I offered to send him to college and make a doctor or engineer of him, but he wanted to come back to the farm.

"So I have paid him wages ever since. I began at \$25 a month, and have raised him until I now pay him \$50. Every winter he takes a short course in the State Agricultural School. He rents some pasture, is raising some stock of his own and trading some. I'll take him into partnership in a year or two, and if he marries I'll help him buy a small farm. I bought this," he added, "that way—paid only \$1,000 down, and paid off the rest as we went along."

"And did it on ten hours a day," I remarked.

"Yes, and enjoyed living all the time," he finished.—Farm and Home.

"BETTER BABIES"

EACH YEAR WE RAISE BETTER CATTLE, BETTER CORN, BETTER FRUIT, BETTER FLOWERS--- WHY NOT BETTER BABIES? .

John J. Biddison

IN the State of Iowa, where the finest, sleekest live-stock pasture and the bumper corn crops are raised, they are after a new crop record—better babies. For several decades Iowa has been standardizing corn, cattle and hogs. Now by precisely the same scientific methods, they have begun to standardize their babies.

Two women are responsible for the

movement for better babies in Iowa. One is Mrs. Mary T. Watts, of Audubon, member of the Council of the Iowa Congress of Mothers and superintendent of the Babies' Health Department of the Iowa State Fair. The other is Dr. Margaret Vaupel Clark, a practicing physician and the wife of a physician. Mrs. Watts conceived the idea of a campaign for better babies. Dr. Clark

showed how such a campaign could be put on a scientific basis which would help to build up not only the State of Iowa, but the entire nation. Mrs. Watts stayed in Iowa and studied its mothers and babies at close range, and decided just where the weak spots were in the Iowa system of baby-raising. Dr. Clark attended medical conferences in the East and England, France and Germany.

The Babies on Exhibition.

When these two women met to discuss both the cause (the lack of scientific and hygienic baby culture) and the remedy (the same scientific and thorough methods already employed in raising the corn and cattle which had made Iowa famous), they chose a field in which the rural and the city mother would meet, the State Fair, held each year at Des Moines, the capital of Iowa. Being clever women, Mrs. Watts and Dr. Clark did not invite eminent authorities in the medical world to deliver lectures in the Woman's Building, where preserves, embroidery and the babies were always exhibited. Neither did they call a formal congress of mothers. They just put the babies on exhibition, alongside the corn and the cattle, with the same sort of scoring. They decided that this was the very best way to show Iowans the difference between the corn crop and the baby crop. And what a storm that comparison did create!

Of course the Iowa State Fair had had baby-shows before, but they were beauty contests. But when in August, 1911, the usual baby beauty show was supplanted by a babies' health contest, the novelty aroused great interest. Parents sent for and were supplied with the following registration blanks, which they filled out and returned, not without some feeling of curiosity or mystification:

General Data.

Name _____
 Parents' Name _____
 Address _____
 Nationality of Father _____
 Nationality of Mother _____
 Living in city (more than 3,000) _____
 Living in village (less than 3,000) _____
 Living in country _____
 Age: Years _____; Months _____; Days _____
 Sex: Boy—Girl _____
 Type: Blond—Brunette—Medium _____
 Breast fed—How long? _____
 Artificially fed—How long? _____
 What food? _____
 Regularly—Irregularly _____
 Has this child habitually slept in open air or with open windows? _____
 Was this child a strong, vigorous infant at birth? _____

This formality over, mothers proceeded as before to make their little treasures look

attractive. A dimple was counted a valuable asset. Deep violet eyes and long, curling lashes were almost equal to a prize in hand. There was much ironing of dainty frocks and curling of silken hair. But while this was going on among exhibitors the judges were going through an entirely different sort of preparation. These judges were physicians on whom the superintendent and her committee had impressed the idea that looks were important only as indications of health. They were also supplied with a standard of babyhood or baby health which read as follows:

Average weight, height, and circumference of head and chest of boys is given below. Girls average one pound less, and are of the same height.

At Birth—Weight, 7½ pounds; height, 20¼ inches; chest, 13¼ inches; head, 14 inches.

One Year—Weight, 21 pounds; height, 29 inches; chest, 18 inches; head, 18 inches.

Two Years—Weight, 26½ pounds; height, 32¼ inches; chest, 19 inches; head, 19 inches.

Three Years—Weight, 31 pounds; height, 35 inches; chest, 20 inches; head, 19¼ inches.

Central incisor teeth appear about the seventh month; lateral incisors from eighth to tenth month; anterior molars, twelfth to eighteenth month; eye and stomach, fourteenth to twentieth month; posterior molars, eighteenth to thirty-sixth month.

Multiply width of head by 100 and divide by length to get cephalic index. When index is 75 to 80, the child is mesocephalic. 80 to 85 cephalic heads are preferable. Length measurement should be from occipital protuberance to prominent part of brow.

The anterior fontanelle should not be bulging; rather, slightly depressed. It should be completely closed between the fifteenth and twentieth months.

The bony skeleton should be especially examined for rickets.

The child should first attempt to sit up at about the sixteenth week, be fairly successful about the fortieth week, and firmly seated at the end of the tenth or eleventh month.

He should attempt to stand about the thirty-eighth week and be successful at the eleventh or twelfth month. He should walk unsupported at the fourteenth or fifteenth month; certainly not later than the eighteenth month. Precocity in walking is not desirable.

The skin should be pink, flesh firm, lips red, breath sweet, tongue clean. He should breathe through the nose only, and should not be fretful. He should not be restlessly active nor disinclined to play.

No Prizes for Mere Prettiness.

When the contest opened, the usual half-hearted crowd followed the more interested parties, the parents, or more properly speaking the mothers, to the scene of judgment. But something was wrong. There was no array of smiling mothers and babies listening to fulsome compliments. There were no fatherly judges patting baby heads and chucking dimpled chins. There was no balloting for the prettiest and sweetest. Instead, there was a stern, uncompromising judging of babies on physical points—points that counted just as they did in horses, cattle and hogs.

The news spread to the live-stock sec-

tion. Men who were gloating over blue ribbons and cash prizes won by their choice stock stopped talking crops, the breeding of cattle, and politics to find out how the Iowa babies were coming out under the examination of medical authorities. Some of these men watched the proceedings curiously, some anxiously and some angrily. It was all very well to have your baby disqualified because its hair was not a good shade, or its eyes were too small, or it lacked the fascinating dimple; but when an authority announced (in private, of course, through a score-card) that said baby was like a defective horse or hog, light-weight, too short of leg or too flabby of skin—well, no Iowa farmer was going to stand for that very long. Iowa babies somehow had to be brought up to the standard of Iowa corn.

Which was precisely the spirit the leaders of the movement wanted to arouse!

City Babies Had Better Records Than Country Babies.

And so the first step in the campaign for better babies had been taken. The women behind the movement were already beginning a between-fair campaign, for they had found, strangely enough, that the city babies had made better records than the country babies. First off, the movement needed publicity. The daily and weekly press gave that free in the sort of editorials people read. The babies at the State Fair had come out a bad second to the crops of grain and live stock. In a few generations, according to those fateful score-cards, Iowa would have the most fruitful fields and the highest standard of live stock in the country, but fields would be tilled and stock driven by a defective race of men and women. Iowa's pride was touched.

Club women in the cities and towns turned from literary topics to health and hygiene for babies. At the grange meetings the wives of farmers stopped talking the best feed for chickens and discussed sleeping quarters and balanced diet for children under three years of age. Every baby who had failed in that astonishing contest at Des Moines was examined through parental eyes which somehow saw a child as a new creature, just as worthy of correct physical upbringing as calves and pigs.

New Diets, New Clothes, New Baths.

Other babies who had not been entered for the contest found themselves possessing a new interest for their parents. They were put on new diets, given new sorts of

clothes and new kinds of baths. In fact, the fall and winter of 1911 was a memorable one for Iowa babies, a sort of transformation period. For, you see, in Iowa, State pride runs high. A mere trifle like its baby population must not stand in the light of State progress.

In the meantime the duplicates of those unusual score-cards were on their travels. The Iowa Congress of Mothers had had the official score-card in blank copyrighted, and they were supplying them to officials of county and State fairs for the next year's use, and to municipal officials at the rate of \$1.50 per hundred, duplicate blanks free. Wherever family health and hygiene were discussed, there the copies of the Iowa score-cards were shown. They reached a session of the American Medical Association, and created such a profound impression that they were turned over to Dr. Elenora S. Everhard, chairman of the Committee for Public Health Education Among Women, with the suggestion to help on the Iowa movement and spread it to other States. Particularly, wherever Iowa women gathered, those score-cards, with the names of the wee contestants omitted, were passed round. Also, to all meetings of women were sent copies of the following circular, a review, or summing up, of the Des Moines contest:

Number of babies registered for examination, fifty.

Number of babies examined, forty-five.

Males, twenty-seven; females, eighteen.

Male blonds, nine. Female blonds, six.

Male brunettes, five. Female brunettes, two.

Male mediums, thirteen. Female mediums, nine.

Highest score, male child thirty-six months old, ninety-six and a half.

Lowest score, female child fifteen months old, seventy-three.

Number of children scoring between ninety and ninety-six and a half, sixteen.

Number of children scoring between eighty and ninety, twenty-five.

Number of children scoring between seventy-three and eighty-four, three.

The children scoring less than eighty points were decidedly below normal weight and failed on all points excepting in height. They lost especially heavily in disposition, energy, facial and ocular expression and attention.

Only five boys and five girls received perfect marks for number, shape and condition of the teeth, the poor dentition evidently resulting from nutritional defects.

The greatest cephalic index was ninety-seven the child having this index made the general score of ninety-six and a half. The least cephalic index was seventy-three, and this child's general score was eighty-two. The average cephalic index was eighty-two and six eighths. The average cephalic index of the honor children between twelve and twenty-four months of age was ninety-three, and that of the honor children between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-six months was eighty-eight and thirty-three hundredths. The children receiving the ten lowest scores had an average cephalic index of eighty-two and seven tenths.

The measurements showed that the children were two inches taller, more than one pound heavier, had one-third inch greater chest measure and about six-tenths inch greater circumference of the head than similar measurements shown in the L. Emmett Holt table that was used as a standard.

The examining physicians believe that practically all the scores could be greatly raised if the children were given advantages of improved psychological training and more painstaking hygienic and dietetic care.

Mothers insisted that physicians take a final look at their little entries. Fathers who had always felt the keenest rivalry in the matter of corn, hogs and cattle, now showed great concern about the physical points of their offspring, or, having no babies to enter, they looked with an envious or critical eye upon the babies of other exhibitors. Better babies for Iowa had become a sort of slogan at the State Fair.

Babies were entered for the sweepstake prizes. There was a class devoted to city babies, and there was another open to rural babies, and still a third for the town babies.

The sweepstake prize was won by a 2½-year-old Des Moines girl, named Dorothy Kulsmeier, with a score of 97¼, beating the prize-winner of the first contest by nearly a whole point. She tipped the scales

at 32½ pounds, was 36½ inches in height, with a chest measurement of 21 inches and a head circumference of 20 inches. In addition to standing high in the physical examinations, she made a fine showing in the searching psychological tests given by Dr. Velma Powell of Red Oak, Iowa, a nerve specialist. The tot displayed energy, power of concentration and keenness of intellect in keeping with her physical perfections.

The second prize went to a boy, Robert Miller Scott, aged 2½ years, who scored 95¾ per cent, and who hailed from a small town. But one of the really interesting features of the contest was the fact that little Alice Milstein, who won first prize in the 2 to 3 year old rural girl class, had lost out entirely in the contest of 1911. During the year her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Milstein, Polk County farmers, had studied child hygiene to good advantage. The defects in the child's condition and training having been pointed out to the mother, one year of regular diet and systematic care, worthy of a little prize-fighter, had corrected the defects and placed the fortunate baby girl in the prize-winning class.—Woman's Home Companion.

THE ANNUAL CHURCH FAIR

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

THE First church of Doylestown had always resorted to some plan to raise money for her various liabilities. The treasurer was an honest man, who meant well, but his good intentions never could make five dollars pay a fifteen-dollar bill, and so some one suggested a bazaar. For the last five years a bazaar had been the clearing-house financially for the First church. Now they had a new minister and one who was doing good work—so far, as one of the deacons described it. Mr. Reed arose and by way of expediting the business in an official caucus, said: "Brethren, as you know, it is time to plan our annual bazaar. Why not leave it in the hands of our minister?"

All the other officials looked as if that were a happy inspiration, they fairly beamed on Mr. Reed, whose interest and energy in all things pertaining to official business had so far kept the First church off the shoals and rocks which are marked "Dangerous."

Hardly had Mr. Reed's voice trailed away to a churchly silence, when prompt as an

echo, Mr. Snyder rose to his feet, saying, "Brethren, I like that suggestion. I move that our pastor arrange for the coming bazaar."

The pastor, Mr. Weybright, listened with an air of patient resignation to the seconding of a motion and the ayes so blithely uttered. He had learned that Mr. Snyder moved and carried the suggestions of Mr. Reed with disheartening frequency. He also knew intuitively that to register any plea for exemption from this duty would not avail. Not one of the officials had any conception of his duties as pastor of the First church. They thought he was a gentleman of leisure if they had any ideas on the subject, and so Mr. Weybright smiled a noncommittal smile and waited in painful expectancy for the treasurer's report.

The treasurer slowly arose with a portentous air of resigning himself to the inevitable as if he were the bearer of bad news for which he was in no way responsible. He read the figures as if they were missiles to be hurled at some one, and as

if he were in no way responsible where they fell. "I've always held and maintained that our system here is the best; why, I originated some parts of it myself, but you can't make people give and we are in debt five hundred dollars on our current expenses. We have a hundred dollars to meet on the mortgage and if this bazaar don't help us out, I'm sure I don't know where we'll land!" He glared at Mr. Reed as if it were past his comprehension why that gentleman did not rise and offer to liquidate the debt, but Mr. Reed was used to being glared at in just that way after each financial report and so appeared as immovable as a granite boulder. The treasurer then looked at the other officials in a questioning way, but did not see any who looked as if they knew any better than he.

Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Weybright quoted softly to himself, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." He thought drearily of the coming years in each of which a church fair must make up a deficit in the church funds. But he was young and so not entirely cast down while the official business was being disposed of.

Then Mr. Reed had another inspiring thought, too good to keep to himself. "Why not have a bigger bazaar than usual and so raise a little more than our indebtedness and if we have a little on hand we won't be so hard run in the coming year?"

Why not? Mr. Snyder was ready to make motions; glad to be of some use in a crisis; but the treasurer forestalled it. "Brethren, I don't believe we need a motion to that effect. We know that our minister will do his best to make it a success. And—and—so I vote that we just leave it to him."

And it was left.

That evening the Rev. Mr. Weybright shut himself up in his study and read most of the gospel of Matthew over again. He was familiar with it, of course, but he needed to read the words of Jesus himself, and he lingered longest over the sermon on the mount. How true and dear the words rang as he thought of them. Surely the Master of all knew that this was a world in which his servants needed to be kept from the evil. He thought of the saying, "The servant is not greater than his Master, if they persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying they will keep yours also." Late into the night, the pastor's light was burning while he pondered the situation in all its bearings. "We have traveled a long and weary road since

then, but even in this nineteenth century the old rules for giving apply, and I am going to do what one man can to bring about a different spirit in this church," was his final resolve.

Several Sundays after this the pastor preached on the text, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee."

He paused after reading his text and looked over his congregation. "I was about to remark that this text does not apply to the First church at all. There is not one of you can say with Peter and John, silver and gold have I none. Some of you have a great deal. Perhaps in order to understand what God expects of us in this matter we would better consider the ancient law of sacrifice, the giving away something that was really prized; the best of the fruits, the firstlings of the flock, the tenth of all they possessed." And then he described the Israelites coming to the temple, each patriarch bearing a sacrifice for various purposes. The peroration was a powerful appeal to his people to lay by and give on the first day of the week as the Lord had blessed them.

But it is doubtful whether the sermon had much effect on the church officials. It did impress the laity, as the contribution for several Sundays afterwards amply proved.

It was time to appoint committees and make a beginning if the church bazaar should eclipse former fairs. And the Rev. Weybright was uncomfortably aware of that fact. So he bravely faced the issue. He studied his record of the names of his parishioners an entire morning. He copied many of them; one was a list of fifteen ladies who had usually served as a committee of ways and means; upon their shoulders rested the details, numberless and perplexing, of making the fair a success.

That afternoon the pastor called on the richest woman in his congregation. She had been the honorary president of the bazaar ever since it started. Unlike some ministers, Mr. Weybright felt at home in the homes of his members; a happy facility in saying the right thing as soon as he crossed the threshold had saved him from criticisms which many ministers endure with flinching. So he and Mrs. Vanhorn enjoyed a rapid crossfiring of questions and repartee for about five minutes, then the minister settled back to state the object of his call. "Mrs. Vanhorn, you know there is something in this time of the year

(Continued on Page 301.)



Esther Brumbaugh

A HEALTHY BABY

MY name is Esther Brumbaugh Rinehart. I was eight months old when this picture was taken. I have been a healthy baby, living on what nourishment I receive from my mama. I have a smile for everybody. My

brother, who is four years old, takes hold of my feet and slides me over the floor. I laugh at him then. I am glad to see my sister and two brothers come home from school.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

STOPPING HALF WAY TO THE PROMISED LAND.

Rev. Joseph M. Long.

ONE of the least known of Bible names is Terah. Yet he was the father of Abraham, and apparently came near being as famous. In the eleventh chapter of Genesis we read of God's command coming to him to leave his father's country and his kindred and go to a land which would be shown him. He obeyed, and traveled as far as Haran, but there for some unknown reason made a long halt, which continued till his death.

Now Haran is halfway from Ur of the Chaldees, his former home, to Canaan, which subsequent events seem to indicate as the goal in mind. And as we think of the part Canaan was to play in God's plan, what a pity that Terah, having traversed half the distance successfully, should not have persevered and finally reached the Promised Land! Who knows but that Terah, instead of Abraham, might have been the "Father of the Faithful," in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed? But he missed his great opportunity by lingering halfway there until death overtook him.

Recently among some papers left by my father I discovered an old diary of his trip to California in 1865 by way of Panama. On account of the danger and uncertainty of the shorter route across the plains, travelers usually chose the sea voyage to Aspinwall, now Colon, and after crossing the Isthmus took a steamer again on the Pacific. I was much amused by one incident in the tramp across the Isthmus. After only a few hours' walk they came to a refreshment saloon with the sign "Halfway House." They did not stop, however, but along towards noon came to another "Halfway House," and there got dinner. Four miles further on they passed another, and when they thought they must be near their journey's end they came to the true "Halfway House." Evidently these enterprising proprietors, with a keener eye for business than for truthfulness, had thus sought to induce weary pedestrians to stop and patronize them, in the belief that half the distance being accomplished they could afford to stop and rest awhile.

In a sense we all intend to travel toward the Promised Land. But what a string of "Halfway Houses" there are along the jour-

ney of life, to entice us to linger, at least for a while, in the comfortable belief that having made such excellent progress already there is no need of worrying about the rest of the journey, a belief so alluring that many, like Terah, never get beyond that point. I have thought of a few of these "Halfway Houses."

There is the one of respectability. It would mean a great deal to some men to become merely respectable. One can appreciate the genuineness of the drunkard's prayer in Jerry McAuley's Mission, "O Jesus, help me to be decent; don't let me get down in the mud again!" His degradation was loathsome to him, and decency, respectability, in his mind included everything that was in contrast to it. But much as it might mean to such a man, respectability is a long way short of reaching the goal God has set before us. Having attained respectability, one is too likely to rest there contented, like a young man who once said to me, "I have quit swearing, playing cards and all those things, and come to church now every Sunday; I don't see why I am not as pious as Deacon So-and-so." Probably the great majority of those we know are lingering on indefinitely at this "Halfway House."

Another one is a Christian profession. It is notorious that many a person has professed conversion and been received into the church who has never gotten any farther. To be sure, this point may be a long way beyond mere respectability, but it is certainly far from the end of a Christian course. The good ought not to be the enemy of, or a substitute for, the best. Our churches are too full of these "halfway" Christians, who forget "the race set before them" and loiter along at merely nominal Christianity until death finds them, as it did Terah, only halfway to what they ought to be.

A third "Halfway House" is that of partial success. We would that every pilgrim to the Better Country reached this point. It is ground for encouragement to anyone who has attained it. But again and again it has been noted that an early and partial success has proved the ruin of the would-be artist, or author. Many a young preacher or Christian worker whose first efforts met with much appreciation has been hindered by his very success from reaching the higher usefulness possible to him. Let one,

however, be always willing to learn, cultivate a high ideal, look at things in their true proportion, and he will be saved from Terah's fate.

One other danger should be mentioned, the opposite of the preceding,—the "Half-way House" of a mortifying failure. I knew a useful Christian man who on one trying occasion lost his temper and was so mortified that for years he stood aloof from the church. No one doubted his sincerity, and he was urged to resume his Christian duties, but for a long time he was lost to the church, though he finally saw things in a better light and took up again his Christian walk. Such an unfortunate occurrence is Satan's great opportunity. "Now you know you are a hypocrite," he insinuates, "and so does everybody else; it's no use for you to try to go on." Personal pride, a mistaken fear of bringing reproach on the church, a false humility, all join to deter the "man overtaken in a fault" from thinking of any further progress. But like the man above mentioned, he should not let such motives as these override his bounden duty to "press on toward the mark" and never come to a standstill until at last in God's Providence he reaches it.

Let us remember Terah's fate as an awful warning, and let us rather determine to be like Abraham, to whom later came the command which his father failed to fulfil, and of whom we read, "into the Land of Canaan he came."—The Expositor.



THE ANNUAL CHURCH FAIR.

(Continued from Page 298.)

that marks it as the proper season for our bazaar. Will you as usual be our honorary president?"

He knew that was equivalent to saying "Will you head the list with a contribution of fifty dollars?" but he was not ashamed, his purpose upheld him.

"Why, yes. I have the bad habit of agreeing to do most of the things you ask of me, so it is too late in the day to refuse or incite a revolt, but—"

He waited for her to say more, then, as she did not speak, he answered, "You have been the honorary president ever since this fair has been an annual event?"

"Yes," she admitted. "But really I find it tiresome and if some one else would have the position it would be a great relief. Not that I want to shirk. I do want to do what I can."

"Yes, I know. But you see there is no other lady who can do all you do—ahem!"

It really was almost embarrassing, after all.

But Mrs. Vanhorn was not at all embarrassed. "Never mind speaking plainly. You know that I do not care enough for the honor to pay fifty dollars for that? I have often thought that I would gladly pay more to be relieved from all responsibility regarding the fair. I do no actual work, and yet the whole affair is tiresome in the extreme."

Straightway as if the pastor had suddenly been set aside for the man of business, Mr. Weybright was alert and anxious. "How much would you give?"

"Dear me! the expression in your eye is that of a bargain hunter. How much will I give?" And she, too, became serious as one weighing out gold and silver shekels. "If I need have no responsibility in any way, if some other subject besides church fairs can be discussed in this neighborhood during the next two months, I'll gladly put my name down for one hundred and fifty dollars."

"You are serious? You really mean that?"

"Why not? I am glad to give and I can afford it."

"Heaven bless you, we shall count on you for one hundred and fifty." And the pastor, jubilant and enthusiastic, left Mrs. Vanhorn to call on Mrs. Keyser, the next name on his list.

Now Mrs. Keyser was not so rich as Mrs. Vanhorn, yet she was a liberal giver and she had the executive ability and energy so often found in these days among the devoted women in our churches, the enthusiasm which carries everything before it and makes a success of every project which she undertakes. But of late years, Mrs. Keyser was paying heavily for any extra labor; the last bazaar had taxed her more than the three previous ones. So when, after some preliminary remarks, her pastor said: "I have come to ask you to engineer our coming bazaar," he was not totally unprepared for her reply.

"Oh, Mr. Weybright, you know I want to do all I can, but I beg of you don't ask me to do this!"

"If I knew any one else, but there is no one who can take your place," said the pastor meditatively.

"My husband is in the library. Come, let us talk it over with him." Nothing could have pleased the Rev. Weybright better.

"It's the bazaar, Arthur," said the wife as soon as they were seated in the library.

(Continued on Page 303.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

The Flower Garden.

By this time the potted bulbs should be well on toward blooming. Bring them to the light gradually, give them the coolest window in your sitting room, and avoid direct sunlight until you want the flower-spike to develop. Keep the atmosphere moist and do not keep too warm. In a dry, hot room, the flowers either fail to open, or the spike does not push out of the ground well. Water freely, and be sure to keep in a cool room. Meantime, while the potted bulbs are promising so much, be sure to have your list of plants and seeds made out for the outdoor garden. Read the catalogues closely and profit by the information given. Many seedsmen and nurserymen are offering tempting collections for a very small sum, and if you deal with reliable merchants, you will get your money's worth. Many stores offer bulbs, seeds, plants, both potted and dormant, at remarkably low prices; but the seeds are usually old, bought at wholesale from some jobber, and the plants anything but true to name, while the dormant shrubbery is neither true to name, in most cases, nor fitted to grow when planted. It is best to buy of reliable growers, and get your seeds and plants and shrubs at your door in good growing condition.



A Satisfactory Plant.

The old "flowering maple," Chinese bell-flower, as our mothers knew it, is the abutment of today. The leaves resemble those of the mulberry tree, hence the name. It is a flowering shrub of the easiest culture, and it bears not only flowers of various colors, but it has some species that have lovely foliage in various markings and colorings. If planted out in a border with good soil, many of the kinds will bloom the summer through, then may be treated as pot shrubs and will give bloom and beauty in the sitting room window. Some of them are of drooping habit, and make fine plants for window boxes and hanging baskets during the summer, and will continue satisfactory inside during the winter. One trouble is that they grow too fast.



What Women Are Doing.

The women of health who intelligently manage their own business and property af-

fairs are becoming numerous, while few of those who have neither business nor property are satisfied with the alternative formerly offered them of resignation to poverty or dependence on the bounty of others. The number of self-respecting and self-supporting women, married and single, is growing at a rapid pace. They not only hold an important place in the modern world of art and literature, but in many of the professions, trades and businesses, they are finding their way to success. Many a woman, left with a house full of little children, without money or influence, have stoutly faced the conditions and gone on, bravely fighting down every obstacle, and not only making a good living where the husband failed, but have achieved wealth and prominence, and brought up their dependent family to a high degree of usefulness.



Gleanings.

We are told by our wise lecturers that we are not punished for our physical sins, but by them. Whatever nature hands you over the counter you are expected to pay for at the cashier's window, and if you seek to evade payment, she will charge you double.

To carry your head high, is fashionable; to carry your heart high, is metaphorical, but to carry your chest high is one of the most important duties laid upon the body. Another duty, most important of all, is to carry the spiritual nature above the grossness of our surroundings.

In the past, orators could make no point more certain of instant appreciation than one which turned upon an illustration from the Bible. Now, it is hardly safe for a popular orator to venture any allusion outside the gospels and the psalms, because the people do not know the Bible. It is a lamented fact that the large mass of the people do not know whether a "saying" is taken from the Bible, or from some plausible common stuff. It is time to read your Bible, and know whereof you speak.



"Just as of Old."

In 1827, the editor of a Brussels paper made some investigations and found that there were 3,031 wives in Belgium who had left their husbands that year; 5,042 couples

were living at war under the same roof; and in all Belgium, just three really happy couples were found and 1,022 comparatively happy ones. Evidently the world does not change very much, and human nature is about the same, go where you will. For a "divine institution," marriage seems to be "cut on the bias" in most cases.



How Linoleum Is Made.

Linoleum is so generally used, and is such a valued floor covering, that it would be well to know something of how it is made. The inlaid linoleum made in this country is chiefly made in separate strips or blocks, according to design, and then pressed together. Much of the imported is cast in a solid piece. The foundation materials of which linoleum is manufactured are linseed oil and ground cork, and the name comes from the Latin terms for these two articles. Some resinous matter is usually introduced, and in cheap grades wood pulp is often used. The waste of the cork industry is utilized, the raw material consisting of bits of cork about a cubic inch in size. These are cut by machinery into smaller pieces and finally ground into a fine dust; the powder is then mixed with oxidized linseed oil, the resins introduced and the mixture, which is like putty, is spread on a surface of burlap varnished on the under side to render it impervious to water. For the inlaid, the various parts of the pattern are made in separate molds, then, under a twenty-ton pressure pressed together. When the material is to be printed it is allowed to dry for several weeks, and then the pattern is applied by means of a printing press or machine. In the imported inlaid goods, where the whole pattern is cast at once, there is a large metal mold, which is made at great expense, and each color is laid on separately.



THE ANNUAL CHURCH FAIR.

(Continued from Page 301.)

"You have not come to talk church fair to my wife again?"

"Yes, that's just what I am here for," answered the minister, and it was difficult to keep a note of elation out of his voice. He felt almost sure that here, too, there would be a new triumph.

Mr. Keyser was a quiet man who seldom voiced his opinions on church matters. But he spoke with some decision as he explained the situation. "We are anxious to help you all we can. But, Weybright,

this last bazaar was more than we could afford. My wife gave her time and energies and when it was over I paid a heavy doctor bill. Why, I'd rather give you seventy-five dollars today than face anything of the kind again!"

"Do you mean that?"

"Indeed. My wife's well-being is more than anything else to me," laying one hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"Can I count on you for seventy-five dollars if I leave her entirely out of it?"

"You have my word."

"Good. So be it." And the conversation took another turn.

The next day Mrs. Stein, upon whom the pastor was calling, gave her views on the bazaar. "I'd rather give my money to the Lord directly, instead of buying some pincushions and other gimcracks that no one wants around. Really I believe that most people would rather give to the Lord, than to be worried into some sugar-coated way of giving, thinking it won't hurt so much."

"How much would you give, if I would promise to excuse you from participating in a fair?"

"I'd give you fifty dollars."

"I'll put you down for that much!" And the pastor's notebook was ready for Mrs. Stein's signature.

The pastor worked so quietly and counseled with no one, so the subject was not discussed generally. Some of the younger women fidgeted a little and prophesied that they would be so rushed at last with the bazaar unless they could soon begin. But no one unless we except Mrs. Vanhorn and Mrs. Keyser had even a hint of what their minister was doing.

When therefore Mr. Weybright asked his members to meet at the church in order to confer about the church bazaar the people were surprised. He said by their meeting him in this way it would save his calling upon them individually. But it was so different from any former bazaar proceeding that curiosity brought a large congregation together on Monday evening, to learn what was expected of them.

After prayer and singing, the pastor asked the church treasurer to read his summing up of the finances. The treasurer became solemn at once and read over the figures as if the report were a magna charta or document of equal importance. The people, too, looked as if they wished they had something more cheering to listen to than an array of figures showing that they were greatly in debt. The younger

(Continued on Page 306.)

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

THE VEGETARIAN COOK BOOK.

The non-flesh eating world is continually looking for a new source of diet and a supply of reliable recipes from the vegetarian world. Many attempts have been made at such a compilation of a cook book, but a recent successful volume comes from the hand of E. G. Fulton. The book contains 500 choice recipes and has a large variety of recipes for baking and for breakfast dishes, cakes, cereals, egg dishes, entrees, nut preparations, pies, puddings, salads, salad dressings, soups, sauces, toasts and vegetables. The book is thoroughly practical and reliable. It is neatly bound in cloth and contains 250 pages. Published by the Pacific Press Publishing Association, Mountain View, Cal. Price, \$1.00 per volume.



HOME WATERWORKS.

Many a farm home has been made a place of drudgery because of the lack of conveniences which could easily have been provided by a system of waterworks in the house. Mr. Carleton J. Lynde, Professor of Physics at MacDonald College, Quebec, has prepared a Manual of Water Supply in Country Homes in which he presents workable plans for equipping the kitchen with a complete system of waterworks. He does not confine his work to the kitchen, however, but a system for the entire house. The book is well illustrated with plans which can be easily understood by the man who wishes to install his own system. The vigor and the youth of the housewife could easily be retained for many years longer if some of the drudgery of water carrying and the disposal of sewerage would be taken from her shoulders. "Home Waterworks," published by the Sturgis & Walton Company, 31-33 East 27th St., New York. Price, \$1.00 net.



SHORT-STORY MASTERPIECES.

Dr. J. Berg Esenwein has given the public two small volumes of "Short-Story Masterpieces." Dr. Esenwein is the editor of Lippincott's and is one of the most learned men on this side of the Atlantic. He is a master of languages and in translating these French stories into the English he has given the literary world a valuable piece of work. His translations are accurate and the stories have been changed into

strictly good English. For those readers who do not have a knowledge of the French these volumes bring an inspiring bit of French literature with every artistic touch of the original French author. These volumes can be recommended to any one who wishes to study the French story under an intelligent guide. The volumes are being published by the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass. This school is doing a great work in the field of short-story writing and is conducting a helpful correspondence course which can be taken up by the busy man or woman while engaged in other activities of work. The school offers a course in nearly every department of knowledge and their catalogue may be secured free of charge by any one interested in the correspondence work. "Short-Story Masterpieces," published by the Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass. Price, \$1.50 per set of two volumes.



LIVE STOCK CHAMPIONS.

Every year brings new champions of live stock to the attention of the public. It will be of great interest to the man who takes pride in thoroughbred stock to find a collection of the prize winners of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs as they make their appearance from year to year. Mr. Philip H. Hale, Editor and Manager of the National Farmer and Stock Grower, has made such a collection and has compiled and published in a neat volume "The Live Stock Champions of 1912." The book is published as a souvenir supplement to the National Farmer and Stock Grower, and may be purchased at \$1.00 per volume. Published at St. Louis, Mo.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Gableton—"Edison declares that four hours' sleep per night is enough for any man."

Kidder—"By Jove! That is exactly what my baby thinks!"—Judge.



"Can I get a steak here and catch the one o'clock train?"

"It depends on your teeth, sir."—Megendorfer Blaetter.



Minister's Little Son—Say, father, what is meant by a "clerical error"?

Minister—Well, in one sense it is when

a minister imagines he can live on what his congregation are willing to pay him.

✻ ✻ ✻

Student—Who originated the first geometry problem?

Teacher—Noah!

Student—How's that?

Teacher—Didn't he construct the Ark B. C.?—High School Rambler.

✻ ✻ ✻

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you do an act

Just what the result will be;

But with every deed you are sowing a seed
Tho' its harvest you may not see.

Each kindly deed is an acorn dropped

In God's productive soil;

Tho' you may not know, yet the tree will grow

And shelter the brow's that toil.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

✻ ✻ ✻

"Who was Webster?" asked a member of the school board. "A statesman," said one boy. "An orator," said another. "But what is a statesman?" asked the captain. "A man who goes around making speeches," answered a small boy. "That's not just exactly right," said the gentleman, smiling. "Now, I go around making speeches once in a while, but I'm not a statesman at all." "I know," spoke up a bright little fellow. "It's a man who goes around making good speeches."—Christian Register.

✻ ✻ ✻

Tight Wad—If you lost me you'd have to beg for money.

His Wife—Well, it would come natural.—Judge.

✻ ✻ ✻

"I don't object to a man tellin' all he knows," said Uncle Eben, "if he sure enough an' honestly knows all he tells."—Washington Star.

✻ ✻ ✻

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?"

"It would depend on where the term was to be served."—Chicago Record-Herald.

✻ ✻ ✻

"Why don't you make Johnny wash his hands once in a while?"

"They are taking finger prints at his school," answered the wife, "and you know how the child loves to excel."—Kansas City Journal.

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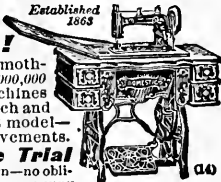
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THE ANNUAL CHURCH FAIR.

(Continued from Page 303.)

people wondered why their usually tactful minister made so unpropitious a beginning, some of the older members smiled grimly, they had become accustomed to a deficit. "Almost seven hundred dollars. Too bad that we cannot get along without being in debt!" was their inward comment.

Then Mr. Weybright arose and stated that "The object of the meeting was to see all the members relative to their annual bazaar. You appointed me to make arrangements for it and I have done so. I called on the ladies who usually have had charge of this fair and found them unanimously of the opinion that the bazaar should be omitted this year."

You should have seen the face of the treasurer! You should have seen Mr. Snyder look hesitantly at Mr. Reed, anxious that no opportunity to make a motion should be lost. Their faces said as plainly as words, "What is to be done in this crisis?" Mr. Weybright saw the consternation of his listeners; had he not studied and used all the diplomacy of which he was capable to bring about this result? And so he were less than a man if he did not enjoy a feeling of satisfaction in regard to the revelation he was about to make.

"I believe that most of you know that I think we should follow the New Testament plan of giving, cheerfully as unto the Lord. I found no cheerful givers for this bazaar. I think the moral tendency of a fair is bad. So when I found that some of our members were ready to forego all the excitement and the work attendant upon the launching of a successful bazaar, I was most happy to relinquish it altogether." Here a dramatic pause ensued. It was all that the church treasurer could do to keep from rising to his feet and asking what he intended to do about the church debt. But then the minister resumed his explanation.

"However, there is a deficit in our accounts which must be met and I am happy to say that I am able to hand over to our treasurer tonight the sum of eight hundred and fifty dollars. The meeting is now dismissed."

But the people did not move. They sat still as if it needed time to take in so novel an announcement, and it was no one but the treasurer himself who asked the congregation to rise and sing the doxology.

And afterwards, yes afterwards,—the Rev. Mr. Weybright found that he had completely won the hearts of his official board by his policy.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

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March 25
1913

Vol. XV
No. 12

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Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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AND POETICAL MUSINGS ON SEA AND LAND

BY GEORGE D. ZOLLERS.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

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RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

House Cleaning in a Southern City.

ONE man as health officer can do wonders if there is the right kind of stuff in him. This has been demonstrated in a Southern city, Wilmington, S. C., where Dr. Charles T. Nesbitt has conducted successfully a two years' campaign for a cleaner and healthier city. The story of his career appears in the March number of the *World's Work*, by Frank P. Stockbridge. Wilmington was in many respects a typical Southern city. The recent wave of industrial progress had not reached it and for two centuries its growth had been very slow. Close by stately colonial brick mansions were to be found negro quarters of the most deplorable character. Wilmington is now a typical city but typical of the newer spirit of city government and municipal sanitation. The nucleus around which the change took place has been Dr. Nesbitt, chief of the Health Department.

Four years ago, when Dr. Nesbitt decided to establish a medical practice in Wilmington he found that the city was subject to frequent outbreaks of such diseases as scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria and malaria. There were scarcely any sanitary regulations enforced and the "boss" was in the saddle of the city government. It was an ideal place for a man of ambition to do something. "Searching farther, to discover the cause of these conditions, Dr. Nesbitt found it primarily to lie in the soil. Soil pollution in Wilmington, as elsewhere in the South, was a constant element that had been too little considered by sanitarians. There was a small and inadequate sewer system in Wilmington, owned by a private company, badly constructed and poorly maintained, with which less than one thousand of the more than six thousand houses in the city had connections."

In a local paper, *The Despatch*, which stood behind Dr. Nesbitt from the first, he



Dr. Charles T. Nesbitt.

printed a series of articles on the sanitary conditions of Wilmington. These accounts soon took hold of the people and they began to ask for relief. For some years sentiment had been growing for a new form of city government and Dr. Nesbitt entered the field at the critical moment. The better element won and Wilmington had a commission form of government. The natural thing followed. Dr. Nesbitt was appointed Superintendent of Health. Then, housecleaning began in earnest. The first point of attack was on the typhoid epidemic. By sprinkling the whole town with pyroligneous acid in the summer of 1911 the disease was kept under control. Then the sewage question was taken up. The city finally purchased the old private system

and began its improvement and extension. From his entrance into the office Dr. Nesbitt found that to arouse public opinion was not an easy matter. Many wished to be left alone. They saw no "sense" in such sweeping and sudden reforms. In order to encourage public opinion in his behalf he made free use of the papers and reporters were regularly given news items from the Health Department. The question of a cleaner city was kept before the minds of the citizens all the time. Another idea of Dr. Nesbitt was put into practice, that of conducting a general information bureau concerning the sanitary conditions of all the buildings in the city. People found it worth while to inquire of the Health Department whether the building they wished to lease was fit to live in. Dr. Nesbitt's work is only begun, having been in his present office but two years.

Railway Accidents.

Railway accidents are the cause of more loss of property than most of us imagine. But the destruction of property is not the greatest loss to the country. During the year ending June 30, 1912, 10,585 persons were killed by the railroads of the United States. Over 169,500 were injured. If the same number were killed and injured in a war the whole country would be aroused, but we soon forget a wreck that kills a score or more of people. Thousands of widows and orphans, however, do not forget the matter so soon. A writer in the Review of Reviews, in an article on the subject, summarizes the accidents for the year ending June 30 as follows: "Of the total casualties, 400 railway employees were killed and 92,363 injured in so-called 'industrial accidents,' which include all not connected with the movement of locomotives or cars on rails, such in fact as would be common to any industry. The employees killed on duty numbered 2,920, and the injured 49,120, while the casualties of employees not on duty aggregated 315 killed and 959 injured. Passengers to the number of 139 were killed in train accidents and 9,391 were likewise injured, while other causes were responsible for 179 killed and 6,995 injured. Trespassers to the number of 5,434 were killed, 91 of them in train accidents, and 5,687 were injured, 151 of these suffering in train accidents. Persons other than passengers and employees, not trespassing, who experienced casualties aggregated 1,198 killed and 5,023 injured, of whom 13 of those killed and 277 of the injured suffered in train accidents."

Many of the accidents are due to trespass-



Defective Rail, Causing a Derailment, in Which Twenty-nine Persons Were Killed and Sixty-two Injured.

ing. The figures for the 20 years ending 1909 show that trespassers suffered 53 per cent of all the fatalities on the railways of the United States. About the same percentage of fatalities during the year 1912 was due to trespassing.

Collision and derailment accidents are the ones newspapers say the most about. The statistics for the last four years stand thus:

	1912	1911	1910	1909
Total collisions and derailments	13,865	11,865	11,779	9,670
Total number of lives lost	772	785	773	606

There is not much variation in the number of death accidents due to collisions and derailments from year to year. The causes are many, but they may be grouped under two heads: defective track and carelessness or other errors of employees. In 1912, there were 363 accidents due to broken rails and these accidents were accompanied by 52 deaths. The financial loss to the railroads amounted to nearly three million dollars. The frequent breaking of rails has caused much alarm among railway men and thorough investigations are being made. The illustration shows where defects are frequently found in rails.

In order to lessen the number of accidents the Chicago & Northwestern Railway inaugurated a system of safety committees among its employees whose duties are to investigate accidents and report conclusions and remedies. The first year of its operation ending June 30, 1912, showed

that the system was a success. It resulted as follows, in percentages:

17 fewer trainmen killed, a decrease of .44.7
 1562 fewer trainmen injured, a decrease of 47.
 9 fewer switchmen killed, a decrease of .50.
 111 fewer switchmen injured, a decrease of 17.
 7 fewer trackmen killed, a decrease of .25.
 700 fewer trackmen injured, a decrease of 40.1

The Third Degree.

In spite of the regulations against it the third degree is still used by the police when they are anxious to discover the person who committed a crime. Frequently the police are unable to find a criminal and in order to keep up their reputation it is necessary to settle the guilt on some one. Forcing confessions from an innocent person by means of physical torture frequently follows an unsuccessful round-up. The following example of the third degree was taken from the Chicago Tribune. The prisoner told the judge: "I told that story word for word under suggestion from Capt. Nootbaar. He would suggest a sentence and I would say it. I talked because I was given to understand my wife had been forced to talk and that she was sick and that I

couldn't see her until I did talk. I agreed to anything they said. I didn't care. I was sick. The bone was sticking out of my amputated leg. Gangrene had set in. It pained me. I was given but little to eat and had no medical attention. Parts of the confession are true. But most of it is just as the police told me to say it. . . . On the next day he came in again. I was tired. I had had to sleep on a board all night. He asked me if I was going to 'come through.' I told him I knew nothing about the murder. Then I heard my wife scream somewhere in the station. Then I went upstairs with him. I was ready to tell him anything. I was ready to say anything he put in my mouth." Such incidents happen in the United States. If they should occur in Russia we would not be surprised. In a country where freedom is supposed to exist surely a man deserves an honest trial, whether he be guilty or not, but fair trials are not always given. The third degree is of no use whatever in a civilized community. Legally, morally and psychologically it is wrong. How long shall the country stand for it?

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

The Automobile and the Farmer.

Romance still wraps the old farm in the harassed mind of the city dweller. Even men who are accustomed to subject their impressions to a rigid scrutiny are likely to accept this bit of romance without challenge; it seems to them a fact that rural life was once an ideal state of society. Here is Dr. Henry B. Favill, who is ever on the side of progress, actually doubting whether progress, as typified by the automobile, has brought happiness to the farmer; it has brought pleasure to the young folk, but calm is banished. The automobile he thinks, has made country life "fast and gay."

The idyllic calm of the old countryside has a charm for busy minds knowing no calm, but in practice we know that that calm often degenerated into dullness. The poets who sang of it so ecstatically often did so in the roar and turmoil of cities; as often as not they were bored in the country. The calm of the country charms the city man because it means change, variety; he never wants too much of it at one time. As a steady thing calm would soon pall. So the country man, accustomed to calm, welcomes

stir and variety. The automobile gives these things to him and still leaves him plenty of calm. Moreover, the automobile is not for the country man a toy; it is a tool he uses for a great variety of purposes. He probably finds that it has added greatly to the charm of country life and has increased his efficiency. We can hardly expect him to worry much if the presence of automobiles in the country has lessened its idyllic charm for the birds of passage from the city.

Nothing Decisive in Balkan War.

More or less fighting is going on at various points at the front, but no distinct developments have ensued. Hakki Pasha, former grand vizier of Turkey, has again appealed to England to intercede and bring about peace. Premier Venizelos of Greece responds to this that "the war will not cease now till Turkey begs on her knees for peace" and that she will have to pay a war indemnity of \$350,000,000 into the bargain. While a Bulgarian aeroplane was reconnoitering over Adrianople the craft was hit by a Turkish shell and the airman, Lieutenant Nikolas, was taken prisoner by the Turks. Roumania is still threatening

to make trouble by snapping at the heels of Bulgaria while the latter is engaged with Turkey. It is generally believed that Austrian and German influence is "sicking" Roumania on. Russia, however, has let it be known that if Roumania moves a foot she, Russia, will at once take a hand in the fray. This might then be the signal for the much-feared general war.

A rather amusing war is going on about the war, in Vienna. Lieutenant Wagner, an Austrian army man, who is supposed to have been at the front with the Bulgarian army as war correspondent for the Vienna Reichs-post newspaper, has been writing some very graphic accounts of his alleged experiences and observations. His dispatches have been widely copied by other papers all over the world. But now it is charged that these very circumstantial and thrilling accounts of battles were practically made up out of the imagination of the newspaper writers right in Vienna. A rival newspaper, the Zeit, denounced the accounts as fabrications, and now a libel suit is on.



Liquor Bill Passed Over Veto.

President Taft did not hesitate to wield his vctorial snickersnee to the last. Both houses, after a long debate, passed the much-discussed Webb-Kenyon bill to prohibit the shipment of liquors into "dry" States. This bill was vetoed, and later was passed by both houses again over the veto; and it thus becomes a law. This is the first time a veto has been overridden in 15 years, since an irrigation dam bill was passed over Roosevelt's veto.

The Senate repassed the bill over the veto by a vote of 63 to 21, and the house by a vote of 244 to 95, this being nearly a three-fourths vote or considerably more than the necessary two-thirds. This is beyond comparison the most important federal law that has ever been passed on the subject of liquor, and it is believed at Washington that it marks the parting of the ways on this great question. This new law prohibits the shipment of intoxicants of any sort into any State, territory or district where the sale or use of such intoxicants is forbidden. Liquors shipped in defiance of the act, even in the "original package," can be seized and destroyed. Prohibition can now really be enforced, and there will no longer be any excuse for "boot-legging," etc.

A Long Step Toward Prohibition.

With the federal government out of the speakeasy business, 20 States are ripe for prohibition. After rapping Uncle Sam's knuckles until he lifts his hands from the interstate shipment of liquors for unlawful purposes, thereby giving to the States the free exercise of their police powers, the logical next step is a constitutional amendment by Congress to be ratified as speedily as possible by the necessary three-fourths—36 States. All men and women who want results more than they want to have their own way will now seek intelligent coöperation with every individual and organization to finish in the next 20 years the job begun a hundred years ago. Every church that is worth attending and every preacher that is worth hearing will from this time on fling themselves with a holy abandon into this crusade. Our religion demands that every child should have a fair chance for citizenship in the coming kingdom. Our patriotism demands a saloonless country and a "stainless flag."—American Issue.



The Senate passed a bill to prevent the desecration or mutilation of the American flag. The measure would prohibit the placing of any word, figure, mark, picture or design, or any advertisement of any nature upon any flag, under penalty of \$500 or imprisonment for not more than six months.



BICKERINGS OF BARNABAS BENE-DICT.

Many a man's awakening is due to his wife's dream of a bonnet.

Any woman thinks she can reform a man, but when it comes to re-forming herself she employs a dressmaker.

Perhaps you have noticed that when a woman says, "There's no use talking," she keeps right on talking just the same.

A woman is so used to pinning things that she can't understand why a man should make so much fuss about a missing button.

Samson was subdued by a woman cutting his hair, but the woman of today subdues a man by pulling his hair out by the roots.

My son, take my advice and marry a girl who will be of some assistance to you. In other words, get a piece of calico that will wash.—E. J. Timmons.

EDITORIALS

Good Guessing.

Guessing is for the most part like shooting at a target in the dark, if a center shot is made it is no credit to the shooter's aim, and if the arrow or bullet goes astray and does mischief the shooter is responsible. But guessing is not allowable when one ought to know or can get straight information. So guessing does not find much favor among practical men. Yet we must sometimes hazard an opinion on a step to be taken or a question to be answered and thus it comes about that there is good guessing and poor, and that some men's guesses are better than some other men's calculations.

You ask, "How is that?" Often it looks like instinct. But there is a better explanation. Good guessing is the result of using one's wits. That is to say, those who come nearest to the facts at a venture are accustomed to read the signs, to study the probabilities. There is some reason back of their guesses. It is thus that some men become weather-wise, or politic-wise, or business-wise, and gain a reputation for being prophets in their special lines.

Costly Household Ignorance.

It has been said that a careless or thriftless wife can throw out of the back door with a spoon more than the busiest husband can bring in at the front with a hayfork. This emphasizes a need for training for women in the arts of domestic economy rather than so much of the "accomplishments" of the era. Many a woman, however, saves wonderfully and well, while her husband nullifies all her efforts by his wastefulness for indulgences of an unnecessary nature. The cost of living in these days is increased by injudicious liberalities such as the men of yesterday knew not—by wastes such as the fathers would not have tolerated.

For instances of wastefulness, take a long walk in the country some day. Yonder is a field on which is growing a sickly crop. Ask the farmer why and perhaps he will say the land is too poor to do better. But not far away lie tons of leaves by the shady roadside, ungathered, going to waste—the finest of fertilizer, such as the old-world peasant will speedily grab and use to transform poor into rich soil. Go on a bit farther and you'll hear a man complain of the price of hay. He must buy, and, supply being low, must pay a round figure. But

stretching away for many rods are roadsides overgrown with hay no one ever thinks of cutting.

Teachers That Boys "Hate."

A boy said the other day that he "hated two kinds of teachers"—the "oh-dears" and "my-dears." A boy is nothing if not courageous, and he expects and admires that quality in others. He detests whining and worrying, weeping and weariness—in a word, all the dreary varieties of "oh-dearing." The teacher who frets at the weather, objects to the classroom, finds fault with the superintendent, and the secretary, and the ways of the librarian, not only sets a bad example, but earns dislike: for when did flies ever love vinegar, or boys dull faces?

Set your face like a flint to look pleasant, no matter how hard it hurts you to do it. "Peak like you do when you laugh," begged a little sick child from her chamber, on hearing a neighbor's plaintive inquiries below stairs. It is good advice for everybody. Train your voice to notes of exultation. With a gospel of gladness, it is a shame to go about drooping at the mouth-corners.

It is not strange that the patronizing and too demonstrative teacher should be another object of a boy's detestation. No healthy boy cares for coddling and petting, except at bedtime, possibly, and by his mother. Talk sense to a boy; he will respect it and you. A little fellow who had just graduated out of kilts, and appeared at the door of the primary room in all the glories of rubber boots and many buttoned "ulster," came home in high dudgeon complaining that the teacher "acted like he had on dresses," and never noticed his new "ulcer." Teachers do well to remember carefully the sudden access of manliness that comes with promotion from the kindergarten and primaries, and as far as possible refrain from treating these little men as if they had on "dresses."

Swiss Schools and Teachers.

Nearly ninety per cent of the teachers in Switzerland are men. Five hundred dollars is considered a good salary for a teacher. After a lifetime of service, he may go as high as eight hundred dollars. Living is cheaper there than here, however, and in addition to his salary, the teacher is furnished with a dwelling, a certain amount of garden land and wood for fuel. His dwelling is generally in the same building

with the school. His position is of considerable local importance. Aside from his duties in the schoolroom, he is often secretary of the local creamery association, leader of the village band, organist in the church, and general intellectual guide for the community.

When a teacher is engaged for a position, it is for life or a long term of years. He settles down with the people whose children he teaches, and generally expects to make that particular job his life work. And he stays. Changes are rare. Twelve new teachers in one year in a system of two hundred forty was considered very unusual. The record for continued service in the same village is held by a teacher in Thurgau, who has occupied the same position for sixty-five years. One teacher was visited who had held his position for twenty-four years, and his father held the same position for thirty-five years before him.

One of the most attractive features of the Swiss schools is the cordial personal relation that exists between teacher and pupil. There is nothing of the military in the discipline of the school; no lining-up; no marching to classes. When the children go to the classroom, they shake hands with the teacher, greeting him as if they had not seen him for a long time, and are really glad to see him. The whole relation is one of charming naturalness and kindness on both sides.



Millions of Women Watch Mrs. Wilson.

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the former Secretary of Agriculture, who has been identified with cabinet circles during three administrations, has written briefly of the duties of a first lady of the land, pointing out how Mrs. Wilson may perform useful work in addition to presiding over White House social functions. She says:

"The social régime just closing has been brilliant and filled with repeated functions, delightful to capital society. Mrs. Taft has been untiring in her efforts to entertain.

"Without attempting criticism, it would be unnecessary to compare the three White House chatelaines as I have known them. They varied in intelligence, education and charm quite as much as any trio of ladies in simpler walks of life.

"Regarding the duties and policy of the first lady of the land, I believe that her highest ideal should not be attempts at record-breaking conquests in the social calendar; on the contrary, the type of women all America delights to honor is the woman

of sympathy and devotion to her family, an exemplarian in her exalted position to millions of women scanning the papers for a thought and expression that will be beneficial.

"If a President's wife fails to grasp the situation, seeking only to wine and dine Washington society, she has missed a grand opportunity. We need only recall Martha Washington, her precepts, her rigid rule; or remember the admirable way in which Harriet Lane Johnson graced the White House; the bravery of Mrs. Hayes in banishing the wine cup; the assiduous attention of Mrs. Harrison to the interests of the Daughters of the American Revolution; the lovely character of Mrs. Cleveland, reflected as it was in the face spiritual, God-given; the sweet, sympathetic wife Mrs. McKinley was—a fact known to ninety millions of Americans—and the dignity surrounding all affairs with which she and her President were connected; the great, good mother Mrs. Roosevelt was, the aristocratic bearing, the dignified entertaining; the example and lesson she gave.

"In this day of discussion of equal suffrage the President's wife can wield great influence. I would but voice the sentiments of all American women if I suggested that for once we could have a chatelaine of the White House noted for her great efforts to aid humanity.

"The present day is seething with new subjects for women. We need not revert to Plato's republic for arguments for or against their advancement; we need not adhere to early ideas regarding flying through the air. The time, as we see it, must be met, the problems confronting us solved through continued application and sustained effort.

"How wonderful if Y. W. C. A. work could receive greater impetus through the interests of a President's daughter. Think of another daughter, an artist of note, using her influence to establish a national gallery and redeem America from the sneers of art connoisseurs.

"Imagine still further the name Mrs. Wilson could make for herself if she chose to champion the cause of the working girl or sought to put down the white slave traffic—the menace of great cities—the curse of our nation. I think Mrs. Wilson has been a worker along the lines mentioned, but will she continue when she reaches the White House, or will she try a record-breaking campaign alone to society and fencing?"

Urges "Mother" School for Unmarried Women.

Motherhood training schools for girls and women about to become brides have been suggested as a helpful remedy for many domestic ills.

Such schools should provide useful work for the idle hands of the vast army of unemployed girls and women who are listed in the United States census as being without occupation.

One fourth of the female population over 15 years of age in the United States is engaged in gainful occupations. Three-fourths are, therefore, according to the United States census, without occupation. The most conspicuous class of unoccupied women are mothers, according to this essentially masculine computation. In order to understand the social position of the mother, it is, however, necessary to consider some of the other unoccupied females.

One-third of the girls between 16 and 20 are at work in gainful occupations. While the other two-thirds are not necessarily débutantes, they include this interesting class of demoralized young women whose lives and sometimes education and morals are injured by the excesses of the first social season. The consequent demoralization of young men who are unable to keep up the pace set by ambitious mothers also

helps to make a false start toward the obligations of these potential mothers.

Instead of dances, concluding with a breakfast at 4 A. M., or a day's work ranging from early morning to late night, these young women ought to be attending something like Belgium's or New York's school for mothers. Even the fiancée, who is supposed to have faced the most critical problem of life, generally has not been the beneficiary of education in domestic science and business science as she would be in a society that appraised motherhood at its proper value. The spinster at home is generally a useful member of society, but today she is ordinarily neither so useful as the bachelor maid at work nor as the domestic servant who is our real spinster.

The mother of today must have a knowledge of modern, domestic and business economy. Her thrift must take the form of insurance. Her work as consumer become impersonal. Science applied to the home and the community takes the place of instinct. Taste, education, citizenship, involve new duties expressed in new ways for which nature makes no provision. The teaching of religion and sex to the children at home and the fulfillment of obligations imposed by trusts and other new forms of industry, as well as the enlargement of the functions of the state—these are among the newer obligations of the mother.

CHOOSING OUR BRAIN FOOD

Don Scott

MOST readers will agree that the purpose of books is to help us to live. They entertain, that we may live more happily; they act as a tonic, that we may live more bravely; and they inform us, that we may live more successfully.

Literature is divided into two great mountains,—one contains ideas that disgust us with life; the other presents life in an attractive, pleasing manner. Since our great aim is to live well, sensible people ought not to deliberate in deciding from which mass they will select their reading.

With a view of making existence tolerable and pleasant, in winter we have fires,—from storm and rain and dew we have shelter. We keep our bodies clean in a world where there is much that defiles,—there are diseases, but we try to prevent and cure them.

None but a maniac would choose to dwell in a dark, foul-smelling, filthy place, when he might have cleanliness and sunshine.

All progressive humanity is working to make the world a pleasanter place to live in, and to render life conditions more healthful and comfortable. We have slain dangerous beasts, hewn down forests, blazed roads through trackless wildernesses, builded, invented, smoothed and perfected,—that life might be made more desirable, peaceful, and happy.

Why should we not apply these same principles to the mind as to the body? Why should we not select books of big, noble, thoughts,—clean, inspiring ideas that teach us to look upon life with satisfaction, rather than those that teach us to consider it evil, and intolerably painful and wretched?

Our minds are fields, and the seeds sown therein have in twenty centuries of humanity, found strong, ready root and careful nurture, whether for good or for evil. And so it is with us today. Why, then, should any sane person sow in his mind ideas that are apt to spring up in the forms of misery, vice, morbidity and crime? Why should we admit into our homes and into the companionship of our family circle book-characters, who, in flesh, we would not permit to cross our thresholds?

No modern reader need be told that a great mass of the literature of today has for its foundation and being thoughts that can not possibly be conducive of healthful, pure, modest and wholesome living.

All that is disgusting, unclean, and repulsive is treated with freedom and served up in liberal portions for the intellectual diet of our generation. Nothing is considered too common or unclean for the uses of literature by many of our writers. Hopelessness, darkness, pessimism, avarice and sin are presented as the whole of human life! The effect of such baneful and mistaken influence is a multitude of minds polluted,—and a multitude of lives darkened and made cheerless.

In justification, they tell us it is necessary to present life as it is. We know the world contains some very ugly facts, without having the nauseous details thrust before our eyes constantly. There are graveyards, but we do not choose to live in them,—dissecting rooms, but we prefer to dwell elsewhere.

We are told that literature has been "too long in bondage to the young person," whose mind must be kept pure,—but that these books are not for young persons, but for strong men. But young people read these books, they are not written in Greek, nor in technical language. They are written with the attractiveness and simplicity of style of the highest art; so written that young people are seduced by them. They are thrust before all classes by persistent advertisement and false praise.

As a matter of fact, young persons are among the numerous readers of these very books, in no small proportion, unfortunately; and without this class, the authors would have nothing to warrant the issuing of the books. And older persons are not so very different from the young that they can read with safety works that are acknowledged harmful to younger ones.

Our crying need in books is a wholesome presentation of the nobler possibilities of life and of our human nature. We need books that make us stronger and braver in our everyday living. We need big, inspiring works of heroism, of culture, of accomplishment, so that when we rise from the reading, we shall be braced to take up our own work hopefully and courageously.

Hopelessness in literature is a mental disease of the writer; which easily communicates itself to the reader. Delight in the study of physical passion is a disease, in many cases merging into mild insanity; pleasure in the vicious, coarse and repulsive side of the world is a disease. Books of this kind are the products of sub-normal minds, that do not see life sane "and see it whole," and they are giving their mental contagion to thousands of others.

We quarantine against the spread of cholera or diphtheria, but we have no such protection against the spread of mental diseases through society by books. All we have rests with the reader.

The darkened, despairing views of life so many persons have, is directly traceable to the enervating, unvirile, flaccid, ignoble literature in which they indulge.

If they had never read a book, they would have had a comparatively healthy tone, or if they had read only those that give brave, strong views of life, their lives would have been full of noble hope and cheer.

Let us by all means guard the health of our minds, in which our welfare rests, by the selection of wholesome reading, as carefully as we do that of our bodies by choosing healthful food.

THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF MEXICO

S. Z. Sharp

AT this time while our whole country is deeply interested in our neighbor republic, Mexico, it will be quite interesting to take a review of the history of that peculiar race of

Indians who first settled that country. About the seventh century of the Christian era, while all the other tribes of Indians in North America were dressed in the skins of animals and subsisted by hunting and fish-

ing, there came a tribe from somewhere into Mexico, who dressed in garments made from cloth, who were skilled in agriculture and the mechanic arts, built cities and temples and lived upon the products of the soil which they cultivated. These were the Toltecs. Pestilence and disease came among them and nearly all moved south to Central America, where they constructed great cities whose ruins still stand.

In the twelfth century the Aztecs came from the north and in a measure imbibed the civilization of the few Toltecs who still remained. In 1325 they built the city of Mexico. They conquered the neighboring tribes and extended their dominion to Central America. The advanced state of civilization of these early Mexicans is shown by their form of government, laws, means of communication, military organization, religion, public instruction, literature, knowledge of astronomy, agriculture, skill in architecture and the working of metals.

The monarch was chosen by the nobles and held his office during his life. In each principal city was a supreme judge whose office was next to that of the emperor. In each province was a court of three judges. Below these were magistrates or justices of the peace elected by the people.

The laws were recorded and painted in hieroglyphic writing and spread before the people. All great crimes were punished with death. Adulterers were stoned to death as required by the laws of Moses. Marriage was held sacred and marriage ceremonies were conducted with great formality. To change the boundary of another man's land was a capital crime. Prisoners of war and debtors were held in slavery, but the children of slaves were free. Prescott says: "The code of the Aztecs evinces a profound respect for the great principles of morality, and as clear a conception of these principles as is to be found in the most civilized nations."

The revenues of the government consisted of rents from the government lands and taxes on agricultural products and were collected by a receiver general and stored in extensive warehouses.

Communication was maintained between the capital and remote parts of the empire by means of couriers, similar to that of the ancient Romans. There were relay houses every six miles. By this frequent change of couriers messages could be carried at the rate of two hundred miles a day. The messages were written after the style of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Their armies were well organized and di-

vided into detachments of eight thousand each, under one general. Each detachment was subdivided into companies of three or four hundred each and commanded by a captain. Their military discipline was so exact as to astonish the Spaniards. In battle they tried rather to capture than to kill their enemies.

In religion they recognized a Supreme Being whom they addressed as "the God by whom we live, omnipresent, and omniscient, invisible and incorporeal, one God of perfection and purity, under whose wings we find repose." In addition they worshiped many deities to which they erected great temples and sacrificed to them human beings, mainly victims taken in war. In naming their children they performed a ceremony of sprinkling the lips and breast of the infant to atone for the sins which it was supposed it had inherited. Among their moral precepts was, "Keep peace with all, bear injuries with humility and God who sees thee will avenge thee." Priests were numerous who were under the direction of two high priests.

They maintained public schools where the children were taught songs and hymns and the traditions handed down from one generation to another. Some of their prose compositions are still extant and show great effort at eloquence. Their system of calculation was based on the scale of twenty instead of ten as in ours.

Their year consisted of eighteen months of twenty days each to which they added five days to make up the full year. Every fifty-two years they added thirteen days to make up for the odd hours. They knew the true length of the year and the cause of an eclipse and the periods of the solstices and equinoxes and when the sun crossed the zenith of Mexico. Without any astronomical instruments how did they obtain all this knowledge?

Agriculture was in an advanced stage. Canals were dug and irrigation was carried on generally. Bananas, vanilla, cocoa and Indian corn were cultivated. From the stalks of the corn they manufactured sugar, and from the leaves of the aloe they made paper.

They worked in gold, silver, copper and tin. From an alloy of copper and tin they made a metal that would cut the hardest stones. Delicate vessels of silver and gold were made. Cotton goods were common. Garments ornamented with great skill by the beautiful plumage of birds were worn by the women.

Every fifth day was market day and transactions were under the inspection of officers.

Women were treated with tenderness and respect and not as drudges, as is the case among all northern Indians. In festivities and entertainments the women were regarded on an equality with the men.

How did they obtain a system of writing similar to that of the Egyptians, a knowledge of the true God and other religious facts like those of the Israelites, and a knowledge of astronomy resembling that of the Chaldeans? From what race did they spring and from what country did they come to America, and how did they cross the Atlantic, if God "of one blood made all

the nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth"?

With such an advanced stage of civilization, considered by some as equal to that of the Romans at the time of Augustus, and with such lofty sentiments of religion and morality, that there should exist one of the lowest practices of savagery is almost inconceivable, the practice of cannibalism. As Prescott says, "The Aztec character was made up of incongruities that are apparently irreconcilable." Even today the delight of the Mexican in scenes of bloodshed is evidenced by the bull-fights in which always the animal and often the men are killed, and which attract the populace in every city, while the cock fight is the universal entertainment of every peon who can earn a peso to bet on his favorite cock.

A CO-OPERATIVE TRACTOR

W. E. Flory

FIVE of us farmers have a Mogul gas tractor of forty-five horsepower, which we use for various tasks. We like it better than steam for threshing, as it gives much steadier power, is easier to handle, requires less work, and is cheaper. About fifty-five gallons of kerosene per day, on an average, is used for threshing.

We have a ten-bottom moldboard self-lift plow which we like very much. I believe our engine would handle it in almost any kind of soil. We have used it for plowing up an old alfalfa field, and it walked right along with all ten plows in the ground. And any one who has plowed alfalfa knows that it takes "some" power.

Plowing with Engine.

We plowed over 350 acres for wheat last fall, averaging from twenty-five to thirty acres a day. When we go into a field to plow, if it is about square we handle it in two lands. If it is twice as long as it is wide we commence at once in the center and plow a few rounds, lifting the plows out at the end, but do not plow out to the end of the field. We leave enough at the end so that when we have made about five rounds it is the same distance from the edge of the field all the way around. Then on the next round we do not raise our plows, but cut in just a little on each corner and make them round. Then we go

round and round all day. When we finish a field a little is left in the corners, which we plow out with a team.

I do not know that we can plow any cheaper with an engine than with horses, if as cheaply; but the main advantage an engine has over horses, we think, is that we can get the plowing done early in the season and in a very short time, and can plow as deep as we wish. We are not obliged to stop if the ground becomes hard and dry, neither do we have to stop for heat; no matter how hot it is, we can go right along from morning until night. The horses come up to the pasture fence, and it almost looks as if they are laughing to see the soil roll over. I believe the cost is about one dollar an acre; possibly more, as much depends upon the life of the engine.

Effect on Soil.

I do not know what effect an engine has on the soil over which it travels, but think it will do no harm to speak of unless the soil is too wet. However, I believe it would not be advisable to use a tractor for drilling grain on ground already plowed, as it would pack the soil too much. We had no experience in plowing corn ground in the spring, but do not see why it would not work—unless it was too wet.

We use our engine for threshing, plowing, grading roads, filling silos, grubbing trees and moving buildings. In working on

the roads we pull two large graders, grading one mile of road each day.

Plan for Coöperation.

If a farmer has a farm of considerable size, and the most of it is put into small grain, I believe an engine would enable him to dispense with quite a number of horses. On the other hand, I do not believe it would be profitable for the average individual farmer to own a large tractor for farm work alone.

The ideal way, to my mind, is for four or six farmers to form a company and buy a tractor, plow and separator, then thresh for Jones first this year and last next year, and so on around the ring. The same plan could be followed in plowing—plowing first for the man who threshes last. As I have said, there are five farmers in our company, and this plan works fine.—Nebraska Farmer.

EVILS EXISTING IN SMALL TOWNS NOT FOUND IN LARGE CITIES

Lula Dowler Harris

METROPOLITAN life has always been looked upon as dangerous. A life beset by temptations on every side. No one will try to deny the truth of these statements, but let us give the city credit, at least, with fighting in the open. While the city is guilty of committing sins of omission her sins of commission are paramount. Much has been said and written in favor of life in a village. While such an existence has the pleasures the bitter is mingled with the sweet.

Someone said: "I like to live in a small town because you know everybody." That is all right if everyone is a desirable acquaintance, which is not always true. Sometimes one's life can be made almost unbearable by a meddlesome neighbor. This annoyance is never found in large cities. A friend living in New York City tells me she does not know anyone but the janitor in the large building where the family have their apartments. She says she speaks to the woman who lives on the other side of the hall when they meet, by chance, at the "dummy" or elevator sending down garbage or lifting groceries, further than this she talks to no one. We would think that a lonely life perhaps because most of us have our back-door and front-door neighbors with whom we pass many pleasant hours.

She says: "I know nothing about a borrowing neighbor." This is one of the evils of small towns. We all know by experience how annoying some women can be once they get the habit of borrowing. It certainly is a convenience to have a neighbor from whom we can borrow when circumstances arise making it necessary for us to do so. It is only when borrowing becomes

a habit that we consider it a nuisance. Gossip is another evil peculiar to small towns. Metropolitan life knows little about this annoyance. We all, no doubt, indulge in too much small talk. Just how much harm is done by village gossip no one is able to say. One is almost unconsciously drawn into the net even in our church work. A trivial affair is sometimes turned over and over until like the rolling snowball one cannot recognize the original. No amount of remorse can atone for gossip that has amused some innocent person to hide the pain of an aching heart.

John Ruskin says: "He who once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent there is the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hours of unkindness will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."

Children in a small town are usually together too often. Parents cannot advise their children in the choosing of their companions as they should like to do. To discriminate often causes great annoyances to both parents and children. What one boy knows in a small town all boys know, and the same is true of girls. In large cities one is not often annoyed by such conditions.

Some one has said: "No company is preferable to bad company, because children are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health."

While the lack of conveniences can hardly be classed as an evil it is often the indirect cause of many crimes. Lack of police protection has caused many a man to lose his life. Girls particularly are in great danger in towns without police protection. Boys and men will commit crimes in small towns that they would never think of committing in large cities. Streets that are poorly lighted seem to invite mischievous deeds and crimes.

Surface drainage as found in small towns is unsanitary to say the least. A disease soon becomes an epidemic where such conditions exist. A proper quarantine is seldom observed in small towns. The authorities are reluctant to enforce measures that will inconvenience their neighbors. Many a life pays the penalty for such neglect. The water supply in villages is often inadequate and poor in quality. Property is in constant danger of being destroyed by fire. Some insurance companies will not risk insuring property away from water protection. Unpaved streets are not only an in-

convenience but invite litter and filth. Some people seem to think when they have tossed refuse into the street they are done with it, but it often proves to be a boomerang in the camp of an enemy and returns to them in the form of typhoid fever or some other dread disease.

Schools and churches are usually small in villages and unable to secure the best teachers and preachers. Public libraries and museums are seldom found in small towns. Attractions are usually of the cheapest variety and usually of questionable influence. The village merchant carries only such goods as he thinks will sell readily, consequently his patrons often have to take long journeys to make many of their purchases.

Usually young and inexperienced doctors locate in small towns, and you will often find the village druggist carrying a bigger stock of substitutes than anything else. If one counts health, protection, pleasure and conveniences as necessary to one's happiness, a small town is not the place to live.

DR. JOHN BROWN, FRIEND OF DOGS

Maud Butler

DR. JOHN BROWN'S place in English literature was assured when "Rab and His Friends" appeared, in 1859. That classic among stories of the dog could have been written only by an ardent lover and student of this faithful companion of man. Everyone who has read Dr. Brown's essays, "Our Dogs," "More About Our Dogs," and the story of Dick, "he who never having been born we had hoped never would die," will recall with pleasure that galaxy of canines which so delighted the good doctor's heart, and about which he has written with such a master-touch. A lover of all animals, he had a special fondness for dogs, and seemed to have had an instinct in divining their thoughts. He maintained stoutly that dogs have a strong sense of humor and are keenly appreciative of a joke. Everyone who knew him knew his dogs. He was delighted one time to hear a Boston man, who called upon him, ask (as he entered the room), "Where's Dick?" That the fame of his beloved terror should reach the United States was a thing that pleased him greatly.

Although he dates his first admiration for dogs, strange to say, from the time he was

bitten by one when three years old, he did not own one until he was in college, when his brother William bought for twopence from a crowd of urchins who were finding a vast deal of amusement in drowning him by inches, an "extraordinary ordinary" animal, whose only good features were his eyes, teeth, and "bark." "Toby" became devoted to Dr. Brown's father, and persisted in following him everywhere, much to the latter's chagrin. No matter how cleverly the elder Dr. Brown tried to evade the dog, Toby always managed to outwit him, and when that wise animal knew he was too far from home to be driven back, he would joyously appear on the scene. On one occasion he even came prowling into church during service. Failing to find the object of his search, he advanced gingerly up the aisle, and, reaching the pulpit, placed his feet on the rail and gazed over the edge. The grave and reverend preacher, somewhat dismayed by the very audible expressions of joy Toby was rendering by means of his enormous tail, hastily invited him into the seclusion of the pulpit, where he remained contentedly.

Fate intended a tragic ending for poor



A St. Bernard of Royal Blood.

Toby, and was not to be outwitted, though he had been saved from a watery grave in his earlier days. The dog was heartily de-
 tested by Dr. Brown's grandmother, who kept house for the family, and at last, as the result of a too flagrant breaking of the eighth commandment she secretly ordered him killed. On one dark, cold morning poor Toby paid the penalty for all his wrongdoing by being hanged by the milk-boy, who was soundly thrashed for his deed by William Brown when it was found out.

Then there was Wylie, a beautiful collie who used to disappear every Tuesday evening and return on Wednesday, tired and mud-stained. The mystery was solved. However, when Dr. Brown and Wylie were crossing the Grassmarket once, where several shepherds recognized the dog as the range collie who came every market-day and helped herd the sheep, and whose services were almost invaluable to the men, as he worked surer and quicker than any of their dogs.

There is a pathetic little anecdote about Wasp, a handsome bull terrier, another of Dr. Brown's pets. On one occasion one of her pups died. Poor Wasp was almost crazed with grief, and, ignoring the rest of her offspring, she stood guard over the little dead pup, allowing no one to touch it. At the end of three days the distracted mother, acting on one of those strange impulses it is

impossible for us human beings to fathom, carried the tiny body in her teeth to the near-by River Tweed, plunged in, swam to the middle of the stream, dropped her burden and returned swiftly to the shore. There she stood and watched the small, dark lump bobbing up and down in the current until it was lost to sight.

There are endless tales of all these canine friends of the "beloved physician," as Dr. Brown was called in Edinburgh. There was Jack, who was insane from birth, and who, like Toby, met with an untimely end; there was the Duchess, alias the Dutchard, alias the Sputchard, alias Ricapicticapic, alias Oz and Oz, who lived to a happy old age; there were Crab, John Pym and Puck, all Dandie-Dinmonts of pure azure blood; there was Peter, a brilliant little fellow who died young from sheer "excess of life;" and then there was Dick, made almost as famous as Rab; dear old Dick who solved the mystery of "Black and Tan," and who, despite all hopes and wishes, was killed by a cab, while having a glorious fight one Sunday.

Dog-Nature.

Fondly loves the dog his master—

Knows no friend like him so dear;

Listens for his coming footsteps.

Loves his welcome voice to hear.

Has he faults?—he never sees them;

Is he poor?—it matters not;

All he asks is to be near him—

Humbly near, to share his lot.

—Our Dumb Animals.

DIAMONDS

John H. Nowlan

FROM the earliest records of history there has been in the human mind a fascination for the diamond. The earliest accounts are so enshrouded in myth and mystery, fact and fable that all attempts to arrive at truth are useless. From the days of "Sinbad, the Sailor," to some of the latest productions it has been the central figure of more romances, crimes and tragedies than any other subject.

Why this prominence? Its extreme hardness, its brilliancy when polished, its power of resistance to any acid and any non-metallic element all conspire to weave a fascination around this gem. When heated sufficiently it emits carbonic acid gas and leaves a residue of ashes, showing that it is only crystallized carbon—a brother to the graphite in the pencil which the editor uses to make corrections in our manuscript, and only one degree removed from the coal with which we warm our rooms and cook our meals.

From time immemorial India was the chief source of supply till the year 1728, when the diamond fields of Brazil were discovered. For almost one hundred fifty years (till 1871) Brazil was the principal country in the production. In that year the Kimberley mines were opened and thanks to the energy and ability of the late Cecil Rhodes the tide of white wealth seekers was directed to South Africa.

The "Koh-i-nur" is the oldest known diamond of note. Its discovery goes back to the unknown days of ancient India. Dynasty after dynasty possessed this stone till in 1849 it came into the possession of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Originally it weighed 193 carats, but two cuttings have reduced it to 106 carats.

The "Great Table" was brought from India to France in 1642. It weighed 242½ carats, but two cuttings reduced it to 67½ carats. In the troublesome times of the French Revolution it was lost.

The "Orloff," weighing 193 carats and valued at half a million, is in the scepter of the Czar.

From Brazil came the "Regent of Portugal," weighing 215 carats and valued at al-

most two million dollars. It is now in the museum at Paris.

The "Star of the South," from the same country, weighed in the rough 254½ carats and is valued at \$400,000.

Shifting the scene to Africa we find the "Jagerfontein Excelsior," with a weight of 971 carats, attracting public attention in 1893. But not long. In 1905 the premie mine of Pretoria yielded the famous "Cullinan," with a weight of 3,025¾ carats, and experts declare that it is only one-fourth of a larger gem, the remainder being lost in the debris of the mine. To date this is the largest of the brilliant class.

Stones of this size are exceedingly rare—a 25-carat gem being considered exceptionally large.

In gold, carat means **purity**, 18 carat meaning 18-24 pure gold, while in speaking of diamonds it means weight, the word being derived from the name of a kind of bean. One hundred fifty and one-half carats equal one ounce Troy.

The value does not increase simply as the weight does, but in proportion to the square of the weight; a stone of 3 carats being valued at nine times as much as a 1-carat stone.

The writer may be prejudiced, but at least it is not envy; yet it does seem to be a waste of wealth to lock up just for show. With a relief we turn to another class of diamonds known as "carbonado," "borts" or "black diamonds." These are the hardest substances known, some being harder than the crystallized diamonds. However being amorphous, they are not suited for cutting. Their chief use is in the industrial world, where they play an important part. Besides being used in glass cutters and the like the greatest use is in drilling into the earth. The hardest rocks give way to them. In 1870 borts were practically useless. About this time it began to be employed as an abrasive in the cutting of the white variety, thousands of carats being sold for fifty cents per carat and crushed to powder for this purpose. Later the price rose to two dollars and since then it has fluctuated between \$25 and \$85 per carat.

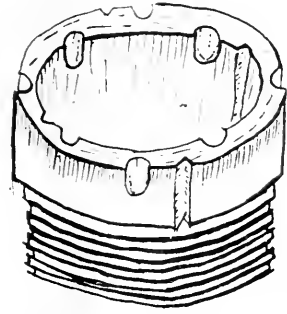
Today the great tunnels would be almo-

impossible without the aid of black diamonds to drill the holes for the blasts.

Prospectors for lead, coal, oil and the various minerals bore holes into the earth to investigate the various strata. For this purpose two distinct kinds of drills are used. One is the "punch" drill and the other the "core" drill. In the first kind the lower end is sharpened and hardened to cut the rocks as a chisel cuts, the debris being washed up through the center by the water encountered in drilling, or in the case of a dry hole, by water poured in for that purpose.

With the core drill it is different. Here the motion is rotary instead of up and down. They are quite similar to a gas pipe with diamonds set on the lower end. In the usual size, about two inches in diameter, there are eight diamonds set so that half of them extend one-sixteenth of an inch beyond the circumference and the other four the same distance inside, while all of them reach below the end of the pipe. Here they are fastened in pockets drilled for that purpose, bits of copper being hammered in to hold them in place. Hydraulic pressure holds it firmly against the face of the rock, cutting away the portion beneath the diamonds and forcing the central portion (called the core), up into the center of the pipe. Were it not for having to remove the drill in about twenty-foot sections for the purpose of securing the core this method would be very rapid, as the bit often cuts through the hard limestone at the rate of a foot in ten minutes.

This rapid motion and intense pressure



Diamond Drill.

generates much heat which would be fatal to the diamonds did the operators not force water down the pipe. Going down outside and coming up inside, this stream of water washes away the borings.

The cores show exactly what strata are being passed through, revealing the presence of coal, lead, or any other mineral. These are considered much superior to the exhibits of the punch drills, as the only way to know the formations through which they pass is to allow the sediment brought up to settle.

The diamonds used in one drill cost thousands of dollars, therefore only skilled workmen are allowed to "set" them. To prove his ability the workman is given an old drill which he must equip with pebbles. When a drill is worn out the diamonds are removed by sawing down with a hack-saw on either side of the stones to loosen them.

ONCE TOO OFTEN

Mrs. Ida M. Kier

FATALLY burned, when attempting to start a fire, with kerosene."

We can scarcely pick up a daily paper, without noting one or more accidents of this kind, and we exclaim: "Why, oh why, will people persist in doing such a thing, when they have so often had such terrible warning of the danger?"

"Perhaps she did not know it was dangerous," some will try to excuse the act, when discussing the disastrous result.

Surely there is no woman who does not know that she is courting danger, when she pours oil from her kerosene can into her cook stove.

The unexpected is so prone to happen.

The fire-maker was sure there was not even a tiny spark, yet the small flame shoots up into the can, just as the gun, which the owner positively declares to be unloaded, is discharged in an unlucky moment, killing, or injuring some member of the family.

We know all too well the risk we take on our lives and homes, when we experiment on our fires with kerosene, yet we go on doing it, just the same, some exercising more care than others, perhaps, but all taking chances. And then when we

read the list of fatalities, we think, they did it "once too often."

Yes, one time too often. Perhaps she was careless; vexed at the fire that would not burn. The oil was dashed in lavishly, and an explosion followed.

It is safe to say that nine out of every ten women, who cook with wood or coal, use kerosene to kindle their fires, and they will doubtless continue to use it, regardless of consequences.

While there is no absolute guaranty for throwing kerosene into a fire, the danger may be lessened in a degree, if the utmost care is practiced. But the one careless time may prove our "once too often."

A woman will talk of and shudder at the risk run by aviators, and in the same hour, she fills the tank of her gasoline stove with one burner lighted!

"There is no danger in filling the tank with the burner farthest from it lighted," one woman declared recently. "I have filled my stove that way for years." But the danger is there, and some day she may fill it "once too often."

We perform an act which we know is not right; the first time, in fear and trembling. The second time we grow more confident; the third time bold, then we are apt to become careless, and when the same act,

after being performed a hundred times successfully, results disastrously, we know it has been done "once too often."

Once too often! What untold agonies might we be spared, could we but stop in time. If we could only realize, that the "first time" in wrongdoing, and rash-doing, is the "time too often."

If the boy could but refuse the first drink of intoxicating liquor, or even the second. If the man could have courage to forsake the gaming table, after his first experience. If all of us could resolve to never again do the thing that our own conscience disproves.

There is scarcely a day in any of our lives that something is not done, that we feel is not right, or not safe.

Yet, partly from force of habit, partly from indifference, we go on our way until the "once too often" happens, then if we are spared to reflect, we may see wherein we have failed, and realize the value of precaution.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." How true it is. But if we adhere to righteousness and good judgment, we will have the ounce of prevention, that will tend to keep us from paying the penalty of "once too often," which is sometimes **more** than the pound of cure.

HOW JOHN'S FATHER WOKE UP

JOHN'S father owned a farm of one hundred sixty acres. For twenty years he had been getting a good average yield of about forty bushels of corn to the acre, which gave him a fair profit and enabled him to put away a comfortable sum each year in the bank. He was perfectly satisfied with these results, and continued to conduct the farm in the same way year after year. The new ideas about farming did not worry him, for he was prosperous and considered any change in methods as mere useless experimenting which was likely to cost more than it would bring in.

When John reached the last years of the grammar school he was taught something about agriculture and, like other boys, was given a small plot of land in the school garden. This he attended to with care and regularity, and succeeded in raising on it a yield of corn which exceeded that of any of the other pupils. He was delighted, and on the day his teacher announced his suc-

cess before the whole school, he said to his father:

"May I have an acre of land to use for my own next year?"

"What for?" asked his father.

"To raise corn on," replied John.

"What's the matter? Don't you think I can raise corn enough for the family?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "but I've just won the prize at school for growing corn and I want to see how much I can get from a whole acre here at home."

His father was pleased at John's success at school and readily agreed to give him as much land as he would promise to keep cultivated. At the end of the season he was a little surprised to find that John had raised fifteen more bushels of corn on his one acre than the average yield from the rest of the farm. He was not seriously disturbed, however, for it was a good year everywhere, and an occasional acre frequently gave an unusual yield.

The next year John and his father started

(Continued on Page 333.)



Beatrice Irene Cocanower.

A HEALTHY BABY

MY name is Beatrice Irene Cocanower. I was born August 25, 1910, on my papa's farm near Clyde, North Dakota. I am the third daughter of Elmus and Edith Cocanower. I have one brother and a tiny baby sister. The day I made my arrival was a busy one, for the thrashing machine had just started to thrash on papa's farm. But that made no difference to me as I was too small to work yet as I only weighed about 6 pounds. Mama fed me on nature's food so I soon grew to be a fat healthy baby.

From the time I was six weeks old until after I was ten months I never missed my morning bath. After that I had it as often as mama had time to give it to me, al-

though I never missed it on Saturday night or when I got to the swill pail or water trough.

When the weather was nice I always went out of doors to play in the dirt and sand, ride in my go-cart or with my papa whenever I had a chance.

I was two years old when my picture was taken. I have never taken doctor's medicine. When anything goes wrong mama always gives us Castoria or Cascara.

I have never gone barefoot, but mama says if we lived in a warm climate I would have to go barefoot in summer. I now weigh 26½ pounds. I have brown hair and dark brown eyes. I can talk some and can say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE BLESSED EASTER HOPE.

(Text: Matthew 28: 6).

Richard Braunstein.

THIS is the festival when we celebrate the immortal dreams of hope and an imperishable life. There clings about the Eastertide apart from its religious associations, a rare sentiment, a poetic rapture which hallows it as a festival of the heart of man. Life is in the air, the spirit of renewal pulses everywhere, the vernal ices are on their way. The breath of approaching life sifts through the trees and grasses, the sound of running water stirs the wild places, the birds make songs as they fly. There is everywhere the renewal of the ancient rapture of the earth. It is not a time for discussions of proofs, nor for the study of Christian evidences. It is a season wherein instinct and intuition reign and they are of more worth than all the deductions of theologians, philosophers and scientists. Subtle, too deep for words is this sense of life beyond the grave, the knowledge, the hope eternal, that beyond this life, there is the more abundant life.

Bliss Carmen, speaking of the instinct which governs life, its line going forth in nature and in man says: "When the vernal sun is warming the earth, and April is spreading up the sloping world with resurrection, by what magic is the transformation wrought? In the dim nether glooms of the deep sea, all fin folk have received their summons; the unrest has taken hold of them—the fever of migration; and the myriad hosts from the green Floridian waters and azure Carib calms, gather and move. Surely and swiftly they come, through the soundless, trackless spaces under the broken whitish buoy, up to the cool fresh rivers and pools of the North. How did they know the date? By instinct? But what is that? The communication came to them inexplicably as it comes to us—the unuttered word, the prestige, the portent. And their brothers, the birds too; they come flying northward through the night. To them, too, the message must have gone abroad. To say that the word went forth among them is to use the simplest and most elementary imagery."

The word has gone forth among us and

there is no proof needed other than this that in our hearts we feel it to be so.

"Now the queen of season bright
With the day of splendor
With the royal feast of feasts
Comes its joy to render.

"'Tis the spring of souls today
Christ hath burst his prison
From the first and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.

"All the winter of our sins
Long and dark is flying
From his light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying."

The first Easter morning was preceded by dark hours. The powers of darkness seemed to be in league against the Prince of Peace and Glory. Christ had been crucified. His body had been placed in the tomb. It was cold and dark in the hearts of the disciples. But a change occurred. On the morning of the third day the Lord of Life stepped forth from the gloomy vault. Armed sentinels could not retain him. At once began joyous transformation in human lives. Sad and lonely women came to the grave to do honor to his body but departed with the news of an empty tomb. Mary Magdalene returned in search of her Lord and found him alive, and hastened back to tell the blessed fact. Peter and John hastened to the spot and discovered confirmation of the testimony of the women. The apostles at different times came in contact with their risen Master and went away light-hearted and hopeful, as all do who come in contact with him. And the world has been hopeful ever since. The glory of his rising is being told to all men, and whenever men hear the good news of Christ's birth, death, and resurrection, gladness fills their hearts. Let us keep on telling the story. The world awaits the wondrous tale concerning the wonder worker and the power of this Son of God who robs the grave of its victory and removes the sting from death and sin.

What a glorious prospect this! "Because I live, ye shall live also." This means so much to us all. It dries our tears. It furnishes balm for our aching hearts. Its spiritual significance has reunited loved

ones lost awhile. It means reunions in a happier and better land. It is eloquent of the fact, that man, a weary pilgrim, dwelling in the wilderness of the world, leading a tent-like existence, and a checkered and nomad career at last reaches his journey's end in the city of God. It is the glorious sunrise after a dark night. It is renewed hope. It is rebirth. It is resurrection.

Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory! This is Paul's triumphant shout.

We face a stern fact. There is a dark valley, a narrow gate. It is the way our Master went. "Whither I go ye know and the way ye know." Countless multitudes have gone, following him, by faith, knowing whither. He is the divine Pathfinder, showing us the way home.

We are accustomed to visiting the "White City." Those white stones with their chiseled inscriptions tell us the story of our destiny and the power of man's last enemy. But we cannot stop there. There is too much light and it would be a flood of light too for our dullness. There has been expectation—always. The lowest savages have ideas as to existence after death. It is the universal instinct planted in the soul of man, by God and God never misleads. A philosopher says, "The Creator keeps his Word. What I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator. You all I have not seen." A theologian a long time ago said, "I know whom I have believed." Paul knew. Thus knowing let us not be afraid to adventure with God.

Love does not cease at death. It is eternal. The object of love must live too, or that love is disappointed. The story is told of the boy who was flying his kite. He could not see the kite on account of the fog that enveloped it. But he knew that the kite was on the other end of the string he held. He could feel it tug. Those whom we love have gone up yonder. There is a list before our eyes. We do not see them, but the corridors of our memories are hung with portraits. Recollections are tugging at our heart strings. But the Master said, "I am the resurrection and the life." He stands before the graves of earth and says, "Come forth." His own shall recognize his voice. So this Easter hope causes the center of discontent to pass out of our hearts. The time of the singing of birds is come. Even we are singing the new song of the twice-born! Let the glad bells proclaim it. Let the sweet flowers bloom it and smile and nod and shed their fragrance for joy. He is risen! Let the choirs of earth and the choirs celestial unite in

chanting the anthem of life forever won. Be of good cheer. Death is dead. It is the birthday of the soul.

"No longer must the mourner weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

"It is not exile, rest on high;
It is not sadness, peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die,
To dwell in Christ is better life."



BEAUTY'S SYNONYMS.

Gertrude Hewes.

GOD intended that purity and beauty should be synonymous. It is only by man they may be made discordant. That is easily seen. Nature is most beautiful. The great rugged strength of the oak is grandeur, as well as the delicate beauty of the wild flower.

Beauty undoubtedly was meant to be an important factor in life, in making life harmonious. The grand majesty of the lion, the writhing grace of the snake, are so, simply because they acquiesce in God's laws—laws of harmony and beauty. He gave us the marvelous, throbbing night. Man has discovered that the bright jewels of the sky are not mere brilliant gems. With this remarkable discovery, one might ask, "Are not these bright bits we see marvelous enough as worlds, as suns, without building them on the great plan of beauty?" God answers no. They must adhere to the law. Each must give to the other a bit of beauty, of harmonious beauty, each related to the other.

Take the human body. It is most intricate, and wonderful, indeed, yet still it is under the sway of the beauty law. The perfect body of a man, strong, tense, yet supple is a thing of grace. And the more delicate beauty of woman, did God impart to a girl's face the tints of the dawn, the blue sky, the sun, merely to incite the senses of man? Isn't it time that we awaken and push ourselves into harmony with the beauty law? If we did adhere to this law would white slavery, child labor, war, hypocrisy, oppression of the weak, wealth acquired by tramping down another be permissible? Then would a mother sigh because she saw her daughter blossoming into most lovely womanhood? Rather a man's strength would give him tenderness, a girl's beauty purity, childhood should be joyous, war would be undreamed of, the hypocrite a creature of fancy, the weak made strong by assistance, wealth universal.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Grafting Wax.

A reader sends in the following, and says, "There is no better formula for grafting wax than this: Four pounds of rosin, melted, stirring with a paddle while melting; then one pound of beeswax melted in with it. Remove to the back of the stove and add one pint of linseed oil; when all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, and while hot, pour through a piece of gunny sack into a tub containing a little water. Let the mass get a little cool, then, with greased hands, work and pull until the mixture becomes a light clay color. Less can be made, keeping the proportions. As the season for using grafting wax is near at hand, it will be well to prepare for it."

Another: Three parts rosin, three parts beeswax, two parts tallow; melt all together, then work and pull when cool. This will not melt in summer nor crack in winter. Use when you want it.



Some Timely Remedies.

A very excellent remedy where the cough is very troublesome, is two tablespoonfuls of flaxseed meal, over which pour one pint of boiling water and cook five minutes; then add the juice of one lemon and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. If you can get it, real bees' honey is better than sugar. Keep this stirred well, and the dose is one teaspoonful every hour; if the cough is very troublesome, double the dose, as the ingredients are harmless. A very excellent thing to use with this is to wring out a towel from cold water and lay it over the chest, reaching well up to the throat, and cover immediately with a folded flannel cloth; cover so as to keep in the warmth which the body generates through the reaction, and when the towel gets warm, change quickly for another wrung out of cold water. This will ease many coughs when everything else fails.

For the children who should not take strong drugs, a syrup is made of one pound of best raisins, one-half ounce of anise seed, and two sticks of the best, pure licorice. Split the raisins and take out the seed, bruise the anise seed and cut up the licorice. Put this in three quarts of strained pure water and boil down one-half—or until there is a quart and a half of the liquid. This syrup is harmless; the raisins are ton-

ic, the anise seed expels the wind, and the licorice is a mild laxative. A teaspoonful three or four times a day is sufficient, though oftener will not hurt.

For cold on the lungs, an excellent cough medicine is made after this recipe: One cup of strained honey, half cup of olive oil, and the juice of one large lemon. Cook all together for five minutes, then beat rapidly until it cools so as to thoroughly mix the ingredients. One teaspoonful every hour is about right. The wet compress over the chest should be used to draw the heat to the outside. Be sure to keep the wet cloth covered so as to keep the heat in and when changing the towel, do so rapidly.



Good Bread.

In these days of compressed yeast, the housewife will have little trouble getting good yeast. Allow a half cake of the compressed yeast to a quart of water, which is better if half milk; dissolve the cake in a cupful of the water; before using it, it should have been scalded and cooled to lukewarmness, and the yeast then added. Mix this into enough flour to make a stiff dough, first adding a tablespoonful of sugar and half as much salt. Flours differ greatly as to the power to absorb moisture, and one must use judgment. The dough should be about stiff enough to hold the spoon upright. Cover with a cloth and set in a moderately warm place over night. (Some say compressed yeast should not be set overnight but in the morning.) When it is well risen, turn on a board, use barely enough flour to prevent sticking while kneading, and knead ten minutes; mold into loaves and put into pans that have been warmed and well greased with lard, and set to rise again. It should rise to about twice its bulk in an hour or two, according to the temperature of the dough and the size of the loaves. Rub melted butter over the top of each loaf. So much depends on the baking, and it is almost impossible to tell you just how that is to be done; but the oven should not be too hot, and the temperature kept even about three-quarters of an hour for small loaves.



For the Toilet.

Many persons hurriedly wash the face in a careless manner, probably using soap, and

forgetting or neglecting to rinse it off, or to thoroughly dry the skin, and then they rush out into the sharp air of winter. This, of itself, is ruinous to any complexion. If the face must be washed just before going out, soap should not be used. If a little bran, or oatmeal is scalded in the water, this will cleanse all but a very dirty face, and after well drying, a very little cold cream should be applied, then lightly rubbed off with a soft cloth, and a light application of face powder be made. This will protect the face against the wind.

A dry shampoo, to be used where the wash is not advisable, is made of equal parts of sifted corn starch and powderedorris root. This may be rubbed well into the hair and on the scalp, and can be easily brushed out. One should be sure it is thoroughly brushed out, however.

The cracking and soreness of the skin around the nails may be the result of a gouty tendency in the blood. This will require constitutional medical treatment to eliminate the cause. Or it may be caused by the kind of soap or washing powder used in the housework. For the latter, use a warm vaseline poultice on the finger-ends every night, and use preventive measures while at your work. Do not pick and cut at the ragged selvedge, as this will only make it worse.

One of the best preservatives of the appearance of youth is to keep a strong hold on your interest in the events of the day; do not allow yourself to fall behind the times, and do not be continually telling of the "better times" of the past. Do not try to "keep the heart young," for you can not do it; but try to keep in touch with youth and enthusiasm while retaining your own dignity. There are few things so pathetic as to see an old person aping the silliness of youth.



Favorite Recipes.

Miss Helen A. Syman.

Prune Whip: Soak one coffee cup of prunes in cold water over night and boil slowly on back of the stove in the morning. Add one-half cup of sugar and cook for a few minutes more, then rub through a colander. Whip whites of four eggs stiff, then add prunes and beat up stiff. Put in a deep dish and bake fifteen minutes. Eat cold with lemon or orange sauce.

Orange Cream Filling: Put into a cup, the rind of one-half an orange, juice of one orange, one tablespoon of lemon juice and fill with hot water. Strain and put on

to boil. Add one tablespoon of cornstarch, wet with cold water, and cook ten minutes, being careful not to scorch. Beat yolk of one egg with two heaping tablespoons of sugar, add to the mixture with one teaspoon of butter. Cook until butter is dissolved, then let cool.

Cream Pudding: Stir together one pint of cream, three ounces of sugar, yolks of three eggs and a little grated nutmeg, then add the well beaten whites, stirring lightly. Pour into a buttered pie plate on which have been sprinkled crumbs of stale bread, to the thickness of ordinary crust. Sprinkle top layer with bread crumbs and bake.

Jelly Fritters: Make a batter of three eggs, a pint of milk and a pint bowl of wheat flour or more. Beat lightly and put a tablespoon of lard in a frying pan, add a saltspoon of salt, making it boiling hot. Put in the batter by the large spoonful, not too close. When one side is a delicate brown turn the other. When done, take them onto a dish with a jelly spoon. Put a teaspoon of jelly on each heap with whipped cream and minced walnut meats.

Almond Ice: Two pints of milk, eight ounces of cream, two ounces of orange flower water, eight ounces of sweet almonds, four ounces of bitter almonds. Pound all in a mortar, pouring in from time to time a few drops of water. When pounded well, add orange flower and half of the milk. Pass this, tightly squeezed, through a cloth. Boil the rest of the milk with the cream and keep stirring it with a wooden spoon. As soon as it is thick enough, pour in the almond milk and let it come to a boil. Take it off, let it cool in a bowl before pouring it into a mould for freezing.

Hot Custard Sauce: Dilute one-half a tablespoon of flour with cold water, stir in one half cup of boiling water, then stir until slightly thickened. Beat whites of two eggs until stiff and add gradually one-third cup of sugar and continue beating. Add gradually hot mixture and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Beat well.

Apricot Meringue Pie: Cut some apricots up fine and mix them with one-half cup of sugar and the beaten yolk of one egg. Fill crust and bake. Take from the oven and let stand for three minutes. Cover with a meringue made of the beaten white of an egg and one tablespoon of sugar. Set back in a slow oven until it turns a golden brown.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

THE CALLING OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

The Sunday-school Board, authorized by the Annual Conference of the Church of the Brethren, is publishing a series of helpful pamphlets for the use of the Sunday-schools of the Brotherhood. The latest pamphlet that has been issued by them is, "The Calling of the Sunday-school Teacher" which may be secured free of charge by writing to the Sunday-school Board, Elgin, Ill.



THE A B C OF STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

So much has been written about strawberry culture that the amateur almost becomes bewildered in the haze and maze of suggestions and countersuggestions which come from the multitude of planters and cultivators. So much has been written that it really becomes necessary to select some reliable guide for successful strawberry culture. Messrs. T. B. Terry and A. I. Root have prepared a neat little handbook, "The A B C of Strawberry Culture," which is not only very readable, but is full of valuable suggestions and will prove a helpful guide to the amateur. It will prove helpful not only to the small growers, but to everyone who has a strawberry patch, large or small. "The A B C of Strawberry Culture," by T. B. Terry and A. I. Root. Published by A. I. Root Company, Medina, Ohio. Price, \$0.45; by mail, \$0.50. Cloth cover, \$0.68; by mail, \$0.75.



THE FRAGRANCE OF CHRISTIAN IDEALS.

Some writers are able to put a rich glow of life into every piece of work which goes from their pen. Dr. Malcolm J. McLeod is one of these men. In "The Fragrance of Christian Ideals" he gives a series of brief, poetic, delicately written essays, full of happy illustrations and exquisite insight. Loyalty, patience, sympathy and hospitality are not at all new themes, but they seem new when one reads these essays. Dr. McLeod has a noble gift of teaching the commonplace and making it uncommon. In his last essay he says the real charm of the pulpit is not its eloquence, not its learning, not its artistic touch, but its God-

consciousness and mysticisms. That is the charm of this book. "The Fragrance of Christian Ideals" by Malcolm J. McLeod. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company New York. Price, \$0.50.



FUNGOUS DISEASES OF PLANTS.

Ginn and Company published a Country Life Education Series of books among which is found, "Fungous Diseases of Plants," giving much helpful information to the farmer. The book is designed to serve as a ready reference book, and to present scientific information in an available form for those who are broadly interested in the production of plant life from any angle. The book contains a comprehensive discussion of the chief fungous diseases of cultivated and familiar plants. Each disease is discussed with reference to its occurrence, the structure, life history, and cultural relations of the casual fungus and practical methods for prevention or control. The literature of the subject is freely cited and a host index provides a ready reference to all of the important fungous diseases occurring upon any host. The work is extensively used for university and college instruction, but it is valuable in the library of the farmer because of its reliable information and helpful suggestions. The book is readable and the discussions can easily be understood by anyone interested in plant cultivation. "Fungous Diseases of Plants," by Benjamin Minge Duggar. Published by Ginn and Company, Boston, New York and Chicago. Price, \$2.00.



THE MODERN HELOISE.

Alfred Buchanan has added another book to the large rank of problem stories in "The Modern Heloise." As a treatment of the divorce question there is much in the book that is admirable and a little that is not. Its frequent pictures of the darker sides of life are full of extreme realism and give one something of a sense of disappointment in humanity in general. Yet the book is powerful and carries an important message. The characters show a deep insight and understanding of human nature. The book is worthy of a place among the best of the season's productions of its class. "The Modern Heloise," by Alfred Buchanan. Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.

HOW JOHN'S FATHER WOKE UP.

(Continued from Page 326.)

a more carefully regulated competition, and John predicted that he would get more corn from his one acre than his father would from the best of his many acres. At the end of the season, much to the surprise of one of the competitors, it was found that John's acre had produced ninety-five bushels of corn, while the best acre on his father's farm had produced only seventy-five. His father investigated, for he wanted to learn what kind of wizard had given John his valuable information, and was again surprised to learn that the teacher at the school was not an expert farmer, but that he was merely following the outlined course and applying the principles as presented in books written by men who had studied the best methods of farming and who knew what would give the best results.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

"Good gracious! What makes you look like that? Has anything happened?"

"Well, I had my portrait painted recently by an impressionist, and I'm trying to look like it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Grand Vizier—Your majesty, the cream of our army has been whipped, and is now freezing. What would you advise?

Sultan—Add a few cherries and serve."—Puck.

A lady was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of the housemaid: "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

"I am not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they are in the wash."—Harper's Magazine.

Doctor (to patient)—You've had a pretty close call. It's only your strong constitution that pulled you through.

Patient—Well, doctor, remember that when you make out your bill.—Boston Transcript.

First Militant Suffragette—I thought Mrs. Ruffhaus was going to be grand marshal of the parade.

Second Militant Suffragette.—She was; but the arrangement committee objected when she wanted to use a side-saddle.—Judge.

WAR *Versus* PEACE

By JACOB FUNK

The subject treated in this book is one which, more than any other, vitally concerns the civilized nations of the world, and the interest in it is growing. It is important that the people be intelligent on this subject. All need to know just the things that are herein given. The following subjects are taken up:

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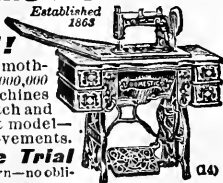
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THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR.

I got a letter from an old buddy o' mine th' other day, that I hain't heard from since



San Francisco had the big fire. He forgot to say where he was, an' only put his boardin' house number on top of his letter. A fortune teller couldn't read the postmark on the outside. Say, what kind o' printin' presses do these postmasters run? I hain't seen a postmark in ten years that told you nothin'. If you can spell "ing" or "ville" out o' that mess o' black ink they spoil the stamp with, you ought to go to the head o' the class. You never can

tell what State a town's in, an' if the State shows up they always smudge the town's name. Every time I get a letter it looks like some fellow shot ink at the stamp and missed it. What they tryin' to do? If they just want to put dope on the stamp, why don't they quit tryin' to spell something? An' if they're tryin' to spell somethin', why don't they punch it on right? You can't drive a tent peg with a lick an' a promise. You can't print with a dope stick. Some o' these clubs boom in the city ought to take up a collection and buy a good stamp for the postmaster an' offer prizes to the postal clerks like you get a good seegar if you hit the letter plump and square so's you can read th' mark. Me an' you don't care 'bout havin' th' hour an' th' minute th' letter's posted, but, by crackey, a fellow'd like to know where the letter come from. Jump in on it with a blackin' brush ain't no way to do. Just 'cause old Ben Franklin started out that way's no sign we can't go him one better. They ain't no law ag'in slappin' a label on it, with real print tellin' where it come from. Them labels could be white for mornin' an' black for evenin' an' have different numbered labels for every hour. 'Tain't no use tellin' them postoffice geezers nothin'. It took 'em a hundred years to quit workin' for th' express companies. It'll take 'em another hundred to use up th' bum hand stamps they got.

"Step out o' the doorway, please!

"Let them people on; stand one side!

"Watch your step!"—Chicago News.

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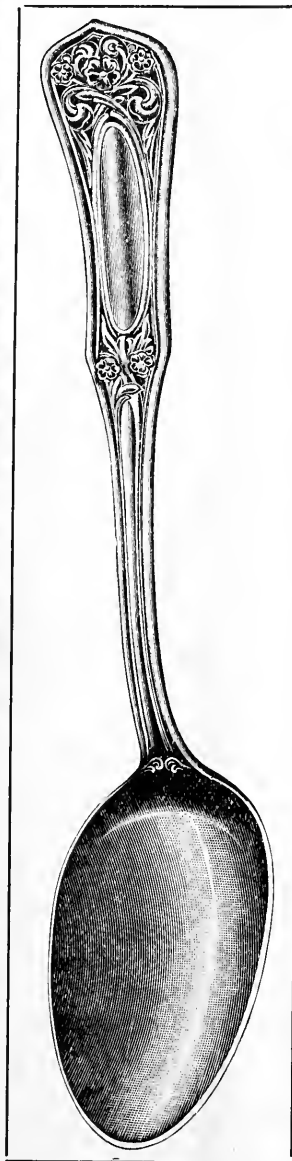


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April 1
1913

Vol. XV
No. 13

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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SOME WHO LED

By
**D. L. MILLER and
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A new book just off the press. A book that everyone will want. A book containing the biographies of sixty-three of the leading persons in the Church of the Brethren who have died. Accompanying the life sketch of the majority of these leaders, appear their photographs. The authors have not attempted to give lengthly details in the biographies presented but to give the main facts concerning each life.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

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No. 13

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

A Foreigner's View of America.

IT is frequently desirable to see ourselves as others see us. There are many unfortunate conditions in our factories and workshops but it is possible to become hardened to them even though you are one of the workers. Europeans always complain of the coarseness of our manner of living, which complaint may be justified or it may be due to the attitude of the observer. However there are some authorities whose opinions are safe. When Sir Thomas Oliver came over to attend the Congress of Hygiene at Washington last fall he took the opportunity to visit many of the factories of the United States before returning, being interested in labor conditions as well as medicine. Concerning his trip among the factories he writes for the Survey thus: "Despite the larger number of labor-saving devices in use in America than in England there are in both countries still some industries, e. g., the iron and steel, in which the work is too hard and the hours are too long. Working a twelve hour shift week after week and month after month frequently is beyond the limits of human strength. In some of the rail-making shops in England where the men work on two shifts, the work being continuous on week days, the men rest for ten minutes at the end of every two hours and they are allowed twenty minutes for breakfast and the same for dinner. As the meal times coincide with ordinary rest periods there is thus given to the men seventy minutes' rest during a twelve-hour day. With the exception of these short intervals of rest the men are kept hard at work all the time. Equally long hours are found in some of the processes in iron works in the United States. . . . Not only in the North of England is production greater but the men receive higher wages, although working fewer hours. The time has come when in the

United States, England and elsewhere Sunday labor in iron works should be abolished. So far as blast furnaces are concerned experience and experiment have demonstrated that Sunday labor is not the economic and technical necessity it has hitherto been believed to be. The day has dawned when there should be a respite from all Sunday toil." Sir Thomas Oliver continues to discuss the well known hazards in industry such as dangers from operating machinery, fire hazards, and lead and brass poisoning. He says that he was surprised at the large number of women operators in factories, and thinks that the nation will lose in the end by it.

Hereditary Degeneracy.

We do not wish to discuss just how far degeneracy is hereditary or what physical and mental defects if any are transmitted to the offspring. Whatever the correct theory or rather explanation may be there are some statistics available which make one open the eyes. Many families of degenerates have been studied in the United States and it is surprising what a large burden may be put upon the public by the marriage of two persons who are mentally and physically unfit for the rearing of children. Some fifty years ago two men moved into a small town in Massachusetts, an average country town whose inhabitants were mostly farmers. These two men were degenerates, hard drinkers. They married and their progeny have been public charges for a half century, and what is worse, the burden is yearly becoming greater. The cost for caring for their children in jails, almshouses and other institutions has aggregated a half million dollars. It is said that during the past ten years this family's expense to the public has increased fourfold. What will it amount to in the future? Had there been adequate marriage laws in



Sir Thomas Oliver.

force at the time when the foreparents were married all this expense and suffering would have been avoided. Marriage is too sacred an institution to play with and there are entirely too many people who make it a matter of play. For such people it is necessary to have regulations and it is also necessary to have laws that will prevent the marriage of the irresponsible and mentally deficient. Preventing the raising of imbeciles and dependents is not race suicide. In the families referred to above it is said that half of the children are backward in their school work because of mental weakness. In every neighborhood there are marriages that should be prevented and they cannot be until some State regulations are passed. Frequently both the boy and girl should be put in some reform institution or other place rather than at the head of a home where children are to be born. This statement may seem unkind at first reading but think about it yourself and think about the generations of degenerates in Massachusetts.

The Railroads and the High Cost of Living.

Mr. H. U. Mudge, president of the Rock Island lines, thinks that the railroads are not the cause of the increase in the cost of living and that freight rates are lower than ever. He says: "We know that however

high may be the prices of retail products, any charge that we participate in the spoils cannot be laid at our doors, because freight rates are lower than ever before. Indeed we are as much interested as the producer and the consumer in finding who must shoulder the blame. Recently Mr. Gorman, one of the vice-presidents of our lines, walked into a store and paid 40 cents a pound for California cherries. He was astonished at the price and asked the store-keeper why it was that he had to pay so much for cherries when the same fruit sold in California at five cents a pound? The answer was, on account of 'high freight rates.' Mr. Gorman then called the store-keeper's attention to the fact that the freight rate on cherries from California here was only one and one-quarter cents a pound. He then wanted to know who got the difference. The question still remains unanswered; yet it is the question we would like to have answered, because exorbitant retail prices tend to restrict consumption and low prices to producers prevent the development of farming industries. In either case the railroad loses the haul."

Perhaps the cherry test is not a fair one. It should be followed up by prices on such commodities as sugar, canned fruit, meats and other staples. The cost of packing the cherries for shipment was not mentioned by the railroad man but even that would not account for the retail price of 40 cents a pound. There must have been several profits to middlemen.

What Reformers Do for Good Government.

In an address before the Political Science Association Mr. Albert B. Hart mentioned something that may seem new in the theory of law making. He says that most laws are born in the mind of agitators who see an evil arouse public sentiment and keep hammering away at the one idea until the lawmakers do something. Of course all laws are not made that way but it is strange how many laws are passed in response to public sentiment. In his address Mr. Hart says of the reformer: "Rarely he reaches office; usually he is a critic, often he is a crank. American government owes a great debt to these self designated counsels of new client-principles. What would the world be without these one-sided men, who by their public addresses, their books, their organizations push on the unpopular cause, which in due time shall capture the citadel and install itself sovereign? Take, for example, our sister Society for Labor Legislation; how much it

does to concentrate public interest and power on one of the greatest problems of civilization. The reformer brings to law-making that breezy emotion, that appeal to sentiment, that incessant action, that faith in his fellow-men, which is lost in the calmer decisions of the cabinet or the court-room." It is refreshing to hear from such an association a genuine recognition of one of the best public servants, the reformer.

The Social Evil and Police Graft.

The New York papers have been discussing the relations between vice and police protection as brought out by the Curran

investigating committee. Instead of protecting the innocent and the public the police have been defending the wrongdoer, especially the houses of prostitution. The committee found that the 35,000 prostitutes of New York City are recruited from the shop girls earning less than five dollars a week, from girls who do not earn a living wage. This investigation and the work of the Chicago Vice Committee agree in the matter of results. For those interested in the subject of police graft and the evils resulting there is a very interesting autobiography by an ex-policeman in the American Magazine.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Babies Exhibited at Live Stock Show.

The fight for "Better Babies" is carried on in the April Woman's Home Companion. This periodical is back of a movement for the improvement of the health of children. It is promoting baby shows at which babies are judged not for their beauty but by scientific men for their general health and physical condition. Fully a hundred shows of this kind have been arranged in various parts of the country. The object, of course, is to have the children measured and judged according to standards of physical perfection drawn up by some of the greatest physicians in the country, thus stimulating throughout the country increased interest in the care and physical training of children. Following is an extract from the April Companion giving a brief account of a baby show held in Denver:

"The National Western Stock Association, which met this year in Denver, decided to have a Better Babies contest in connection with its annual exhibition. To help arouse interest among men and women, the Woman's Home Companion decided to offer special prizes. And it was at this show that the national movement for Better Babies had its public beginning, at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, January 24, 1913.

"Five thousand people were gathered in the amphitheater of the stock yards in Denver, an arena equalled only by Madison Square Garden in New York City.

"Fifty babies there were, splendidly formed, perfectly healthy, prize-winning babies from one to three years old. The

five thousand people burst into an acclaim that is like to be heard around the world.

"Eagerness to hear the awards quieted the crowd for a time. As each name was called through the megaphone, the little prize-winner was lifted up on the table, decorated with a gay ribbon and heartily applauded. When the prizes awarded by the National Western Stock Association had all been distributed, the man with the megaphone announced to the four corners of the amphitheater that the prizes offered would be awarded. The first prize of \$100 in gold to the best city baby was won by Ethel Magdalen Chamberlain, No. 1233 Broadway, Denver; score 98.45. The prize of \$100 in gold for the best rural baby was won by Ralph Gullett, Golden Rural Free Delivery No. 1, Griffith Station, whose score was 96.70."



Notes of the Wilson Administration.

The President in declining to attend the celebration of the 137th anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, to be held at Charlotte, N. C., May 20, gave it out that he would refuse all invitations calling him away from Washington during the first year of his administration, as he feels that his public duties will more than monopolize his time.

President Wilson's announcement that he would not lend his ear to office-seekers or be buttonholed by them has led these pestiferous gentry to seek ingenious methods of breaking through his reserve. One man sent him a present of a cane, and the head came off revealing an application inside for a postmastership in California. The

report got out that the secret service was to be revamped, and the result is that urgent requests for appointments as government sleuths are pouring in by the bushel, over 4,000 having so far been received. The applicants cite some remarkable things to prove their fitness for "gumshoe" work. One furnished endorsements by his neighbors of his "caricature and habits." Another said he had detected a counterfeit dime and sent it along to prove it. The dime was genuine.

It has been supposed that appointments to the consular service were made without reference to politics, but Secretary of State Bryan has discovered that about 95 per cent of the men in the service are Republicans. He is trying to find out how the civil service laws could be so plainly evaded and is making a rigid inquiry into the situation. Naturally the Republican administrations saw that the men who represent this country abroad were men who believed in the Republican policies. Thousands of Democrats are now after these jobs, but the trouble is that trained men are required if we are to compete with other nations for trade, and it would cause chaos in the service if many of the old men were suddenly kicked out.

President Wilson has broken a lot of precedents and is reintroducing Jeffersonian simplicity as fast as he can. The other day Washingtonians observed a dapper little man in Potomac Park dressed in a plain sack suit and wearing a soft hat and ordinary red necktie and without gloves or overcoat, striding off across the green-sward to the river and it took their breath away when they found it was the President. He doesn't like the idea of being constantly watched over, but he has yielded to the custom and allows one of the secret service men to attend him. He hates a dress suit and other formalities and is fighting shy of the custom which expects him to dress once in the morning, again in the middle of the day and a third time in the evening. He received the diplomatic corps in the regulation frock coat but wore a plain sack suit when receiving the supreme court judges.

President Wilson in declining an invitation to be present March 18, Grover Cleveland's birthday, at the dedication of the Cleveland birthplace memorial at Caldwell, N. J., said: "Admiration and affection toward Mr. Cleveland grow warmer as the years pass by and as we see him in just perspective he looms up as one of the most notable figures in our long line of Presi-

dents." This is considered a very gracious tribute from the President, as it is well known that there is "no love lost" between the Wilson and the Cleveland factions.

When President Taft moved out of the White House he shipped his old office chair to New Haven, where he will use it when he lectures at Yale. He ordered a duplicate chair for the incoming President, but Mr. Wilson has found this altogether too big and has ordered one for himself more to his size. The chair that Roosevelt used while President is still at the White House and though considerably disfigured is still doing service. When Mr. Taft went he left hanging on the wall a portrait of Roosevelt which he had put up at the beginning of his administration.

Conflicting statements are being published as to whether the White House will be "dry" during the Wilson administration. It is believed that wines, etc., will be virtually barred at all White House functions. The Marshalls and Bryans are also opposed to the use of liquors and the word has gone out that this will be more of a temperance administration than any since the Hayes regime. By the irony of fate the very sideboard which used to be in the White House and which was thrown out by Mrs. Hayes, now graces a Washington saloon, having been bought up as an advertisement.—The Pathfinder.



Danger Signals—Look Out!

A fly in the milk.

Milk that is warm when delivered by the milkman.

A "little sort throat"—diphtheria or scarlet fever?

A dusty room.

A cold—always an infection.

A tired feeling and a little fever every afternoon—tuberculosis?

A cough you can't shake—tuberculosis?

A dirty milkman.

A rash, with feverishness.

A crowded street car, with ventilators closed.

A musty-smelling living room.

A foul smelling theater.

Chickenpox in an adult—smallpox?

Public drinking-cup.

A careless doctor.

A dirty restaurant kitchen.

A careless spitter.

Eatables exposed to dust, flies, animals and promiscuous public handling.

Contagious disease placards.

Cellar-made ice cream.

EDITORIALS

Wants a Traveling Hospital.

A traveling hospital for rural needs is advocated by Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles in the current issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association. He would fit out a special hospital train of from three to six cars and take it to districts where there are no hospitals. Commenting on Dr. Stiles' plan the Journal says:

"The difficulties to be overcome in establishing these trains are not insurmountable, and the expense need not be greater than that connected with any other hospital. The traveling hospital also could be used to bring about such results as much-needed postgraduate medical instruction to local physicians, ideas on cooking, house-keeping, infant-feeding to mothers, ideas on sanitation to the fathers, and special instructions along health lines to the schools."

Dr. Stiles says the average country woman has exceedingly rudimentary ideas on cooking, housekeeping and care of children and the sick.

Asks Iowa to Adopt German Farm Schools.

Edwin G. Cooley of Chicago, an advocate of vocational training, told the legislators of Iowa the need for winter agricultural schools in every community, where farm boys and farm girls might be trained for their work. He outlined the plan adopted in Germany and said it should be put in force in this country.

"The winter agricultural school in Germany is operated from Nov. 1 to April 1," Mr. Cooley said. "It is in charge of a man who is a graduate of an agricultural school and has had several years of experience in practical farming. He is employed by the district for the entire year, taking charge of boys and girls for five months and passing the other months on farms in teaching farmers how to get the most value from the soil."

What Is a Teacher?

A teacher is one who teaches or instructs others. He is a professional person; a leader of children and adults; and a servant of the public. A teacher should be a cultured, refined person, whose manners are such that the child may safely imitate them. He should have good principles and morals, and should be above petty, unchar-

itable remarks, criticisms, and prejudices. A true teacher is conscientious, progressive, keeps abreast of the times, and finds time for recreations and diversions such as music, art, physical culture, reading, etc. He is patient and cheerful, and not choleric. He is kind, sympathetic, and just, and does not show partiality. One who has executive ability; who is a good disciplinarian; who understands the different dispositions of the pupils; who has scholarship and high ideals; who has skill and a strong personality; who is an uplift and an inspiration to pupils, parents, and co-workers is a teacher in the true sense of the word.

Facing the Foe.

"It is not enough to intend to live a noble life and then retire to a cell, there to brood over the intention. No wisdom thus acquired can truly guide or beautify the soul; it is of as little avail as the counsels that others can offer."

The young Christian often finds himself wishing that he could immure himself. He deplores the temptations that confront him. It seems to him that he could live a much holier life if he were away from the jars and frets of life. Like the small girl who exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish I could go off and live in my playhouse—then I wouldn't have anyone to make me 'answer back,' and I could live without being naughty," he wants at times to fly to some secluded spot.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine that one can vanquish a foe by turning his back on it. Warriors do not strengthen their sinews or their hearts by fleeing from the enemy, but by overcoming him. As a soldier cannot prove his steel and receive the meed of valor except by courage in action, so no individual can prove either to himself or others his moral caliber except by courageous conflict. As a wise man says: "It is in truth impossible for anyone who for a moment realizes what Christianity means to call himself a Christian and be content to see life slipping past him while he makes no effort to turn it to good account."

Beatitudes for Husbands.

The Christian ideal is positive, not negative. The commandment is good, but the blessing is better. Here is a departure from the accustomed order, a series of beatitudes for father.

"Blessed is the father who is brought up

in the way he should go, for when he is old his children will not depart from his precepts.

"Blessed is the father who chooses wisely the mother of his children, for a greater factor in life than fatherhood is motherhood.

Blessed is the father who knows his children, for they will remember him in the day of adversity.

"Blessed is the father who makes his home his club, for a man's best chums are his wife and children.

"Blessed is the father who does not forget that he was once a boy, for his boys will not forget that he is a father.

"Blessed is the father who knows how to live while he is making a living, for the good cheer he brings home when the day's work is over is better than his week's salary.

"Blessed is the father who chooses to put \$1,000 into the higher education of his boy rather than set him up in business with a capital of like amount, for the investment is gilt-edged and is not subject to the fluctuations of the market.

"Blessed is the father who preserves the unbroken fellowships of the home, for the united affections of the family are a crown in old age which is of greater satisfaction than the anomalies of the divorce court.

"Blessed is the father who is able to bequeath to his family the record of a clean life, for a good name is more to be desired than a ninety-nine-year lease on a piece of real estate.

"Blessed is the father whose life is a religion, for deeds are better than dogma and the spirit is better than the symbol, and he whose religion is life will be rewarded in realizing his ideals in his children in a life which is truly religious."



Letter to a Father.

The following letter to a father carries considerable weight:

You seem to be getting anxious about your boy and I'm glad you are. For a long time you have seemed indifferent and I wonder whether you got awake too late. You'll certainly have to back-track a bit and make a new start. About the first thing you ought to do is to go over to the schoolhouse and apologize to the teacher for all the mean things you have been thinking and saying about her. If you had

done your duty to the boy half as faithfully as she has done hers you wouldn't need to be calling for help now. But it is a question with me whether you are big enough to acknowledge to the teacher that she was right and you were wrong. It takes a pretty big man to do that, especially in the presence of his own child. It is characteristic of a little man, especially a pig-headed little man, to justify his course of action instead of changing it. You haven't played the game fair either with your boy or with the teacher. In your inmost soul you know that you have been neglecting the boy and now you are trying to make the teacher bear the blame for his attitude. You ought to know that the boy knows the truth and he must have a feeling of contempt for you when he sees you playing the bully with the teacher. He knows what fair play is if you don't and no boy respects any one who violates the rules of the game as you have done. If the boy had gone along all right you would have taken all the credit to yourself, most likely, and given the teacher none of it. A boy has a right to be possessed of a father who is not a moral coward. Did you ever apologize to your boy for not furnishing a better father? You have been thinking that he ought to be grateful to you for being his father, but just there you have made one of your many mistakes with him. In his heart he's probably ashamed of you and that has been a contributing cause to his delinquency. You have pushed him out of your life instead of making a companion of him, and now you are mad at him for seeking companionship elsewhere. You have tried to compensate for your neglect by giving him more money than a boy of his age ought to have. That sort of moral bribery ought to be punishable by law. If it were, such fathers as you and others like you would be in deep trouble. You have been giving of your money instead of giving of your time and of yourself. You throw a tramp a quarter because it is the easiest thing to do and you have been doing the same thing with your boy and calling it a virtue. I hope it isn't too late to make amends, and my advice to you is to make it a practice to take the boy into your confidence, get interested in his studies, see if you can solve some of his problems, and quit posing before him as a Superior Being. You may be able to fool some men but you can't fool that boy. If you'll engage to enter frankly and honestly into his life he will meet you more than half way. It is worth a trial, at any rate, if you value the boy and the name he bears.

TEN BUSHEL MORE CORN TO THE ACRE

Robert H. Moulton

WILL "Rag Babies" be the salvation of the corn crop?

Put this question to the average man and the chances are that he will think you are joking—maybe crazy. This is because the average man's notion of a "Rag Baby" is little Mary's home-made doll. Explain just what you mean, however, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his interest will be awakened, then his wonder, and finally his enthusiasm.

The so-called "Rag Baby" is merely a simple little device for testing seed corn—so simple that any boy or girl can learn all about it in a few minutes—and by its use any corn-grower, anywhere, is guaranteed an increase of ten bushels an acre in his corn crop. This isn't theory, but a solid, substantial fact which has already been demonstrated time and time again in many different localities. What is more, the men who are spreading a knowledge of this little wonder worker among the corn-growers of the United States, and who are responsible for its introduction into the rural schools, are just as much interested in its success as the farmers themselves. They compose the Crop Improvement of the Council of Grain Exchanges, whose slogan is "Test your seed!"

Rag Baby Test, Is Easy.

While it is true that in recent years many farmers have come to realize the importance of testing their seed corn before planting, the majority of them have failed to do as well as they knew in this matter, because the most of the methods recommended for this purpose were too troublesome. This is not the case with the "Rag Baby," however, which is simplicity itself and costs practically nothing.

If every corn-grower in the country would make use of the Rag Baby this spring, it would add more than half a billion dollars' worth of additional wealth and that without any additional effort on his part. Last year there were approximately 114,000,000 acres of land in the United States devoted to the cultivation of

corn. A ten bushel increase on each of these acres would mean a total gain of 1,140,000,000 bushels, which, at the very conservative price of 50 cents a bushel, would have a value of \$570,000,000.

"Think of this enormous sum going to waste every year, and all for lack of a little discrimination on the part of the farmers in selecting their seed corn," said Mr. Bert Ball, secretary of the Crop Improvement Committee. "Can anyone figure the comfort and happiness this money would buy the rural people of this country? Why, an increase of only five bushels an acre would add a quarter of a billion dollars to our wealth, or about \$75 to each family in the nation.

"But five bushels is far too little to expect of the Rag Baby test. Let me tell you what Prof. Perry G. Holden, the world's greatest corn expert, did last year. He selected forty ears of seed corn, apparently exactly alike, from an Iowa farmer's seed corn. Kernels were taken from each ear and germinated. One ear was dead. The kernels from some ears germinated very strong, from others weak.

"The seed from each ear was planted in a separate row. The kernels from the ear which showed the most vigorous germination produced at the rate of ninety-two bushels an acre. The ear that showed the weakest germination produced at the rate of twenty-four bushels an acre. There you have a difference of sixty-eight bushels an acre as between good and bad seed. The test showed which was good and which was bad seed. But no man on earth could have picked the good from the bad ears merely by looking at them.

"You may be able to tell some that will not grow, but you can never be sure of that which will grow. Now, if good seed will produce as much as ninety-two bushels an acre, isn't it reasonable to suppose that our average corn yield, which is only twenty-six bushels an acre, could be increased to thirty-six bushels with a little care in selecting seed?"

The Rag Baby method of testing seed corn, as introduced into the rural schools,

is creating a lot of interest and enthusiasm. Many of these agricultural kindergartens, as they might be termed, have been established in various parts of the country, and the farmers are profiting through them no less than the children.

How to Make a Rag Baby.

The Rag Baby test is conducted in the following manner: A piece of good strong sheeting nine inches wide and five or six feet long is marked off into a dozen squares, about two and one-half inches wide, running through the center of the cloth. The squares are then numbered one to twelve. Twelve ears of corn are then selected and numbered from one to twelve to correspond with the squares on the strip of sheeting. The cloth is then thoroughly moistened and spread out in front of the ears to be tested.

Next take up ear No. 1, and with the point of a pocket knife applied to the edge of a kernel, remove six kernels from the ear and place them in square No. 1. It is a good plan to take the kernels from different parts of the ear, because it sometimes happens that one side of one end of an ear is sound while the other side will not grow.

A like number of kernels are taken from ear No. 2 and placed in the square marked 2, and so on until all the squares have been filled. After this is done, the cloth is again moistened by sprinkling and then carefully rolled up to avoid displacing the kernels. Then tie a string around the center of the roll, just tight enough to hold the kernels in place.

After preparing one or more Rag Babies in this manner, place them in a bucket or pail of warm, but not scalding water. A ten-quart pail will hold ten or fifteen Rag Babies. They should not be packed in too tight. After standing for three or four hours, the water is drained off and the pail wrapped in plenty of old newspapers.

In about two days the newspapers are to be removed, the pail again filled with warm water and left to stand for five or ten minutes. The water is then drained off as before and the covering of newspapers replaced. It is very important to see that the rolls are not allowed to freeze. If left in a cold schoolroom over night, they should be protected with extra coverings.

In a Week Look for Sprouts.

In seven or eight days the sprouts will be about two inches long and the Rag Babies are then carefully unrolled for examination. The good and the bad seed can be

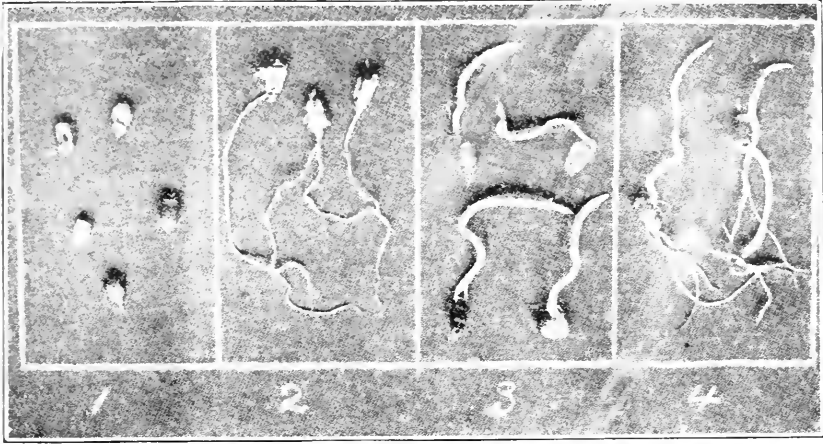
distinguished at a glance. If one kernel out of any square has not begun to grow, or if any of the sprouts are weak or moldy, it means that the ear corresponding to that square is unsafe for planting and should be thrown out. From twelve to fifteen ears are required to plant an acre. As a general thing, three or four ears out of every dozen are shown by the Rag Baby test to be weak for planting. Consequently, when only enough ears to plant one acre are to be tested, it is advisable to use a longer strip of cloth and mark off twenty squares, in two rows of ten each, an upper and a lower row. Out of the twenty it is likely that enough good ears will be found to plant an acre.

It is important to take good care of the ears after they have been tested, and it is better not to do the testing until two or three weeks before planting time. In shelling the tested ears, it is considered best to remove the small or irregular kernels at each end, as these kernels do not usually germinate and grow as well as those in the middle, and their irregular size also prevents uniform dropping in the planter.

There are three reasons why teachers, especially in the rural schools, should be interested in seed-corn testing as a school exercise; it furnishes an easy and interesting study in seed germination and plant growth. The extended use of a good method has vast economic value in improving the productiveness of American agriculture and the teaching of it in the rural schools exerts a strong influence toward increasing the confidence of parents in the permanent worth of good school work. The teacher who once begins intelligently to try some simple exercises in agricultural nature study will not long be left in doubt as to the responsive interest which she can awaken in any kind of productive school work. Children love to do things—especially things that are obviously useful. And they need only judicious directions in order to turn this instinct into various forms of continuous self-education, which is the only kind that sticks.

School Children's Testing Contests.

The Corn Improvement Committee recommends that each school should have seed-testing contests, with suitable prizes. When the Rag Baby method has been taught, the boys and girls are requested to go to fathers, brothers, or to some neighbor who has no children, and ask for enough ears of corn to make a Rag Baby test. These ears are to be selected by the farmer ac-



Results of "Rag Baby" Test.

No. 1, dead; No. 2, weak, roots only; No. 3, weak, sprouts only; No. 4, strong, both roots and sprouts.

cording to his best judgment. He is also supposed to become the "partner" of the child to whom he has given the corn. In this way, each farmer will become pitted against his neighbor as to his ability to pick good seed corn.

After the Rag Babies are prepared, they are kept at school until ready to be examined. A day is chosen for this, and as they are unrolled one by one the score of each is kept on a sheet of paper, with the name of the boy or girl and his man partner at the top. Each ear is marked according to the results shown by the test, "Good," "Weak," and "Dead." Ten points, or any other convenient number, may be allowed for each kernel that shows strong germinating power, or a maximum of sixty points for any one square in which all of the kernels are strong. In the same way, five points are allowed for each weak kernel, while those that do not sprout at all are marked zero. The winners are decided by adding up all the points. In every case, the score cards should be taken home by the children and shown to their parents. The

latter are then requested to substitute good ears for the bad ones.

Carrying out the plan still further, this acre which has been tested in partnership should also be planted and harvested in partnership and introduced in the corn contests the following spring as a joint product of the man and child.

An acre of corn planted in check rows, hills three feet and six inches apart, has 3,556 hills; and, with three stalks to the hill, contains 10,668 stalks. If one stalk in each hill produces a ten-ounce ear, the yield per acre will be 31.7 bushels. The average yield in the United States is but twenty-six bushels. From this it will easily be seen that on the average two stalks out of each hill do not produce ears at all or are missing. What is immensely more important than large ears is a field of corn in which every stalk produces a good eight or ten-ounce ear. Three eight-ounce ears per hill will practically triple the present acre yield. If care is taken in selecting only choice ears, and testing them, long strides will be made in increasing the corn yield.—Fruit Grower and Farmer.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE POTATO GROWER

Roy C. Bishop

THE potato as a foodstuff has become so popular both in America and Europe, that it may very properly be classed with "bread and

butter" as a great constituent of human diet. It is one of our most valuable foods and a source of large income to the producers. About 400,000,000 bushels, valued at

\$167,000,000, are produced annually in the United States.

The yield per acre and total production of potatoes in Missouri is far below what it should be. The average yield per acre in this State is 87 bushels. The average yield per acre for the United States is 106 bushels. While in Maine, which State produces the highest average yield in the United States, the average yield per acre is 210 bushels. Maine, therefore, produces almost $2\frac{1}{2}$ times more potatoes per acre than Missouri. The potato crop in Missouri is not sufficient for home consumption. Only about eight million bushels are produced in this State annually. Thousands of bushels are being shipped into the State each year and for this reason the producer should be encouraged to modify their methods so as to produce more potatoes per acre of a better quality.

The potato is adapted to a wide range of soils and climatic conditions. Rich, sandy loams well drained and supplied with humus or vegetable matter are the best soils for this crop. The potato is a native of Chile where it may yet be found growing wild on lands which are naturally well drained. That it still clings to this characteristic of its progenitors is demonstrated by the lack of success met with in attempting to produce potatoes on poorly drained soils. Natural drainage is the best but properly tilled soil is good.

While it is best to have rich, sandy, tillable loam for potatoes, relatively poor heavy soils may be put in condition so as to produce large yields. Heavy clays are to be discriminated against, however. Soils of low fertility and of a hard, heavy character should be treated with a liberal application of barnyard manure for one or more seasons before being planted to potatoes. Some deep rooted, leguminous plants like cowpeas, clover, vetch, or soy-beans should be sown and plowed under for green manure. This barn or green manure will put humus or vegetable matter into the soil and give it a loose, tillable property. It will also add quantities of nitrogen and the deep thrusting of the roots of the green manure plants will produce a subsoiling effect and aid in soil aeration. Thus two things are gained by the use of green manure, desirable tilth and looseness for potatoes and a supply of nitrogenous plant food.

Large quantities of available phosphoric acid and potash are required in potato production and even in the case of the best potato soils these elements must be added

for best results. Nitrogen can and should be largely supplied by means of green and barnyard manure but the phosphoric acid and potash requirement cannot be kept up in this way. Green manure, however, while in the stage of fermentation and decay aids in making the non-available phosphates and potash in the soil available to plants. Thus another advantage of this form of manure is seen. Experience has taught, however, that it will pay big to apply to the soil liberal amounts of potash and phosphoric acid for potatoes, even under these conditions. Sandy loam soils are particularly in need of potash. The main producer, who grows 2 to 4 hundred bushels per acre often applies 10 to 12 hundred pounds of fertilizer per acre to his potato soil. In addition to getting an increased yield, his potatoes are firm and superior in quality.

If barnyard manure is applied to the potato soil in the spring it should be well rotted, otherwise scab may result. Better apply and plow under manure, if not well decomposed, in the fall or top dress in the spring after planting is finished. If commercial fertilizer is to be used, it should be drilled in with a wheat drill before planting time. Not less than 400 pounds should be used in this way.

If the seed potatoes display any indication of scab they should be treated with formalin. One pint of 40 per cent formalin diluted with 30 gallons of water will be sufficient to treat 20 bushels of potatoes. Soak the seed two hours in this solution. Seed potatoes should be cut so as to give considerable size and two good eyes to each piece. A potato weighing one-half pound should be cut into but four pieces. The value of having large seed pieces is more fully understood when it is recalled that the small potato plant must depend on this for its nourishment for the first two or three weeks of its growth. Experiments throughout the largest potato growing sections show that the size of the seed piece has a marked influence on the yield as does also the distance apart at which the seed are dropped. It is universally conceded that 12 to 14 inches is the proper distance apart to drop the seed and that one piece only should be dropped to the hill.

It pays to have the soil in fine condition for potatoes, just as for other crops. Thorough preparation is worth several subsequent cultivations. It is often advisable to harrow the potatoes several times even before they are up. This should be repeated while the plants are yet too small to plow.

In raising potatoes the old adage, "Well begun is half done," is good to follow. Moisture can be conserved in this way and weeds eradicated so that subsequent control of moisture, weeds and physical condition is very much facilitated.

Spraying should not be neglected even where only small patches are grown. Dissolve 6 pounds of copper sulphate in a small amount of water and 6 pounds of quick lime in a separate vessel. Then make up each solution to 25 gallons by adding water and draw the two solutions into the same tank. This will make a good spray for rot and blight. Add one pound of paris

green to this for the potato beetle or bug. This amount of solution will be sufficient to spray one acre of potatoes. Spray as soon as the plants get 3 or 4 inches high and as often thereafter as bugs appear or there is any evidence of rot.

It is conservative to say, proper soil treatment, drainage, treatment of seed and cultivation would double Missouri's yield of potatoes and add 50 per cent to the quality of the crop.

Where potatoes are grown to supply the home alone it would be a great satisfaction to practice the best methods.

PENS

John H. Nowlan

IN ancient times the Romans did their writing with a small reed (calamus), when they used ink or with a stylus when writing on waxed tablets. The ancient Chinese used a fine brush much the same as the modern Chinaman uses.

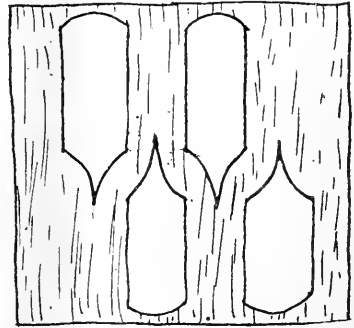
When paper similar to what is used now came into use pens made from quills were used. The word pen is from the Latin *penna* which means feather.

The feathers of the goose were most used, because, perhaps, of their being commoner. Turkey feathers were sometimes used, but they are not flexible enough to make good pens. Swan quills were sometimes used, as were also buzzard and crow quills; the latter two being considered the very best.

The making of good quill pens is almost a lost art, but in the early days was one of the essential qualifications of a teacher. The pupils furnished the quills and the teacher made the pens, using a small knife kept for that especial purpose. The name "pen-



X/.

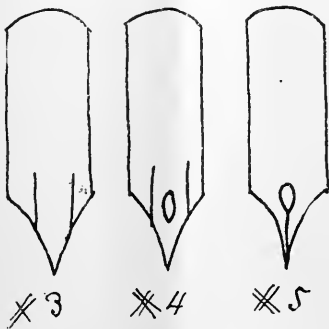


Scraps X 2.

knife" is to this day associated with small knives for this reason.

A pen may be made from a quill just as it comes from the bird's wing, but to be good the quill must first be treated. To make the best scrape the quill, soak in warm water till soft, dry by gentle heat in an oven or by plunging into hot sand. This will clarify them and give them the proper stiffness necessary to make the slit in the center. On the success of this operation the efficiency of the pen depends. Even then the impossibility of securing exactly the same thickness and other conditions renders exact uniformity impossible.

To make a pen first cut the quill as shown in the accompanying illustration. After making a slight cut in each of the notches just made, place the small end cut off on the point of the knife blade and push it into the open end of the quill. This splits the quill, making the slit in the center of the





Cutting the Quill.

pen. Cut away the lower side of the pen, whittle the nibs to a point, placing it on a hard object and cutting across to make the nibs of the same length. Scrape first one side then the other till the desired elasticity is secured.

Don't expect perfect success the first attempt. (The drawings for this article were made with a goose quill pen.)

The first attempt at improving the pen was to fit ruby points to quill pens, but was not successful.

These were followed by pens made in imitation of the quill pens. They were made of a barrel of very thin steel. The retail price was one-half crown. They were hard and scratchy, though they lasted well.

Joseph Gillott (1820) made the first radical improvement in pen manufacture. By making three slots instead of one the pen had more elasticity. He also introduced machinery by means of which the price was the next year reduced to a price equivalent to \$36 per gross!

The same company today sells better pens at two pence per gross. In my boyhood days I was told that on his wedding day he made a gross of pens to defray the expenses, but am not able to offer the proof. To place the above figures in another form, let us say that today 864 pens can be purchased for the price of one in 1821.

Birmingham, England, is still the center of the pen industry. Gillott and Co. make about 150 million each year, using about five tons of sheet steel each week.

This metal, made of the best Swedish iron, comes from the mills in sheets about three feet by eight feet. These sheets are

dipped in dilute sulphuric acid to cleanse the surface, after which they are rolled between heavy rollers to compact them and give them proper thickness.

These sheets are cut into strips according to the pens to be made from them. The strips are passed under dies which cut out pieces called blanks. See No. 1. The scraps remaining are shipped back to the foundry to be remelted.

The blanks pass through several operations. The first called slitting consists in cutting the two slits—one on each side of the point. After this the hole in the center is made by a piercer.

By this time they are hard and brittle. To remedy this they are annealed, which consists in heating for several hours and allowing them to cool slowly.

When cold the name of the maker is stamped on them, and they are then pressed in moulds to give them their curved shape. This operation is known as raising.

They are hardened by raising to a red heat and plunging them into oil. After tempering they are put into tin cylinders and revolved with emery dust to bring out the color of the metal, then the nibs are ground on grinding wheels.

The next operation is the most particular of all—cutting the slit in the center of the pen. On the nicety of this the value of the pen depends.

Coloring as it is called consists in heating them in cylinders over a charcoal fire to give them the blue and yellow color, following which they are given a coat of varnish composed of lac and naphtha.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION

George Frederick Hall

TODAY in this big world, there exist a great many occupations from which youth must make a choice.

Being so many, it is of great importance that one should choose wisely,—for future usefulness, welfare and happiness hang on that choice. What am I best fitted for? How can I find and enter upon that work? Those are the earnest questions which all right-minded youths are asking.

Today in our country, young people have, in large degree, the opportunity of choice. And there are many things to choose from. 1913 presents a far more favorable outlook than that which the young men and women of even a generation ago faced. With quick means of travel and communication, with cities and towns everywhere, the youth is not, as a rule, tied to any one place for his life work. He may change bases and locate among more desirable circumstances and opportunities, if deemed best. Our great-grandfathers had little choice; they were almost forced to enter one of the few trades or professions known in the immediate neighborhood.

And today, our public schools are so excellent, as a rule, that when a youth has graduated from high school he has received as good an education as the colleges of fifty years ago afforded. So he carries with him, in his chosen work, whatever it may be, a much better equipment. Agricultural, manual-training and special training schools are also giving large numbers special fitness for various employments.

The field of choice today is wide,—the opportunities for preparation are even better. Perhaps the very variety of occupations may be confusing to you. When one in former times was almost forced to choose between storekeeping, farming, one of a few trades, one of three professions, government clerkship or teaching, the way was simpler; but there was a greater likelihood of misfits. Today amid the multitude of specialties, any one may find a place for his own talent and liking. Today there are more than sixty occupations classed as professions, and a multitude of specialties, opportunities and openings in many lines of work.

In China a boy follows his father's occu-

pation. Such a method has advantages and disadvantages. Matters are simplified for the boy, because he knows from the first just what his work is to be; but this method is responsible for many misfits and failures. Feeling in America today is strongly against this way of choice of occupation. I do not mean to say that a boy should not follow in the footsteps of his father,—in fact, a strong inclination for the business of his father should influence his choice; but choice should be made entirely by fitness. It is certainly not justice to the boy not to consider his talents, his aptitudes and his fitness for any certain work.

There are several excellent books on the market on the subject of various occupations, telling just what they are and designed to aid the young man in his choice and preparation. I earnestly advise that you hunt them up and read them,—study them, thoroughly.

Years ago, the more intellectual youths crowded into three professions, law, medicine and theology. Today there are two or three of the specialties in engineering, draughting, and the like, which have become almost a fad. One should try not to be misled by these movements toward a specialty, as if there were nothing else.

During the youth and early manhood of a famous painter, his father used every means in his power to persuade him into entering his profession, that of the law. Had he succeeded, it would, as proved, have been a great mistake. Where there is a strong talent, the way is plain.

But whatever your choice of work may be, the more education and preparation you can obtain, the better your chances will be. Perhaps the general education you are now getting may not seem to have a very close connection with banking, farming, engineering or law. But stick to it,—whatever trains the mind, broadens the knowledge, widens the sympathy, will aid in any future occupation. Two great factors enter into all success: SEEING WHAT SHOULD BE DONE, and the CAPACITY TO DECIDE IT, PLAN IT AND EXECUTE IT. The trained mind is more likely to see what should be done than the unschooled one.

Yet while formal education and training

has great value, do not forget that it is possible to train yourself to a large degree; practical experience is training of the very best kind.

The choice of occupation should be made as early in life as possible. Having in mind the path along which you expect to move will familiarize you with it. You will dream and plan and strive in that direction. Even if later you find it best to change your plans and occupation, you will be broader and stronger and better equipped for your previous thought and reading and dreams. While it is certainly best to make a definite choice and stick to it, there may come greater self-knowledge, unexpected talents,—that make a change very advisable.

Lincoln had law in view when he toted

a surveyor's chain through the woods, chopped wood, and clerked. They were with him but paving the way to law. But one must take care while in that stage not to lose sight of the object. Some have stranded themselves in the shadows of work that was intended to be only the stepping-stone to something greater.

In choosing a life work, money alone should not determine one's decision,—important as it is that one should be able to pay as he goes, maintain his family, and prepare for age or rainy days,—yet the choice should be made first of all for happiness,—for usefulness. Where the heart is, success is,—and when that choice is made, become a master of your business;—and win!

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

Lula Dowler Harris

WITH slow, unsteady steps Jerry Cane walked down the narrow path leading from the little house to a ramshackle old building on the rear of the lot, which he called the barn.

Jerry Cane was a teamster. Always working, rain or shine, early and late. No one seemed to know the old man very well; he made few friends and talked but little.

People say he talked to "Billy," his horse. Lately persons passing through the alley near the barn say he talks to his horse all the time he is feeding him, but no one can hear what he is saying.

The neighbors know he has some great sorrow. But whatever it is no one will hear about it from Jerry.

The old horse whinnied as his master opened the barn door.

"Yes, Billy, I'm comin'. Did you think I was forgettin' you tonight?"

As he spoke he filled a quart measure with oats and emptied it into the feed-box; then pulling some hay from the loft overhead he placed it in the manger. Taking an old currycomb from its peg by the door he commenced to untangle Billy's matted mane. After one or two attempts to untangle the hairs he dropped the comb to the floor, threw one arm over Billy's neck and dropping his head on his arm sobbed piteously.

"Oh Billy, I'm so lonesome tonight. I

just can't eat any supper; the house is so dark and dreary. Billy, little Rosy's gone and left her old daddy. I just can't talk to anybody but you Billy, for I know you won't be hard on the little gal. You know she ain't had no mother's hand to guide her, just me, and maybe I was too easy. Billy, but I loved the little lass and wanted her to be happy. Who's to blame Billy?"

"Did God do wrong to take my baby's mother just when she needed her so much? No, no, I can't think that, Billy. He did what was for the best. Was my sister to blame? Was she too severe with my little darling? Did she do wrong to go away and leave Rosy and me all alone when I would not let her whip Rosy? Maybe the boarding school was to blame. Yes, I think it helped some, Billy. Rosy was never my same little girl after she came home from boarding school. She seemed ashamed of her old daddy. No more little chats together; seemed as if she had drifted away from me. She wanted lots of new clothes and furniture. Nothing was nice enough for her. I tried to get her all she wanted, Billy, you know I did for you helped me. I never told you Billy, but I sold your old pal, Mike, to buy her a piano. I knowed I shouldn't have done it Billy, but I thought it would make her want to stay at home and maybe make her happy and contented once more. But it didn't work, Billy, it was the same thing over and over again. Finally I

told her I could not buy anything more until I got out of debt. Then she got angry; said I was shiftless; threw my ignorance in my face. I know I haven't much larnin' Billy, but I never had a chance, I never had a chance.

"Rosy wouldn't stay home at nights. She would often dress and go out without getting me any supper. Always seemed as if I wasn't hungry them nights, Billy, seemed I was too full to eat. Then again she would be kind and thoughtful just like my little Rosy used to be. I could work hard then Billy, for I thought we was goin' to be happy again.

"One night she said, 'Daddy, I think I'll have a party.'

"All right, lassie,' said I, 'have a party if you like; your old daddy wants you to have a good time.'

"She was very busy for about a week fixin' up the house for the party. But she was out late two or three nights, quite late. She said she was down at the carnival grounds. I heard someone come home with her and talk in the parlor. When I asked who it was that brought her home she just laughed and said: 'Never mind daddy, he's all right.'

"One of the neighbors saw her comin' home one night and said the man they called the 'High Diver' brought her home. I didn't know just what to say Billy, so I just bided my time.

"My! but Rosy looked nice the night of her party! Her curls was tied with pink ribbon, just the color of her cheeks, Billy. I thought her prettier than a picture and I told her so.

"I come home early that night, Billy. I washed, hunted out my stiff bosomed shirt and the paper collar I had not worn for ten years. My best suit was out of style for I bought it when Rosy's mother died but I had only wore it once or twice since: once when Rosy was baptized and ag'in when her brother William died. The suit didn't fit me very well, seemed too big like all over, but I put it on anyway. I was dressed all but puttin' on the butterfly tie I bo't when I was married when Rosy come in the room.

"She cried, 'Oh daddy, how funny you look! What are you puttin' on them clothes for?'

"I said, 'Rosy, you want your daddy to dress up for your party, don't you?'

"She laughed and said: 'You hain't invited, daddy, besides I would be mortified to death if you was to show yourself in them old clothes. You don't know how

to act at a party, daddy. You better go to bed.'

"All right, lassie, I won't come,' said I. I took off my clothes, folded them and put them away. My heart was as heavy as lead, Billy. Rosy was shamed of her old daddy who had slaved, saved, and almost starved for her. I went to bed Billy, and I turned my face to the wall, for I cried Billy, cried like a baby.

"I heard the young people having a good time and I seemed oh! so lonesome. Next morning I thought I must speak to Rosy about that carnival man. I asked her if he was at her party. She said: 'Yes, and he was the nicest man there.'

"I said: 'Rosy, you must not go with him any more; he is not the kind of a man to associate with you. Men like him don't mean little girls like you any good. I mean it all for your good when I say he must, never come in this house again.'

"With that she got angry and said she would do as she pleased. I was an old foggy and plenty more I can't remember, Billy. I tried to plead with her but it was all in vain. When I came home she was gone. The neighbors said she went towards the carnival grounds. I went down but I couldn't find her, Billy. I come home and went to bed without any supper. I couldn't sleep. I just lay awake all night thinkin' and thinkin'.

"This morning I went to the grounds agin' thinking I might find Rosy. A girl told me she had gone to the next town where the carnival was goin' to show. She said the 'High Diver' was with her.

"She said: 'Never mind, mister, your girl will be back. That sport's lyin' to her. He ain't goin' to marry her; he can't for he's got a wife at home.'

"I come back home, Billy, for I did not know what else to do. The house was so lonesome like. The piano seemed to say, 'Where is Rosy?' I got a letter today Billy, and this is what she wrote:

"Good-bye daddy. I'm married.' That was all Billy, not another word. Now what am I to do Billy? Am I to blame because my little girl has gone astray?'

Billy was not rubbed down that night. When old Jerry's grief was spent he curled up on a pile of hay in one corner of the barn.

He drew an old horse blanket over him saying as he did so: "I'll rest here a spell, Billy. The house is so dreary like and seems I want company."

The next morning a neighbor passing the

(Continued on Page 362.)

THE TALEBEARERS

Ade Van Sickie Baker

WHEN Allen Worley located in the village of Hepburn, it was a nine days' wonder. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, of but few words, and his reticence set the tongues of the village gossips wagging.

"Who can he be, and what is he here for?" inquired one of the regular loafers at the corner store.

The rest of the crowd shook their heads, mumbling a few unintelligent words, with the exception of one—Joe Fraser, who looked wise, and said—nothing.

"Now, see here," said he, "you don't 'pose he's hangin' 'round here for any good, do you?"

But there was a grunt of protest from Charlie Lee. "He's a peaceable enough looking fellow, as far as I can see, and as long as he attends to his own business and leaves ours alone, why, I don't see as it's any crime for him to stay around as long as he pleases."

"Yes, and did you ever notice his big blue eyes? Why, they're as mild as a baby's. I don't believe a man with such eyes would do anything very bad," added another, who, now that the unoffending Allen Worley seemed to have one defender, was ready also to go whichever way the tide turned.

"Oh, but looks are deceiving, you know," replied one of the most cynical of the crowd. "He might be mild enough looking, and yet have a volcanic eruption in his heart. In other words," glancing half-sneeringly at two or three who seemed not to comprehend his meaning, "he might be a wolf in sheep's clothing, you know."

But at this point Charlie Lee stepped forward. "What's the matter with you fellows?" he demanded. "There's no real bad that's been discovered in this Allen Worley, so let the man alone, and if he chooses to go around in silence, with his big solemn blue eyes seeing nothing in particular, why, that is his own affair."

But curiosity had been aroused in the village; and much to the disgust of Charlie Lee and a few others, the newcomer was the subject of conversation over the entire village. If he chose to walk down the village street, all eyes followed his every movement. If he looked sad or downhearted, the gossips declared he was con-

templating some unworthy deed. Once he was seen hastily brushing tears from his downcast eyes, and immediately rumor had it that he was about to be caught in the toils of the law. At another time he was discovered kissing a small photo, but it was thrust in his pocket before the prying eyes could see the pictured face.

Then the village went wild with excitement. There could be no doubt the stranger had suffered an unfortunate love affair. Of course a beautiful and wealthy young woman had rejected him, and in desperation he had come to this obscure place to live and forget.

The gossips grew still louder. They began to ply the man with questions. Vague insinuations, garbed in polite language, were cast his way, hints of unsuccessful love affairs or of crimes where men had to flee from justice or of domestic tragedies and many other things came to him.

But Allen Worley remained as impenetrable as a mighty wall of stone. In fact his mind seemed so preoccupied the gossips began to doubt if their words received scarcely any attention, and the fact irritated them, while the object of their interest moved among them, and yet kept aloof from them, and his face never lost its saddened expression, or his eyes the dreamy look that betokened his thoughts were far away.

He had rented a cottage and several acres of ground, and early in the spring he industriously applied himself to the making of a splendid garden. The shrubbery in the front yard also received careful attention, and with the blossoming of the early fruit trees at the rear of the house, a new light illumined the quiet man's face. The sad, dreamy look disappeared from his eyes and an eager interest dawned in their blue depths. The neighbors were positively startled to see him hurrying about his work one morning, while snatches of gay, whistled notes fell from his lips.

For once everyone was baffled, there was forthcoming no intelligent solution to the problem. An escaped jail bird could never whistle with such joyous abandon—even a mended heart could not feel such perfect thrills of joy as to entirely forget the un-

(Continued on Page 362.)

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Aola Belle Mentzer.

A HEALTHY BABY

I AM Aola Belle Mentzer. I came to this world on the evening of October 5th, 1912. I weighed $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds at birth and have grown until I weigh about 17 pounds. I am twenty-five inches tall. I started right in to work for my living the day after I was born and I have found that it has agreed with me.

I was just three months old when this picture was taken. I am not naturally a sober baby, but I guess I was a little frightened at the camera man. I was five months old the 5th of March.

I live with my father and mother, Aunty Belle and grandpa on a small fruit farm near the small town of Robins, Iowa.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

CONCERNING THE TRUTH OF GOD.

Richard Braunstein.

"I know whom I have believed."—Paul to Timothy.

Sad as it is to relate, we are told from many sides that a good many Christian ministers are trimming down the old time faith to what they are pleased to call the "irreducible minimum," on the principle that when it is hard to believe, people should be asked to believe as little as possible, and since people are not disposed to give up much of the world, they should be asked to give up as little as possible. They are like the boy who one evening saw a tired and dusty stranger leaning against a fence, in the suburbs of the city. "How far is it to New York?" asked the man. "Ten miles," said the boy. "Are you sure it is as far as that?" the man anxiously inquired. And the boy, out of his kindheartedness, wishing to make it as easy as possible for the tired traveler, said, "Well, seeing you are pretty tired we will call it seven miles." Of course the boy's kindness did not reduce the distance, but if there were many tired pilgrims coming that way inquiring the distance to the city, I have no doubt at all that the boy by frequently telling that amiable lie would come to believe that New York was only seven miles away. And I have no doubt that when a preacher acquires the habit of trimming the truth, his mind by and by accommodates itself to the change and he accepts half a truth as though it were the whole truth.

I do not believe that men today feel any special delight in their lack of faith. You cannot get very much enthusiasm out of an "if." There are, of course, plenty of men who delight in what they are pleased to call the "higher criticism." But there is a constructive criticism as well as a destructive criticism. They would much rather play with Scripture texts and preach sensational sermons than send the Gospel to a needy world. The world asking for bread, they give it a stone. They are like the English Deists whom Edmund Burke described as "the loud and troublesome insects of the hour," and "the half dozen grasshoppers under a fern who make the fields ring with their importunate chink." But not many are like that. Observation and a study of things religious will reveal the fact that

doubt was never so sad as now. A hundred years ago men were proud of being disbelievers. We are told that when the poet Shelley wrote his name on an inn register, he appended the words, "Democrat, philanthropist, atheist," as though the title were a mark of distinction. There is very little of that feeling now. Men feel that life is tragic if there is no God to guide their footsteps, and provide for their needs. Paul Desjardins says, "Never have men been more universally sad than at present." And well we might be sad if he who made us left us to live in uncertainty here, and facing still greater uncertainty.

There is, however, nothing that is free from the attacks of these modern iconoclasts. Truths are denied that were regarded as axiomatic. Not only is the possibility of miracle denied, the virgin birth regarded as a fable, the need of an atonement scouted, the resurrection of Jesus treated as a myth, but the historicity of Jesus is more subtly attacked than ever before. Distinctions are drawn between the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith. Jesus is reduced from a historic character to the "sum of the ideals of many humble and unknown men." This is criticism that is worthy of a madhouse. There is not a fact of history that cannot be evaporated into a thin nothing by such methods as some would-be scholars use. If the historic Jesus is not a reality, Christian faith is not modified simply, but the whole thing is wrecked. As Shailer Matthews writes: "If the world once becomes convinced that Jesus has no more reality than a working hypothesis of God's character, and that the gospels have only a functional worth, the church as an aggressive spiritual force will go out of commission." We believe this. A church may become notorious by its denials of faith, but it becomes strong only through its beliefs. When an army feels that it has nothing worth fighting for, the line of battle wavers and defeat is speedy and complete.

There is no possibility of a conquest of the world for Jesus Christ if our faith in Jesus Christ is uncertain. It was no uncertain faith that sent David Livingstone to Africa, or Judson to Burmah, Morrison to China, Henry Martyn and Carey to India, McKay to Uganda and Paton to the South Seas. These men have been martyrs to the sav-

agery of men, and to hardships untold and the ravages of cruel climates. They have been happy in their martyrdom. But they never would have gone, and it was a cruel blunder and a crime to let them go, if there is no more in the Christian faith than some modern interpreters of the Word would have us believe. In contrast to what some present day thinkers say and write, it is refreshing to read Dr. Grenfell's book, "A Man's Faith," and learn of the impulse that sent him to ice and cold and to the rocky, barren coast of Labrador. We will learn that the love that sways his heart toward the fisher folk of that unfriendly coast is the divine energy and love of God which is shed abroad in him, and working through him, which, says the good missionary doctor, "makes a man do differently."

The only thing that drove Paul into every land of his time and enabled him to endure sufferings and perils that cannot even be catalogued was the fact that he was enabled to say with all his soul, "I know, I know, I know," concerning the doctrines he proclaimed to men. Paul was so unfaltering in his convictions that he could stand before Nero without a tremor. He was a prisoner, it is true, but as he stood before an earthly king he felt that he was an ambassador for the King of kings. He was in bonds, but he was in bonds for Jesus Christ. That is the sort of man who moves the world. He is the only sort of man who can be a leader of men. No great moral or religious movement ever has been led by any man except one of positive faith, a workman not ashamed, rightly dividing the truth of God, without fear or favor of any man, and the Kingdom of God will never be set up by any other.

It is evident that many things that men are discussing will never be thoroughly understood. It is quite certain that many things which have been discussed with as much earnestness as though the Christian faith depends on them, are after all quite unimportant so far as our eternal well being is concerned. There is the question as to how and when the world was made. Some say one thing, some say another. Certainly there were any number of plans God could have employed. He certainly, by his infinite power, carved the continents and poured the oceans and spoke the stars into being. He creates every day. How he does it is interesting but it is not essential. You may believe that the world was called into being fifty millions of years ago, or you may believe that it was brought into being by a process of evolution, or

you may believe that it was brought into being in six days of twenty-four hours each. If God wanted to create the world in six days, he, by his omnipotent power could have done so. Some people will doubt your orthodoxy if you believe one way, and some people will question your intelligence if you pin your faith on another theory. But no one, whose opinion is worth anything, will deny that you can be as Christian with one belief as with another. Those are not religious questions. They are scientific questions and philosophic questions, and they are intricate problems that men never may be able to settle satisfactorily, and they are infinitesimal in importance compared with one's personal relation to Jesus Christ and his trust in the heavenly Father's goodness.

Some years ago Lyman Abbott used this illustration: Two children are on board ship. They are talking about the vessel that carries them. One thinks it was made on the Clyde in Scotland. The other is sure it was made on the banks of the Delaware. One thinks the vessel is all iron. The other thinks it is part iron and part wood. One has one notion as to how it was made and the other has an entirely different idea. Anyone can see that the welfare of these children does not in the least depend on the conclusions they reach. They are just as safe on board that vessel if they reach a wrong conclusion as if they reach a right one. The really important question for them is whether there is someone on board that ship who understands its management and who can guide it safely through wind and wave to its destination, knowing that they can lie down to sleep, at night, feeling safe wherever and however the craft came into existence. So with us. The thing that keeps our mind in peace is to know that this is God's world; that he is in command of it; that he is able to bring its passengers through the sea of life, over the rough waters, around the rocks and shoals, to their eternal home, the harbor and haven of the soul in safety. This is simple faith, but it is sufficient.

Victor Hugo once gave a banquet to eighty children from fishermen's families at a little village in Normandy where he was staying for a while. After the dinner he made a speech to the children. This was the sum and substance of what he said: "Believe in God. Love one another. Fear nothing in the performance of your duty." There is very little that can be added to those simple precepts, spoken to those children from those humble homes.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

"Saving at the Spigot."

It is a singular thing that, if you begin to tell the average woman where she might be a little more saving by taking care of what she has, she will meet you at once with the assurance that she does the very thing recommended, and a great many other things, and is just as careful as she can be that nothing is wasted. Maybe it is the matter of wasting table scraps; and she will tell you that she never lets a scrap of food or bread get out of the kitchen; that she uses up every crumb. Yet if you happen into her back-yard, or look into her garbage can, you will find enough scraps thrown out to have made several meals. Another way she wastes is in the matter of clothes. Often you will find the children's clothes either lying for days at a time in a tub of suds, or left hanging out in the weather, on the line or on shrubbery or on the fence. Still another is in failing to take the stitch in time, and thus allowing the clothes to go to pieces from their own weight. Another way is to put away foods in the dishes in which they were served at table, with no covering, and allow them to sour or rot because they are forgotten until the dish is wanted again. Then, too, many women (and men who help about the kitchen) will set foods on the stove or in the oven in china or porcelain dishes, and let the dishes burn along with the food, or become so full of a network of tiny cracks that they are anything but pleasant to look at or sanitary to use. Still another way is the cooking of too many kinds of food at one time, and allowing the family to get an overdose and a consequent distaste, and the "left-over" (often of expensive foods) must be thrown out, because they do not try to make a dish of the surplus disguised with something else. Cooking too much, and having too much left-over is an extravagance. No foods are cheap these days, and one must use up every scrap and fragment; but it is better to have a small lack than an overdose. Try not to have scraps.



"Baker's Bread."

A writer in To-Day's Magazine tells us that in an inspection of 500 bakeries in New York, 431 of them were found to be located in cellars where the dust blew in from the street above; 171 had no windows at all,

and 122 but one small window each. Of eight hundred men employed in the bakeries, 200 were suffering from respiratory diseases, such as bronchitis and tuberculosis; one out of every two tenement bakers was found to be afflicted with an infectious or loathsome disease. Since this inspection, the members of the Housewives' League have pledged themselves each to inspect personally the bakery from which her own household is supplied. Some of the States have secured a law to enforce sanitary bakeshops and forbid the employment of men afflicted with disease.

In delivering, from the oven to the consumer, the bread comes in contact with six pairs of hands, and most of them, like the hands of the driver of the wagon that delivers it are not clean hands. It is in some cities demanded that the bread be wrapped in paper; but there are still hands that come in contact with the naked loaf. Do you ever watch the loaf of bread in its journey to your home?



Domestic Economy.

It is said there are over 1,200 institutions in the United States today that are offering courses in home economics; some hundreds are colleges, and 650 are high schools. In the University of California the new learning is written in its catalogue along with Latin and Greek and the higher mathematics. Instead of, as in the past, being a subject of reproach for a woman to "do her own things," it is now an honor, and household economics is now a high branch of learning as a science. In the new order of things, there are necessarily many mistakes, but little by little the way is clearing, and the new idea of home will usher in health, happiness and higher living.



Health Notes.

Lack of sufficient sleep soon shows in one's appearance. Eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four is required for the best results.

Clipping the ends of the hair about once a month will stimulate the roots and cause new growth. Dandruff should be cured at once as it ruins the hair. It is easy cured.

The woman who has blonde hair, or the one with gray hair, must keep it perfectly

clean, as dust shows up quickly on light hair in a most ugly fashion. Washing with alcohol will cause the hair to turn gray. Borax and ammonia are both injurious.

The persistent use of peroxide of hydrogen on cold sores will soon cure them. Dab it on thoroughly every few minutes, and it will draw the pus and any poison out, when of course the place will heal. Use it freely on any sore that shows any indication of festering.

Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is claimed by chemists to be, next to prussic acid, the most rapidly fatal poison known. Whatever differences of opinion there may be upon the advisability of smoking for men, there is none whatever as to its pernicious effect on boys. The tender tissues of a growing boy can not absorb even a small quantity of it without most serious results. Cigarettes are particularly injurious.

Celluloid contains in its composition gun cotton and camphor, both highly inflammable. No one wearing collar, comb or other ornaments should place her head close to a gas jet or other unprotected light, as celluloid catches fire so quickly and burns so rapidly that it would hardly be possible to avoid being seriously burned.

A cough may be caused by many things besides lung troubles. There is the sympathetic cough that goes with the stomach, and the "nervous" cough that is caused by some nerve derangement, besides many other causes. The cure is to remove the cause.



"Quilting Bees."

In the long ago, there were no gatherings more full of pleasure than the quilting bees, where the housewives gathered to help out a neighbor at her quilt or comfort making, and the men usually made a "bee" at the same time, cutting, splitting and storing wood for the winter's use. There was always a good dinner, at which there was unqualified good cheer and fun; and as the day ended, the young folks came, and the elders who did not care to stay went home, feeling that the day was well spent, while the evening was spent as only healthy, happy young people can spend it. In those days, neighbors would gather to help one another, and there were always engagements ahead, as long as the winter lasted. Every housewife prided herself on her bed furnishing, and there were always stacks and stacks of good, warm quilts, home-made blankets, clean "goose-feather" pillows, and if the mattress was filled with clean

corn husks or sweet, fresh oaten straw, it was of untold comfort to the healthy, tired body, even if the great soft feather bed was lacking to give it added warmth and softness.

All the year through, the housewives "pieced quilt-covers," saving the scraps carefully, and often the discarded clothing was ripped up, washed and dyed, and made into "comforts" with a filling of clean, soft wool. There was a quilt or comfort that equalled the "wool-filled" bed coverings of those days. Several comforts could be tacked in one day by the deft-fingered housewives, and good work was done, too. Cotton-filled quilts and comforts get hard and heavy, and after washing, are not as warm as one would like; but the wool-filled are light and warm, soft and "live," as long as there is a piece of one left. The greatest difficulty now is to get the wool cleaned and carded into bats; but at some mills this is done, either in bats of various sizes, or in one or two large sheets. Of the cleaned, batted wool two or three pounds make a warm quilt, while for a comfort as much as four pounds may be used and the work done by "tacking." These weights will make a full-sized, double-bed quilt. If a good grade of calico, or cretonne is used, fifteen yards will cover both sides. Wool-filled quilts are fine.



Water Bugs and Cockroaches.

The first thing necessary to their extermination is to clean out every corner and crevice with a strong solution of boiling water and soap powder, or carbolic acid, though the soap powder is cheap and effective. Get into every hiding place with the liquid, and especially into the dark corners. Take out all the dust and dirt, if you have to use an old knife blade to reach it. Use only the strongest soap powder on the market; one of the very best liquids is a "caustic" soda solution made of lime and sal soda. This is too strong for the hands, but just right for the bugs. Remember that boiling water is the only absolutely certain destructive, and it will kill anything it touches. When you have flooded every hiding place get the strongest persian insect powder you can find. Scatter it freely everywhere in their runs, and while it may not kill instantly, it will shorten their life in a very little while. Do not forget to scatter the powder around the steam pipes, the sink pipes, or any large cracks in the floor, or openings about the pipes through which the bugs can come.

--: RECENT BOOKS --:

THE BIBLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"The Bible and the Public Schools" is a neat little booklet prepared by Mr. A. H. Rittenhouse and issued by the Educational League. The writer presents the issue in an able and a definite manner. He gives the full decision of the Illinois Supreme Court barring the Bible from the schools of the State, and shows the forces which worked and finally led to that decision. He shows that the Catholic influence has been the prime factor not only in debarring the Bible from the public schools but that it has been aggressively working for the destruction of the public school itself, and is using every means at hand to bias public opinion against public education.

The booklet sells for 25 cents and may be secured from the Educational League, Box 328, Elgin, Ill.



THE IDEAL ADULT CLASS IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Just at this time many Adult Bible Classes are being organized in the Sunday-schools. Naturally enough, there are a large number of these classes which are not familiar with organization, and as a result, are at a loss to know how to proceed with their work. The Pilgrim Press has published a valuable handbook, written by Amos R. Wells, on "The Ideal Adult Class in the Sunday-school" which embodies a helpful manual of principles and methods. The book discusses the duty of each officer in the class and suggests helpful lines of activity for each committee, as well as for the class as a whole. The concluding chapters of the book are especially helpful, discussing "The Worldwide Outlook of the Class" and "Spiritual Work of the Class." The book will prove a valuable stimulation in the hands of every live Sunday-school teacher. "The Ideal Adult Class in the Sunday-school," published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price, \$.50; postage, \$.05.



WHEN MOTHER LETS US TRAVEL IN ITALY.

A delightful and instructive book of travel for young people has been written by Charlotte M. Martin, in "When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy." An American

family is taken to the various places of interest in Italy. The customs and history of Italy are treated in an interesting and novel manner. The book abounds in amusing incidents of travel and sensible and timely suggestions as to what is worth seeing in the various cities and towns which the family visit. Mr. Carter has been sent abroad by his native State to study the designing and building of the foreign cities. He is accompanied by Mrs. Carter and their four children. Sometimes he is able to make his work interesting to his children and often he can allow himself a holiday and join them in excursions to places that hold promise of help to those who are dreaming of a "City Beautiful." "When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy," by Charlotte Martin. Published by Moffatt, Yard and Company, 31 East 17th St., New York. Price, \$1.00 net.



CARROTS, MANGOLD WURZELS AND SUGAR BEETS.

Those who are interested in carrots, mangold wurzels and sugar beets, will be pleased with the valuable little guide prepared by James Gregory, in which he discusses the nature of these plants, soil upon which they should be raised, the preparation and fertilization of the soil and the care of the crop. He discusses the varieties and points out the relative value of each variety. "Carrots, Mangold Wurzels and Sugar Beets," published by J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass. Price, \$.50.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

"During a recent stay in a New England town," says a Brooklyn minister, "I attended the funeral of an elderly woman. She had left an old mother, over ninety, and a fifty-year-old son.

"Now, the services on this occasion were conducted by a shy young clergyman, just recently come to the parish. When he had prayed for many and various things, he delivered himself of the following remarkably worded statement:

"And two, we especially pray that the Lord will comfort and sustain in their sorrow. One is the orphan, who, although no longer young, is an orphan still, and must so continue; the other is the mother, far advanced in years, who has survived her daughter, although considerably her senior."—T.

After a young man starts out to make his own way in the world, it doesn't take him long to learn that money is called "hard cash" because it is so hard to accumulate.—Howard C. Kegley.



Marion came to the breakfast table late, and was scanned by the reproachful eyes of her mother.

"Did that young man kiss you last night, Marion?"

"Now, mother," said the very pretty girl, with a reminiscent smile, "do you suppose that he came all the way from Blue Rock to hear me sing?"—S. C. Clarke.



"Pop, why does the moon get full?"

"I don't know. Don't bother me."

"Pop, I guess if the moon would only stick to the Milky Way it wouldn't get full, would it?"—S. S. Stinson.



Alice—"Papa, it's going to snow."

Papa (who is busy)—"Well, let it snow."

Alice—"I was going to, papa."—Abbie C. Dixon.



Even a treadmill will turn when you tread upon it.—Harold Susman.



The class in English History was in session, and the professor was telling of the impressionable age at the time of the Elizabethan Era. After speaking for some minutes on the subject, he turned to one of the young men and said:

"How old was Elizabeth, Mr. Holmes?"

The young man wore a far-away expression.

"Eighteen, on her last birthday, sir," came the reply.—M. A. Hitchcock.



Hobo—"I've eaten nothing but snowballs for three days."

Lady—"You poor man! What would you have done had it been summer time?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Baker—I was out in Blakeley's motor last week. He has everything in it, even a pedometer.

Barker—You mean speedometer, old man. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk.

Baker—All right; I'll stick to pedometer.—Sacred Heart Review.

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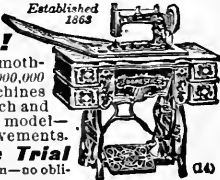
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WHO WAS TO BLAME?

(Continued from Page 353.)

barn heard Billy stamping in his stall. Thinking something must be wrong, for Jerry was always at work at that hour, he pushed open the door. He saw the old man lying on the hay, his face buried in his hands. Thinking he was ill he spoke to him; receiving no response he touched him and found that life was extinct. Apoplexy the coroner said, but if Billy could have spoken he would have said: "My master died of a broken heart."



THE TALEBEARERS.

(Continued from Page 354.)

happy past. And so a week wore away and the many tongues talked themselves tired and were quiet, in spite of the fact that one morning, Allen Worley hired the best looking rig in the village and went to meet the noon train. But when a little later, he drove up to his own door and helped a sweet-faced woman out, and almost immediately after, tenderly took her up the walk and into the little cottage, then the few spectators opened their lips that for the time had seemed sealed.

"Who were the woman and child? Had there been a separation, and if so, why?" and a hundred other questions came.

But Charlie Lee drew up his form to its full height. "I think you folks are about as prying a lot as I ever saw." His eyes were black with intense excitement.

"But I don't understand about him yet," murmured one of the crowd.

"There's nothing to know except the little girl has been in a hospital for several months and her mother had to be near her. The father left a good position in the city that he might make a home for his wife and child in this quiet village where the little girl will have everything favorable for her recovery. For many weeks I have known the man was not the escaped jail bird your fancy pictured; but I thought best to let you learn your error in a manner that you would not soon forget."

At that moment the front door of the cottage opened and Allen Worley, with his little girl in his arms, stood where the last rays of the setting sun illumined their happy faces as he pointed out to her the fruit trees, that with the warm breath of May, had blossomed forth in billows of snow and palest rose, and it needed no second look to discern that Allen Worley had no heart sorrow, and the talebearers, like the Arabs of old, "folded their tents and silently crept away."

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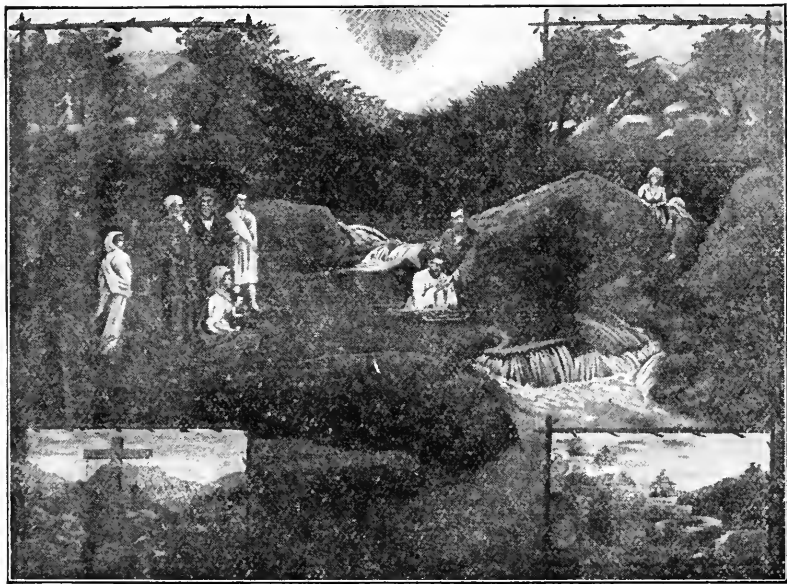
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No. 14

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tomb with the stone rolled away. At the top of the picture is represented a beautiful golden crown. The six-in-one picture is an interesting study. It portrays, graphically, the fulfillment of all righteousness in Christ's own baptism, the door by which man may enter the church, the way of the cross, and the crown as an emblem of the reward of the righteous. The picture is printed in colors, on heavy paper, and, if framed, will make an appropriate ornament for any Christian home. It will be a constant reminder of the Great Leader, of the sacrifice he made for our redemption, and a stimulus to right living.

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THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

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J. C. FLORA

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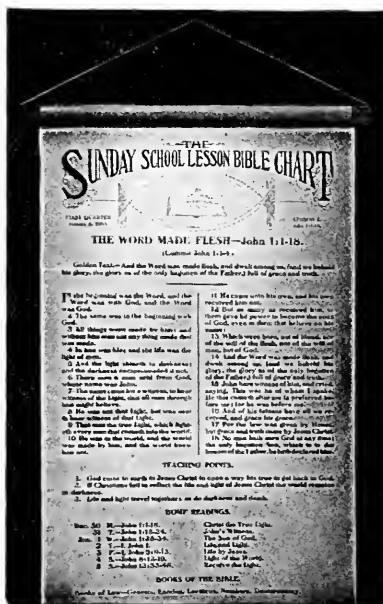
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

April 8, 1913

No. 14.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



Y. M. C. A. Traveling Shop Library.

The Y. M. C. A. Industrial Work.

PERHAPS no philanthropic or religious organization has widened out in its working program as has the Young Men's Christian Association during the past quarter of a century. The Association reaches after the boys and men of nearly every trade and profession represented in the United States. Many persons not understanding the purposes of the organization, think that it tends to tear down what the churches build up. The Y. M. C. A. does not take the place of the church, nor does it claim to do anything of the kind. In more ways than one it encourages its members to do active church work in their own particular denomination. To understand any organization of the kind one must study its aims, its methods, the material with which it must work, and the results. The Y. M. C. A. should not be judged by church standards because it is not a church even though it is a Christian organization.

In brief, the Y. M. C. A. does what other organizations neglect, it aims to assist a young man to live an honorable life and in working out this problem it is supplemental rather than fundamental. Among factory employes the Y. M. C. A. has done nota-

ble work. The industrial secretary writes thus for the Survey: "The employes always share in the support and control. For example, one company employing 4,500 men and boys has provided a building and gives \$10,000 annually and the men give as much more. The association has 2,200 members and its management is in their hands. All of the apprentices of that company are taught in the educational class rooms of the association. The playgrounds of the community are operated as an association feature; the building is the social center of the community, and a special branch with a building and a secretary is provided for foreign employes. The police authorities say that the association is one of their best allies, and the companies say that it is one of their best assets." In this case the school board neglected the training of those young men in the association's evening classes. "The association stands not only for character based upon religious convictions but for an environment in which character may develop. One association induced a great railroad company to change the method of paying off so that the men got cash for their check in the pay car. This was a blow to the saloons where the checks were formerly cashed. Another association submitted facts upon which a great industry increased the wages of the boys.



Y. M. C. A. on Wheels.

Scores of companies have been induced to coöperate in giving better educational advantage to their employes young and old. Other associations have pioneered the health movements of the community. One mill president says that his machines were idle less during the past summer because of the association leadership in cleaning up the village, draining swamps and teaching hygiene."

Divorces Among the Jews.

It is common knowledge that there are fewer divorces among the Jews than among the non-Jewish in the United States. Various reasons are given for this, chief of which is the nature of the betrothal and marriage. Jews as a rule are fond of home life and home making is one of the principal thoughts when two young persons are united. The fewness of divorces among the Jews is one strong argument in favor of uniform marriage laws. In the current number of the Ladies' Home Journal Rabbi Emil Hirsch explains why divorces are so seldom among his people. He says: "Jewish ministers, as a rule, refuse to officiate without previous inquiry into the character and condition of young people. They insist that members of the family be present at the ceremony. This prevents elopements and helps to circumvent bigamous unions." While chastity is taught in the marriage ceremony, Rabbi Hirsch does not say that social purity is found to a greater extent among the Jews than among the non-Jewish. Some writers claim that such is the case but we have never seen the statement verified by figures. There are many reasons for believing that social purity among the Jewish women is more prevalent than among the non-Jewish women. In describing the ceremony Rabbi Hirsch mentions a doctrine that is gradually growing in favor among all classes. "Some modern ministers put the usual questions to the bridegroom and the bride, but in the Jewish ritual the promise on the part of the wife to obey is omitted, modern Judaism looking upon marriage as a union of equals, each having duties and rights and each being called on to consider first the other's happiness, and thus find his or her own all the more certainly."

Low Wages and Vice.

The campaign in behalf of better wages for women working in factories naturally arouses opposition and gives an opportunity for sensational speakers to give vent to new-born theories. A well known argument in the past has been that low wages encourage vice among women, especially

those in department stores. No sane thinker will say that low wages are the only cause. There are others contributing. Today we read a statement in the paper saying that low wages have little or nothing to do with vice. That is going to the other extreme. Mr. E. T. Davis, who is State factory inspector for Illinois, has summarized the contributing causes of vice thus: "Lack of proper home environment, the failure on the part of churches to establish attractive social environment, the schools because of failure to teach the basic principles of business or trades, inadequate laws on child labor and compulsory school attendance, non-existence of a wage law that will permit of decent clothing, fair diet, cleanly linen, and some relaxation in necessary pleasures; dance halls and poolrooms, selling liquor to the young, cafes and cabarets, with late hours and shoddy, Bohemian-like atmosphere and smutty songs."

Mr. Clifford G. Roe of the American Vigilance Association thinks that the white slave traffic is an effect of the following causes: 1. Ignorance of parents, boys and girls of the purposes, problems and perils of sex.

2. The double standard of morals for men and women.
3. Immoral literature, pictures, songs and amusements.
4. Hasty marriages and divorces.
5. Economic conditions.
6. The spirit of adventure and romance.
7. Love of fine clothes and suggestive fashions.
8. The segregation or toleration of vice resorts.

A careful reading of the above causes of vice will reveal the fact that many of them are not so much contributory causes as they are common results going with vice. Behind "lack of home environment" one sees poor housing and poor sanitation, low wages, lack of special training, traditional religion. Poor diet is not a thing of itself. It is certainly caused by ignorance, inability to secure fresh, nutritious food at a fair price and sometimes misdirected thrift. It is impossible to pick out a half dozen or more "causes" which, on being removed, will put an end to vice. The world's problems are not so easily solved. All good things hang together and so do bad things and sometimes it is hard to see the dividing wall between the two classes. Another careful reading of the above contributing causes will show that they all group around a few main ones. It is against these that reformers are working. They are inade-

quate marriage laws, lack of teaching on marriage relations on the part of the church, insufficient recreation, poor housing, impure water and food, ignorance on the care of infants, spread of contagious and infectious diseases, child labor, low wages, lack of vocational training, the making of criminals instead of reforming them, and clean politics, and a better system of local government. To do effective preaching against vice is it not true that one must make a study of the problem? Did you ever ask yourself why young people so frequently go astray in your immediate neighborhood?

Aid for the Farmer.

Gov. McGovern, of Wisconsin, has asked the legislature to pass a bill creating a State

market commission for the benefit of the producer and consumer. Among other things the proposed bill provides that the commission encourage coöperation among the farmers in the matter of buying and selling. A better system of marketing so that the grower and ultimate buyer will be closer together is also advocated. The Wisconsin governor thinks that there is too much waste in our marketing system. He says: "The farmer has also paid heavy toll to the trusts in the sale of his products. It is no extravagance to say that the farmers as a rule are not good business men. When the farmer needs money he throws his product on the market at whatever price it will bring. He has neglected the commercial side of farming."

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Vocational School Plans.

Coöperating with the big business interests in Illinois in support of the so-called Cooley bill for vocational education, are those ultramontane Catholic influences which are firm-set against the American public school system. Both aim to separate the vocational schools from the public schools. Big business seeks this separation in order to create a source of supply for "trained" but uneducated "hands." The ultramontanes seek it pursuant to their long-established policy of weakening the secular public school system in the interest of parochial schools. The latter purpose is freely expressed in *The New World*, the organ of the Catholic archbishop of Chicago, whose policy it has been from his first coming here to secure financial support from public school funds for parochial schools.

In manifest and significant harmony with that ecclesiastical policy is the advocacy by *The New World* of the Cooley bill for vocational education. An editorial in its issue of March 15, referring to the so-called "conference bill," says that this rival of the Cooley bill—

institution from which Catholics could derive no benefit.

Of the so-called Cooley bill, the same editorial states that it—

would make the proposed vocational schools absolutely separate from and unidentified in any way with the public school system, arrange that the funds collected for them must be expended on vocational schools alone and not used to amplify or extend the present school system, and also make it impossible to put at a disadvantage boys and girls going to the proposed vocational school from the parochial school.

Let it be observed that the question raised is not one of Catholicism or anti-Catholicism. It is a question of uniting church and state. No one proposes to forbid parochial schools, or denominational schools of any kind. Every church should be as free as in this country it is, to maintain schools of its own and with its own funds. But whenever any church authorities attempt to cripple the secular public-school system, directly or indirectly, in order to promote its own religious school-system, they cross the boundaries that separate church from state and should be promptly checked. Nor need any one fear that in calling a halt upon this aggressive disposition of ultramontane Catholics, he is raising an issue with American-minded Catholics. The issue of parochial schools or public schools is intense as well within as across the border of Catholic circles in the United States. It is not a church question but an American question. The Cooley

is unworthy of support and should be opposed by all who hope to see vocational education made possible for all American children, and not closed by cunningly devised barriers to Catholic children or children of any other religious belief. The great objection to this bill is that in its provisions for revenue, as well as in other minor details, it would operate to make the vocational schools simply an annex to the public school system, and therefore an

bill is supported by those Catholics whose opinion The New World voices, but it is opposed, and for like reason, by Catholics who resent the efforts of certain priests to despoil the American public school system. Vocational education, as public education and at public expense, must be undertaken in connection with the public school system and without reference to any religious schools whatever. That the Cooley bill flies in the face of this indispensable condition, as The New World correctly describes it as doing, should be a sufficient reason, even if there were no others, for defeating that bill.—The Public.



The Cabinet's Place in Our American System.

The making of a cabinet, under ordinary circumstances, is the most important thing a President of the United States has to do. The executive branch of our government has significance not only because the country itself is colossal in its extent, population, and diverse interests, but also because under our system the President and his department heads exercise more actual power, under less restraint, than do men in executive authority under almost any other governmental scheme in the modern world. In England and France, ministers are so immediately accountable to parliamentary bodies that their acts are under constant scrutiny and control.

Not only are European cabinets dependent upon the support of parliament as respects their general policies, but individual ministers are subject to daily and sharp interpellation from the floor as to particular matters arising in the administration of affairs belonging to their own portfolios. Under our system, the President and cabinet have by no means as much direct influence as they ought to have upon the general legislative and budgetary affairs that are in the hands of Congress. And, on the other hand, Congress has nothing like the direct and immediate power that it ought to have to inquire into the things that are done by executive officers.

Woodrow Wilson,—inaugurated as President of the United States on March 4,—more than any other student of the working of constitutional government has discussed the difficulties that grow out of the wide separation of the executive and legislative branches in this country. While in its main aspects President Wilson must take the system as he finds it, there can be no

doubt of his intention to do all that is permissible under the Constitution and the laws to establish efficient relationships between the executive departments and the two houses of Congress.—From "President Wilson's Cabinet," by Albert Shaw, in the American Review of Reviews for April.



Struggle Against Saloons in Michigan.

Lansing, Mich., March.—A bill introduced in the house by Representative Warner prohibits railways or any company or individual from transporting liquor from one county into another county that has gone dry. This is a State measure intended further to aid the Webb law in keeping dry territory dry.

That the business people and educators of Michigan are in favor of the submission of a State-wide amendment was brought out clearly in the public hearing on the measure providing for such submission. The speaker for the wets was Cyrus W. Davis, former secretary of the State of Maine. R. H. Scott, general manager of the Reo automobile plant, of Lansing; President Samuel Dickie, of Albion College; J. Frank Burke, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, and others presented the desirability of Prohibition.

In the local Prohibition elections, Homer, Calhoun County, gave a majority for the drys; Athens, in the same county, went dry again; wets won in Elk Rapids; Cedar Springs went wet; Fife Lake went wet, but the drys will file a contest, declaring that six of the votes cast were "ringers."



A certain workman in a Newark factory seems to be constitutionally opposed to the institution commonly known as a bath. It is this man's custom to appear each morning wearing the grime he carried as he left the shop the previous night. He appeared one day last week with a touch of the yolk of an egg upon his lip—a trifle extravagant, but nevertheless true.

Seeking to have a little fun, a fellow employee observed.

"Hello, Jake, bet I can tell what you had for breakfast this morning."

Words were bandied back and forth, and finally a wager was made.

"Eggs."

"You're wrong," said Jake. "We had eggs yesterday morning."—Newark (Ohio) Advocate.

EDITORIALS

Saving More Millions.

Millions of dollars will be saved the government by the use of a newly devised stamp-printing machine. The apparatus is scheduled to turn out a mile of postage stamps every five minutes. It was designed by Benjamin R. Stickney. There will be a saving of 57 per cent in the production cost of stamps.

This new machine, which prints, gums, dries, perforates and either cuts into sheets or winds into coils 12,000 stamps in one minute, will save the government several million dollars in the cost of stamps alone in the course of a few years. The bureau of engraving and printing now turns out 40,000,000 stamps daily, but with the use of the new machine and because of the increased demand it will be able to manufacture many more millions a day.

Previously it has been necessary to wet stamp paper to get an impression from the engraved ink-covered plate, but Mr. Stickney has made it possible to do away with the hand-wetting process and to substitute dry printing. Mr. Stickney's invention will revolutionize plate printing, which heretofore has involved much manual labor and time. Now stamps can be printed perfectly from a roll of paper at high speed.

Wilson Avoids Stares of the Curious.

With a dozen or more Presbyterian churches located within easy reach of the White House, the President has kept Washington folk guessing each Sunday as to the one he would select. There is a friendly rivalry among those who would have the President worship at a particular church all the time, but it is apparent the President will not make a final selection, if at all, until he has attended all the Presbyterian churches.

On Sunday, March 16, Secretary of State Bryan already was in his pew at the Presbyterian church when the President, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Jessie arrived. Few in the church were aware of the presence of the presidential party, as the President did not announce where he would worship until he stepped into his automobile at the White House.

After church, the President stopped for short time at the Corcoran gallery of art and spent the afternoon at home. With the exception of two nights when the President attended theater, he has been at home

every evening. The cares of political campaigning during the last two years often deprived Mr. Wilson of the society of the family circle, but there is every indication that henceforth he will spend most of his evenings at home.

To his close friends, the President has admitted that he finds more ease and comfort in the White House than he has had in many years. The President is fond of spending his evenings with his family and in the composition of his literary works has always sought the quiet and seclusion of his study.



Classifying the President.

Which church does he attend? What is his profession, and similar questions always bob up when a new statesman takes hold of the government reins in Washington. More than that, the denomination which may rightfully claim a President always speaks of the matter with pride, as does his profession, though this is of less general interest.

Woodrow Wilson and his forbears were Presbyterians and doubtless the new President will attend one of the large edifices of worship of that denomination in the capital. Not since Grover Cleveland's time has a President been classed as a Presbyterian. William H. Taft is a Unitarian; Theodore Roosevelt was a regular attendant at the Dutch Reformed Church and William McKinley was a Methodist.

Since the birth of the constitutional government there have been nine Episcopalians Presidents, six Presbyterian, three Methodist, three Unitarian, three of the Liberal church, two Dutch Reformed, and one worshiper of the Church of the Disciples. Geo. Washington was a member of the Episcopal Church and so were Madison and Monroe; the Unitarians claimed John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson was a Liberal; the first Presbyterian was Andrew Jackson and the first Methodist, General Grant. The only follower of the Disciples was James A. Garfield and both Andrew Johnson and Abraham Lincoln were Liberals.

Of the professions, of course, the legal has predominated among our chief executives. Woodrow Wilson is the only university president and all-round educator to achieve the presidency. There were four renowned soldiers who went to the White House—Washington, William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, and U. S. Grant. Other Presidents saw service, but biographers are peculiar persons and are chary of

giving much credit unless the subject's claims are A1, and some more.

For instance: Theodore Roosevelt, who was known a few years ago as the "hero of San Juan Hill," is classed by various biographers as a "politician."

There were nineteen lawyers, as follows: John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Taft. Among the lawyers, however, were some rather famous soldiers, such as Garfield, who was a general; Harrison, whose rank also was high, and McKinley, who always was addressed as major.

Thomas Jefferson went back to lovely Monticello on bidding farewell to official Washington. He was active, but never again took part in public affairs with the vigor of his earlier days. He died fifty years to the day after the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, which was mainly his workmanship. John Adams went back to Quincy, Mass., and lived quietly when his work at the capital was completed. He also died on July 4, fifty years after he had uttered on the floor of Congress the words, "Independence forever." These were his last words, too.

When George Washington went home to Mount Vernon he became once more the gentleman farmer, though in 1798 he was induced to accept the command of the army as lieutenant general. He died a year later.

Norbert Wiener at 18 Wins Harvard Degree.

Norbert Wiener has been made a doctor of philosophy by Harvard University. People who became interested in him when he entered the front rank of infant prodigies may now indulge in a sigh of relief, for he has accomplished as much as all but the most enthusiastic of admirers could hope for. He is only 18, an age to astonish savants by his erudition, but he early gained a reputation as the "cleverest boy in the world" and would fail to startle anyone now by any feat much short of the miraculous.

When this youthful doctor of philosophy was 18 months old he was on intimate terms with all the letters of the alphabet. At the tender age of 3 he could read and write. Two years later he was studying Latin and at 6 he had mastered problems of arithmetic, algebra and plane and solid geometry. At 8 he found great delight in reading

books in Latin, German, French and Russian. At 9 he could reason problems in trigonometry and calculus and his chief diversion was the perusal of the works of ancient philosophers.

Young Wiener entered Tufts College at Medford, Mass., in 1906 and completed a four years' course in three years. It was then said he was the smallest youngster in cap and gown in the history of that institution, if not in all others. He didn't graduate into long trousers until after he left Tufts College. Some older students sometimes displayed their jealousy when the boy in knickerbockers took his seat with the seniors. The president of the college at times was compelled to interfere in behalf of fair play for the youngster. Loyal Tufts men now are as proud as are the professors that the "cleverest boy" studied at that small college.

Norbert Wiener was born at Columbia, Mo., Nov. 26, 1894. His mother was a Missouri girl and his father a Russian, for some years an instructor in Slavic courses at Harvard University. The parents have always shown their close interest in the boy, but have feared undue discussion of his unusual abilities might tend to spoil him. Professor Wiener has explained the boy's advancement largely because of his keen, analytical mind and partly because of his tremendous memory. Both parents have maintained that Norbert has not been forced, and he has said he has studied because he liked to study. It has been understood that he will next enter one of the German universities for a study of foreign languages and philosophy.

The Detention Evil.

To detain pupils after school for misconduct or neglect of duties is a common custom with many teachers. I have grave doubts as to whether any good is accomplished by it. The fact that teachers who are most successful detain little, if any at all, is a sufficient reason for condemning it as a general practice.

School boards in some cities have passed stringent regulations against it, basing their action on the principle that any sort of discipline that does the pupil bodily harm is wrong. Personally, I have always opposed any legislation on this subject, believing that it is a question for teachers themselves to settle. Below is a letter from a mother whose son is just an average boy with all the shortcomings of a boy. Her letter should tend to set us thinking:

"My dear Mr. Harper: Absolute sincerity is the only way in which earnest people can deal with a problem, and I want to write you frankly on a matter in which I know I shall have your sympathetic attention. It is the custom at the ——— school to keep children in for long periods after school. I take my son's case merely as an example,—knowing from conversations with other mothers that it is typical.

"He eats a hurried breakfast and rushes off to school. At the earliest, he cannot get home until 2:30, six hours after his last meal. If he is kept in an hour, which is by no means uncommon, he reaches home at twenty minutes to four,—tired, listless, and with a headache. With my son, there is no further appetite for that day, and very often a headache which lasts until bedtime. Another mother tells me that the effect upon her boy is that he eats no dinner, goes out to play, and comes in voraciously hungry at supper, after which he must learn his lessons, which demands that the force of the body should go to the brain when it is needed for digesting the too-heavy meal.

"It is begging the question, I think, to say that the boy should so conduct himself as not to be kept in. Granted; but suppose there was a boy so lacking in animal spirits that he never scraped his foot audibly, nor nudged a comrade, nor spoke a word; so decorous in deportment that he never

dropped a pencil nor an eraser; so graceful in manner that his glance never wavered from the instructor's countenance; would you or I exchange a healthy, happy, noisy human boy for this prodigy? And it is the natural boy in the colt age, the cub age, with whom we have to deal.

"The present system of detention is injurious to the growing body at the formative age, the most important period in a boy's physical life. A system which tends to create dyspepsia and the kindred ills caused by irregular meals and long abstinence from food, seems incomprehensible in the face of present-day knowledge, present-day ideals of service towards the child. The theory of the inquisition was physical torture for moral wrong. The thumbscrew and the rack have passed out of date,—but I cannot see that our methods differ materially so long as we continue to wreak deliberate injury on the body as a punishment.

"I have not written so strongly as I feel, because I do not wish to seem swayed by my own son's concern in the matter. Had he finished his course at the ——— school, I should feel freer to write of this grave matter, which vitally concerns young lives.

"With the sincerest appreciation of your zeal for the children, as well as the schools, believe me,

"Faithfully yours, ———."

—Journal of Education.

THE DOCTRINE OF WORK

George Frederick Hall

HAVE you noticed that the happiest people in the world are those who work, and who love their work?

It is the nature of normal human beings to be content only when they are of some use in the world; and I don't believe there is anyone living in idleness who is really happy. I have never encountered such a combination, however. People dream of idleness as something to be much desired, but after they have tried it awhile they find within them a craving to be of use; to do something more than just to burden busy people with their existence.

I was at one time employed as a furniture maker by a large concern. Their plant was closed for a period of three months for interior changes, and so I was forced to remain idle most of that time. I was a

young man, and had no family dependent on me,—it was not monetary difficulty that made me so glad to get back to work, it was just because I had become so very disgusted with being idle, of having no active work to occupy my hands and brain. It was like being useful to the world again,—and being useful is being happy.

It matters not what your work may be, whether you are a vendor of pop-corn or the pivot of a great industry, or how wealthy you may be from either,—when you are working you ought to be glad of it,—and after enforced idleness you will appreciate how much the feeling of manliness and of doing some good in the world, means. Man is made for activity, just the same as a railroad engine is made

for pulling cars; its boiler generates power,—its tender is to carry reserve fuel, its wheels to carry it along the rails as it helps to carry the world's traffic. That was what it was made for—to do something.

Look at man. What is his brain for? To think, to plan. His hands? to work. His limbs and feet and his wondrous systems of muscles and nerves and red blood?

See men at work: cultivating the earth, building factories, making books,—doing a thousand things. As we look on this complex, varied mankind with its many industries, we see the answer: this is what man was made for.

It is the nature of things that every creature finds joy in doing what it is fitted and created to do. Birds rejoice to fly, animals are happy in filling their place in nature, man is happy when his brain is active in thinking and planning, and his hands doing their share of the world's work. It makes no difference whether he ploughs the ground, builds machines, constructs houses, or whatever else; it is that he is doing something that needs to be done, and is doing it with his whole heart.

Young men should remember that, while all work may not present an attractive appearance, it becomes so in the very doing of it. No one can stand beside another man and watch him in his work, whatever it may be, and tell just how much that work interests him, and what it means to him. He is absorbed in his task; it is a satisfaction to him to watch the progress of the work in his hands, to see its increasing perfection. It interests his every faculty to plan to make that work successful, it is joy to see the product of his work completed, and to realize that it is so much added to the stock of the world's values.

A man should choose a life work that is congenial to him; he should put his whole heart to that work. Most of us can do a great many things with a fair degree of accuracy, but there is some one thing that comes easier to us than others, and that we

can do better than other things. We should choose that when possible, and stick to it. Perhaps the details may be difficult or uninteresting at first, but when you master them they will become almost "second nature." Then, that part overcome, you can give yourself to the big principles of the work, to improvement and expansion. Then when you become a master of your business, and have achieved success in it, you will find yourself caring greatly for your task and its outcome. There is true success, there is real happiness and the rare joy that comes to the man who works at work he likes, who has mastered it, and is now expanding it and appreciating its advantages.

I worked as a sort of "jack-at-all-trades" until I was twenty-four, all the time cherishing a desire to become an advertising manager on a newspaper. Nights after work at the factory or on the farm I loved to study that specialty in all its branches and from all its sides. The opportunity for an opening came, and I grasped it, and held on for dear life through a three year apprenticeship at starvation wages. Then the turn came; and for thirty years I held down a manager's desk and achieved success. During all those thirty years my heart was in my work, I sat down in the morning with a smile of satisfaction, I loved my work. Have you a feeling that there is some work you could perform, that you could throw your whole heart into, and be happy doing it? If there is, there lies your success. Go in and win!

Look forward, young men, to being workers. It is something to look forward to. To love work means that you care for it for its own sake, and not merely for the money it may bring you. Money is more apt to come from work that is done with your whole heart than from that which is skimped and hurried over merely to get it done.

Love your work, be faithful in it; its rewards will come to you in many ways, and true happiness and satisfaction will follow.

CEMENTS

John H. Nowlan

CEMENTS are made in a variety of ways, depending upon the use to which they are to be put.

For uniting marble, alabaster,

etc., plaster of Paris is often used. It is a beautiful, white cement, but is of little value where there is much strain of the article.

Marble cement, as it is sometimes called,

is made by steeping plaster of Paris in a concentrated solution of alum, after which it is recalcined and reduced to powder. It is then used the same as plaster of Paris.

Alum alone makes a splendid cement. Heat the edges to be joined, apply the melted alum as hot as possible, then unite the parts. This makes a firm union—so firm that millers used it to cement broken pieces of their millstones.

Paper pulp, size and plaster of Paris mixed in equal quantities make a useful cement.

Common mortar, such as is used by masons, is a lime cement. Its hardening depends upon the slow formation of carbonate of lime by the absorption of carbonic acid from the air, and a combination with the silica of the sand.

Portland cement, so called because of the resemblance to the stone quarried on the island of Portland, is a mixture of a kind of limestone with a clay or shale, its value depending partly upon the quality of the ingredients, but perhaps more upon the proportion of each, the degree of heat used and the fineness of the subsequent grinding.

Hydraulic cement (that which will "set" or harden under water) was discovered by Canvas White at Chittenango, N. Y., in 1818, the State paying him \$20,000 for the information.

A porous lava found at Pozzuoli, near Naples, Italy, mixed with ordinary lime, forms a good hydraulic cement. It is possible that the fact that lava is the product of intense heat gave the manufacturers of the present day the cue as to how to proceed.

In hydraulic cement the lime combines with the silica and alumina to form a hydrated compound which afterwards becomes a true silica. This in time forms a true stone. The "pudding stone" or conglomerate as found in many places is an example of a natural cement. The sand and gravel were deposited by the action of water and subsequent pressure packed it while the lime in solution united the particles more or less perfectly. An immense bed of this is found in the southeastern part of Bond County, Ill. The C., B. & Q. R. R. ran a spur to it and used the gravel to ballast much of their track.

But to return to artificial cements. Copersmiths use oxblood thickened with powdered quicklime to close the openings under copper rivets and steam joints.

Another, used for similar purposes, con-

sists of iron borings or filings mixed with a little sal ammoniac and flowers of sulphur. Stir it up with a small amount of water, just enough to moisten it; ram into the joint and bolt tightly. The proper proportions are 80 parts iron, 2 parts sal ammoniac and 1 part sulphur, by weight.

Also, 4 parts iron, 2 parts pipe clay and 1 part powdered earthenware mixed into a paste with salt and water is good.

Equally good is 2 parts litharge in fine powder, 1 part very fine sand, and 1 part air-slaked quicklime. Mix well, keep from the air, and make into a paste with boiled linseed oil just before using. This is good for steam joints, cracks in boilers, stoves, etc.

For mending chinaware and the like take Canada balsam and evaporate till rather hard. Warm the surfaces to be united, brush the balsam on the edges, then press together. This makes a transparent, almost invisible union, but it will not endure hard usage or heat. Thick copal or mastic may be applied in the same way.

Gum shellac dissolved in spirits of wine till like molasses, makes a stronger adhesive, but has the disadvantage of being colored. Naphtha may be used instead of the wine, but is not so good.

Marine glue is a mixture of shellac and rubber. Be careful to get the edges to be joined hot, but not too hot. If applied properly the article may be subjected to strain and is just as apt to break at any other place as at the union. To make this cut rubber very small, cut with 12 parts mineral naphtha, digest by the aid of gentle heat, add 20 parts powdered shellac, until completely dissolved. Stir or shake quite frequently while preparing. Liquefy by heat before using.

Cutlers' cement, used to fasten handles to knives and forks, consists of equal parts rosin and brick dust. A better grade consists of rosin, 4 parts; beeswax, 1 part; brick dust, 1 part.

White of egg thickened with powdered quicklime is good. Warm the articles to be mended for a short time in a slow oven.



"Why is there no great American dramatist?" asked the art pessimist.

"Because," replied the sardonic manager, "when an American is capable of thinking up a first-class practical plot and dressing it up in good speeches he doesn't bother about the theater. He goes into politics."
—Washington Star.

THE HIGHER LIFE

Janet Thomas Van Osdel

A FASHIONABLY-ATTIRED city woman has just left my home. Her husband earns a good salary; she lives in a high-priced, modern flat; has no children; entertains a good deal, and finds life generally dull. During her call a letter is handed to me and I recognized it as from my Cousin Josephine, who lives on a farm in Iowa. I mention this to my caller, and she exclaims: "Heavens! don't say lives. Say exists, dies, anything but lives!"

"And yet your life is an empty one as compared with hers," I said.

The caller flounced up angrily. "My life empty! I lead a full life, if ever a woman did!"

"But does anything in it really count? You entertain and are entertained; you shop and dine; you go to the theatre and read a lot of light stuff that doesn't feed your brain any more than the foam of a soda feeds your body. No; don't get angry. Your life is the same as hundreds of city women in your class. Just listen to Josephine's letter and then tell me which is the richer life:

"The children are all in bed, and I ought to be there, too, but I'll steal a little of my sleeping time to write to you. It's my first letter to you since the darling baby came and she's now nearly four months old. And such a dear! Yes, I'm busy, but what's time for if not to use? And then the children are all such a help to me. Philothea is nine now and she's such a good baby-minder. Nanny's not so good at that, for she's so full of tricks that she wants to experiment on the baby when I am not around, so I make Philothea the little mother while Nanny must help with dishes and do errands. Peter, who is five, is good at little chores, and he helps watch baby when his big sisters are at school. And John, you know, is only three, so he can't do very much except put his playthings away when he is through with them. And he takes care of the things baby throws on the floor. Then he makes a game of trying to keep his tiny garments clean. You see with such a bunch of us and no outside help each one must do his part or the burden upon some one else will be too heavy and that's the lesson I try to teach the little brood. It's a good plan to practice in the home, and

when these youngsters are full-fledged and go out into the world to build their own nests they bid fair to be lifters and not leaners; workers, not shirkers.

"Lonesome? Can you imagine the queen-bee in a busy hive as being lonesome? Well, we're a hive of busy bees and we couldn't be lonesome if we would, and we wouldn't if we could. Why, child, we're living! We're blanketed with snow just now and that means that when we go over to help our nearest neighbors (six miles away, remember) celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary tomorrow evening we can all cuddle down in the big bob-sled and make a jolly sleighing party of it.

"Although we don't see as much of folks and fashion (you see I'm still answering your lonesome query) as city people do, it seems to me we see a great deal more of God, or at least of the way he works through nature. His stars shine clear and bright above us, leading us on. His sunsets give us more glorious paintings than any of the masters have ever placed in the city galleries; we have heavenly music without paying the price of opera seats. Ah, cousin, we're near to the heart of things. We're working hard, but we're not rusting out, and we're making every day count for something. I'm willing to wear old-fashioned clothes when need be, and to miss the froth of life which some people find so entertaining, just because I'd rather have the real things which I have now—my outdoor life, my precious bairns and that unspeakably precious love of my big farmer husband."—National Farmer and Stock Grower.



Editor—"Why do you persist in coming here? I tell you I don't buy fiction."

Author—"Oh, I don't wish to sell any of my stories. I am writing a short serial entitled 'The Ugliest Man on Earth,' and I came in merely to obtain local color."—Tit-Bits.



Again he has us on the rack

And pains us more and more,
For now we have to call him back
To have him shut the door.

—J. J. O'Connell.

A CHARACTERISTIC OF GREATNESS

Mark B. Conway

IT is certainly refreshing to meet and converse with people whose good breeding shows itself in their unassuming manner and genuine politeness,—the politeness that marked a few generations ago, when true courtesy was not such a neglected art as it is today. Such people stand out plainly distinctive against the mass who either don't care, haven't the time to waste on "unnecessary language," or who believe they are showing an independent spirit by ignoring the polite conventionalities of speech and manner.

Many believe politeness to be associated with only sham people, who lack every other virtue and use that to cover up their shortcomings. Such an idea is certainly far from being right.

The other day at a depot in a West Virginia town, a man with a heavy suitcase in each hand and a folded go-cart and a lunch box under either arm, was vainly trying to locate a porter or conductor to help his aged mother and wife and baby into the train.

Along came a quiet little man in dark clothes, with a quick smile and a mop of black hair. Seeing the predicament, he graciously assisted the ladies aboard the train and relieved the gentleman of one suitcase and the go-cart, that he might board the car more easily.

Inside and seated, the gentleman proffered his benefactor a cigar. No, he didn't smoke. "Well, if I knew your name, I would be better able to thank you."

Said the courteous little man, "My name is LaFollette,—from Wisconsin."

True politeness is a characteristic of great men.

But perhaps the young man has reflected somewhat on the matter, and has concluded that such things as being polite are small things anyhow; perhaps he says he is not a believer in show,—but if a lady is in real trouble, he will be as gallant as any one and help. Perhaps he feels some disgust for certain youths he knows, who he thinks are "sham," and who are all manners and smiles and bows. Perhaps they may make too much of a show at being overly polite.

yet many manly boys and youths are done an injustice by being termed a "sham."

Polished manners,—politeness,—are by no means everything,—they are not even the first things. Yet they are certainly of great and far-reaching importance. No youth, be he rich or poor, at the bottom or at the top, can afford to forget or ignore their power and usefulness. He ought to make it an infallible rule to be polite, because in this old, experienced world, where many things are valuable that he does not understand, it is the accepted ideal. Few good things exist without some excellent reason for their existence.

Politeness serves to give pleasure to others; the humblest and the highest appreciate courteous treatment. It is both a small and a great thing to make others happy by a smile, a bow, a kind word.

Courtesy reacts on one's own nature. Those who indulge in outward courtesies gain grace and fineness in their inward spirits. One gets training by his courtesies; politeness becomes a habit. A youth makes a mistake when he supposes he can be ill-mannered, gruff and abrupt at times, and then polite and gracious in manner when it suits him. Unless it becomes a constant habit to be polite,—he will find himself making awkward breaks, forgetting when he should remember, and being embarrassingly self-conscious in all efforts at good manners. Habitual practice of courtesy will put him always at ease, and give him that grace of speech and manner that marks the courteous, well-bred person.

Real politeness, courtesy of heart and of manner, assists toward advancement. The finest talents may be set off to advantage, and nothing causes them to shine more than good manners.

A man on returning to his home town after a visit to President Lincoln was asked by a fellow-townsmen how the great man impressed him. "A man of wonderful make-up," returned the other, with deep feeling,— "six feet four, a great lank frame, with legs and arms abnormally long; a powerful head, crowned with a mass of unmanageable hair, above a great face marked with deep-cut

lines of life and death. He has calm gray eyes that gleam with the heart of a woman,—again, you can see a lion in them. But his manner,—ah! you forget his great, uncouth frame and his homely face when he speaks! His calm, even courtesy and his quietness make him seem only more powerful! He has a wonderful manner!" And so the commonest appearing face and features may be made to shine if one cultivates an engaging manner together with the unassuming, even courtesy that marks the lowly with a distinctive charm, and brings out the great more clearly and emphasizes the other traits of greatness.

The young man who has a way to make, a position to gain, and hold,—may make the way easier for himself by simple politeness. He may reflect credit upon his home and his training by this habit. New acquaintances say to themselves and each other that he has evidently been well reared,—and that his parents, brothers and sisters must be refined persons. They envy him. That envy turns into the desire to do likewise. And so politeness pays all around.

If true courtesy is a characteristic of great men, certainly true courtesy will smooth the way to greater life for those who are climbing up the ladder.

THE STORY OF A BROOCH

Lula Dowler Harris

AUNT ELIZABETH, where did you get that beautiful brooch?" asked my little niece, Helen Malden, as she climbed upon my knee for the usual evening story.

"Well, Helen," said I, "I guess I will tell you about my brooch tonight instead of 'Alice in Wonderland.' This is a true story and contains a little of our family history which should make it doubly interesting to you.

"Many years ago in the early forties the coal mined along the Monongahela River was floated down to the Southern markets instead of being towed down by steam-boats as it is today. The men who sold their coal to these markets filled their boats, barges and flats during the summer months and when the fall rains came prepared to take them first down the Monongahela to the Ohio, then down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and finally down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

"My uncle, your great-uncle, was actively engaged in the coal trade. Each fall he had a large fleet to deliver. It required many men to manage a fleet and many were the dangers encountered by these sturdy rivermen. Sometimes a boat would break away from the fleet. Occasionally it was recovered, but oftener it went to the bottom, and usually some of the crew went with it. If the rains were not heavy enough in the early fall to make 'barge water,' as the rivermen called a high river, the cold weather would set in, and when the winds were icy cold and the river full of floating ice their danger was indeed great.

"It required about three months for the crew to deliver the coal and make the return trip across the wilderness, as the country through which they traveled from New Orleans to Pittsburgh was called.

"My uncle said these pioneer settlers in Tennessee lived in rude huts and barely made a living by farming a little patch of ground, by hunting and fishing. But they would always take a stranger in and share their humble meal with him. Some dark stories had been told by rivermen who had stopped at some of these cabins to spend the night on their way home. Some were never seen again. My uncle and his partner were forced to stay in one of these questionable cabins in the mountains of Kentucky, by a blinding storm of sleet and snow. Danger of being robbed or perhaps killed seemed preferable to freezing to death on the mountain.

"In response to their knock at the door a large, sullen-looking man opened it and bid them enter. There was one other occupant of the room, a woman, far from clean, who busied herself frying bacon and baking pone. Not a word was spoken until the meal was prepared and then they were told to eat. After supper the old man pointed to a bed in the corner of the room, saying, 'You sleep there.' Without another word the couple climbed the ladder-like stairs to the loft above.

"My uncle and his friend sat before the open fire smoking until after midnight. They did not feel safe in going to sleep. The strange actions of the old couple made

them feel uncomfortable. Finally they decided to take turns sleeping. My uncle had slept a few hours when his partner awoke him to keep watch while he would sleep. For an hour or more not a sound was to be heard overhead. My uncle lay there wide awake, listening. Suddenly he thought he heard some one moving around in the loft above.

"The fire was still burning brightly and every object in the room was plainly visible. The trap-door was lifted softly and the old man descended cautiously to the room below. When he turned towards the fire my uncle saw he held in his hand a long, dangerous-looking knife. Uncle said his heart almost stood still with fear and he placed his hand on his gun by his side, ready to sell his life dearly if attacked.

"The old man walked towards the bed, raised his knife high over his head and began to peel thin slices of dried venison from a piece which hung from a rafter near the bed.

"Upon one occasion my uncle met an old Indian loafing around the wharf at New Orleans and, having little else to do that morning, he tried to get the old man to talk. At first he only drew his old greasy blanket closer about him and said but little.

"When he found out from my uncle's talk that he was from Pennsylvania he seemed to take an interest in the conversation. Before long he grew quite talkative, telling stories of his people (the Mohawks) when they followed the trails through the mountains and hills of Pennsylvania.

"During their conversation the subject of buried treasures was touched upon by my uncle. The Indian said, 'My people have many treasures scattered among the mountains of the East. If possible, we buried our treasure with our dead, not in the graves but near them. We believed they were guarded by the spirits of our dead braves. We often were forced to leave our treasure behind when the white man pounced upon us and compelled us to move out. What he did then he is still doing. My people have no permanent home, no hunting grounds. Some of our braves went back to the East, hoping to recover some of our treasures; but as far as I know they never returned. If I were not so old I would seek for one of these treasures myself, among the hills of Pennsylvania.' My uncle was all attention. Since early childhood he had heard of pots of gold said to

have been buried by the Indians, but had long since decided they were only stories invented by the early settlers to amuse their children.

"My uncle said, 'Would you mind telling me about that particular treasure? I am familiar with the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania and may be able to locate it for you.'

"He remained silent a few minutes and then said: 'My son, I guess I will tell you, and should you ever find it, all I ask is that you let me know. About sixty miles from the river's mouth it makes a bend like a great horseshoe. Just below this bend a wide stream flows into it from the west; follow this stream until it is joined by another and smaller stream also flowing from the west. Follow this small stream which flows through a deep ravine, to its source; there you will find two oak trees, if still standing. Between these trees is buried an earthen jar more than two-thirds full of coins and jewelry. The money we got from the Spaniards, the jewelry belonged to the wives of the early settlers. We did not permit our squaws to wear jewelry, so they were always kept as a part of our treasure. Each tribe had its own collection. We often bartered them to the white men for food and clothing.'

"My uncle was anxious to reach home and begin his search for the Indian treasure. He told the secret to no one until he reached home. Calling his youngest brother, my father, to him one morning, he told him the story. Horseshoe Bend was only a few miles distant, and they knew the location of both streams; the last named had its source on their father's farm. One morning in early spring they started out with pick and shovel toward the old ravine beyond the meadow.

"Going to the headwaters of the small stream, they had little difficulty in locating the oak trees. The ground was soft and they had not dug far until my father's pick struck something hard. Digging deeper, they found two rows of flat stone resting one against the other, forming an arch. Removing the stones, they expected to see the earthen jar. To their great surprise they saw the bones of a skeleton. Hastily covering their grewsome find, my uncle said, 'This is the graveyard, all right.'

"They then looked around, thinking they might have made a mistake in the location. Just beyond one of the trees was the stump of another. Upon examining it my father said it was the stump of an old white oak tree.

"Once again they commenced to dig; this

time between the tree and the stump. When they had dug perhaps three feet they again struck a stone. This one was lying flat and gave forth a hollow sound when struck by the pick. 'Another big Indian, I suppose,' said my uncle, as he lifted the large, flat stone. But no, there was the earthen jar and as the old Indian had said, more than two-thirds full of gold and silver.

"They took the jar to the house and examined its contents. There were many pieces of jewelry odd in shape and design; each, no doubt, if it could talk, could tell a story of a tomahawk or scalping knife.

"My uncle prized the treasure very much and would not part with any of it until his death. When he went South the next fall

he took with him a few of the pieces to give to the old Indian and to prove his success in finding his treasure.

"He could not find him in his usual haunts, and upon inquiring for him he was told he had died in the early spring. Gone to the 'happy hunting grounds,' where there was no white man to say 'Move on.'

"In my uncle's will he left each of us a piece of money or jewelry found in the Indians' treasure-jar. He had many relatives and I suppose by this time one of these pieces can be found in each State of the Union that has been handed down from one generation to another. 'And this,' I said, putting my hand on my brooch, 'is one of them.'"

HE ALWAYS SMILED

Joseph F. Novak

A Fable.

ONCE upon a time, when there was not much doing in the office, the bookkeeper straightened up over his books and began a conversation with the desk-clerk.

"You're a cheerful one," quoth he, "you forever wear a smile. I wonder whether it's genuine or artificial?"

"I can't tell you," returned the desk-clerk. "Years ago, I determined to smile no matter what happened, and the smile you see upon my face is one of cultivation. Now it comes as easily as a frown formerly did."

"Aren't you afraid of smiling at the wrong time?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"Well, a smile is hardly ever misplaced," rejoined the desk-clerk. "Even at a funeral a brave smile does more than a bucket of vain tears."

"Yes, I suppose that's so," returned the bookkeeper, "but I can't see how you can smile in the face of some of the crankiness you've got to put up with."

"It's hard," admitted the desk-clerk, "at times. But in the end it saves a lot of trouble, and gets me out of tight places. Well," and he changed the subject, "I think I shall go out to lunch." And he went.

While he was gone, the fussy customer came in, in a wild mood.

"Ye gods! Look who's here!" exclaimed the bookkeeper to the stenographer, under his breath, but he slid from his stool, went to the desk, and asked the fussy customer his wishes.

"I bought a steamship ticket here, to

bring my niece, who cannot speak English, from Germany. You promised to let me know when she arrived. Well, she came this morning, and you didn't let me know she was coming! She might have gotten lost! I won't tolerate such careless treatment, and I want you to return my check for \$3,000.00 which I gave you, a few days ago, to invest for me. I don't want to have anything more to do with this house!"

"Won't you wait until the desk-clerk comes in?" asked the bookkeeper; "he has charge of these matters."

"All right; I guess I ought to call him down, now you."

It was not long ere the desk-clerk came in, and disregarding the furious look of the fussy customer, he greeted him pleasantly.

"My niece came from Europe—" exploded the fussy customer. But he got no further, for the desk-clerk exclaimed:

"Well, isn't that fine? I meant to stop at your house tonight and tell you she would arrive today, for I believed she would come on a later train. I called you up, but I found that I hadn't put down the telephone number you gave me correctly. Did she enjoy her trip? And was she accorded satisfactory treatment?"

"Oh, she hadn't anything to complain of," admitted the fussy customer.

The desk-clerk, in the meantime, had found the memorandum of the sale of the steamship ticket, to which was a slip attached with the incorrect 'phone number written in the fussy customer's own hand.

But the desk-clerk did not try to vindicate himself. He chatted cheerfully, and when the fussy customer was about to leave, he inquired:

"By the by, would you care to have me fix you up with a mortgage for that \$3,000 you wanted us to invest for you? We've just made a loan for that amount on excellent security."

The fussy customer looked into the smiling eyes of the desk-clerk and bade him fix up the papers, and as he was doing so, entertained him with a funny story.

The bookkeeper, who had been watching interestedly, slipped a sheet of paper to the stenographer on which was written:

Moral:—"There's money in a smile."

THE WRIT THAT WASN'T SERVED

J. C. Begley

JOHN ORMOND, a quiet and kind-hearted citizen, resided in the town of Bernville. He was not possessed with considerable wealth, but was in moderate circumstances, and was happy and contented. He never secured a dollar that did not rightfully belong to him. He was twenty-two years old, and unmarried.

It was considered a joke when John was nominated for sheriff. But it proved a two-edged joke, since he was triumphantly elected, to the surprise of every one, himself included. He assumed charge of the office early in January, determined at all times to observe the Golden Rule.

His fourth day in office was for him a day of travel. He could scarcely realize that his fees could amount to \$50 per day, yet this was the case the first day he had been in office. The fee system was something new to him, but he soon learned it, and his bank account was increasing far beyond his anticipations.

On the fourth day, he had to journey at least fifty miles, serve an untold number of executions and foreclose several mortgages. His fees for that day would reach a possible \$100.

He traversed the county in an automobile, and his day's work was now done, save the serving of a writ against Helen French, of Radcliffe township. He had no idea who Helen French was. The claim was \$97, and an additional sum for costs. He finally reached the place—a story and a half house in a dense woodland. There was \$97, and an additional sum for costs, which he was obliged to go in order to reach the dwelling.

He rapped at the door. A comely lady of about forty years answered. She had left her wash-tub and answered the call. He said:

"I beg your pardon. Are you Helen French?"

"That is my name," was her response.

"I am Sheriff Ormond. I am sorry to say that I have a writ against you for \$97. I hope you are prepared to meet it."

The poor woman uttered a loud cry.

"Oh, Sheriff, this is too bad!" I know that I owe Doctor Robb for attending my late husband during his final illness, but I do not have the money to pay him now. And you must do your duty, and sell my home. Oh!" And she cried as if her heart would break.

"Yes," said the sheriff, "this is Doctor Robb's claim. Tell me about your husband's illness."

"Oh," she said, "he became ill early last spring, and the doctor pronounced it consumption. He died in August, and since then I've been paying the money as fast as I could earn it over the washtub, and now it is all gone. Oh!"

John Ormond's heart was touched at this pathetic scene. He said:

"Then you have already paid him some money on this claim?"

"Yes, \$63. There is \$97 left, and about a month ago I gave him my note for that amount. And now he has the execution in your hands."

"This property is yours, is it?"

"Yes, we have four acres here, and it has been mine for five years. I paid for it with the money left me by my father's will. When my husband died I took in washing in order to keep my home, but now it will have to go. I have five children to support, my oldest daughter being able to care for herself. She completed her course in stenography last June, while her father was still living, but has not since been able to get a position. She is working for a neigh-

bor and gets but a dollar a week and board. And she has been giving me her dollar as soon as she got it to pay on the doctor's claim."

"My good woman," said the kind-hearted sheriff, "I am surprised at the action of Doctor Robb. Capitalist that he is, he should not have issued the writ when he knew you were in such straitened circumstances. And especially so, since you have shown good faith in paying him as fast as you could do so."

"Yes," said the widow, "but that will not help the case. You must do your duty, and my home is gone."

But the sheriff shook his head.

"I am not so sure about that, Mrs. French," he replied.

"I can see no other way," she said. "You know I can't possibly get the money for him right away, and if I don't he will force the sale."

"Yes, but there is another way out of the difficulty. How soon could you pay the claim?"

"What are the costs?"

"The sheriff's costs will be nothing at all. The Clerk of Court and the attorney each has a small amount of costs, but \$105 will pay it off now. How soon can you raise this amount?"

"Oh, what's the use? It will take me all of six months, and the doctor will not wait six weeks?"

"Could you pay it off in twelve months?" queried the sheriff.

"Oh, I am sure I could. But I can see no use in talking about that because the doctor will not wait, and we can not force him to."

"Oh, yes! We can force him to wait longer than you think. What is to hinder me from buring the judgment from him and holding it for a year?"

"God bless you, sheriff! You would certainly be a friend in need, and truly a friend indeed!" she said, as her face brightened.

"Let me see," said the sheriff, "when will it suit you to come to my office?"

"I can come next Monday."

"Very well, I will leave the office early Monday morning and come here to meet you. And you must be taken back home again, without any cost; never fear. Well, I must be going. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sheriff."

The sheriff proceeded homeward. During the day his fees and costs had far exceeded the claim he had against the woman. He was too tender-hearted to put the poor

widow to distress, and was determined to observe the Golden Rule. He returned to his office, and promptly issued a check covering the claim of Doctor Robb, including the costs that had accrued thereon.

Monday morning, bright and early, his automobile was speeding in the direction of the French home. He arrived shortly after dawn, and rapped at the door. The good woman responded, and invited him into her humble abode. Here were five children, cleanly but very poorly dressed. It made his heart ache to think of the sad spectacle of setting the widowed mother and her children in the road. The mother then said:

"My daughter, Lilly, is coming home to stay with the children while I am gone. In fact, she is coming now," she said as she looked from the window.

In a few minutes Lilly was there and was introduced to the sheriff. She was very talkative, and could not get done thanking the sheriff for his kindness. She was a fair blonde of eighteen.

"Well, Mrs. French," said the sheriff, "it is hardly necessary for you to go to my office, although you may do so if you desire. Here is the receipt from the proper authority, showing that the claim has been paid off. You will notice that it cost me \$105 to do this. You agreed to pay this in one year; would you agree to give me your note for that amount, payable one year from date? This can be done here as well as at the county seat."

"Certainly," she replied. "I will willingly do this, but I do not have any pen or ink about the place."

"Oh, that is all right," said the sheriff. "Here is a fountain pen," taking the instrument from his vest pocket.

The note was soon signed and in the sheriff's possession. At this Lilly said:

"Then, mother, you will not need me today, will you?"

"No. You may go back to Dodson's," was her reply.

"Well," said Lilly, "Mrs. Dodson gave me a day off, and I would like to go and get a pair of shoes. I was going to send with you, but now I will go myself."

"Step right in the auto," said the sheriff.

It was a pleasant automobile ride. The sheriff invited her to come to the county bastille and take lunch with him, which she cheerfully did. And in the evening the auto made a trip to the Dodson home, the occupants being Lilly and the sheriff.

FINE FEATHERS AND FOOLISH BIRDS

HANS ANDERSEN tells a tragic tale of the little brown bird who envied the peacock the glory of its plumage. "If I had such splendid feathers," said the little brown bird, "all the world would stare at me, and say 'How beautiful!'"

There came a day when some cruel boys caught the little brown bird. "We will make it beautiful," they said, and they covered it with gold paint until it glittered and shone in the sunlight. But, alas, its loveliness brought it to a tragic end, for the stuff which weighed its wings, and stuck to its feathers caused its death, and in its last gasp it murmured, "Oh, if I had been content to be just a little brown bird!"

Yet who believes such fairy tales in this day of hard facts? And why should we draw our lessons from a little brown bird?

Well, I will tell you a story that is "hard fact," but which seems impossible in this prosaic twentieth century, and most of all in prosaic Chicago.

"A girl of American parentage, who had come to Chicago to seek her fortune, found at the end of the year that sorting shipping receipts in a dark corner of a warehouse not only failed to accumulate riches but did not even bring the 'attentions' which her quiet country home afforded. By dint of long sacrifice she had saved fifteen dollars; with five she bought an imitation sapphire necklace and the balance she changed into a ten-dollar bill. The evening her pathetic little snare was set, she walked home with one of the clerks in the establishment, told him that she had come into a fortune, and was obliged to wear the heirloom necklace to insure its safety, permitted him to see that she carried ten dollars in her glove for carfare, and conducted him to a handsome Prairie Avenue residence. There she gayly bade him good-by and ran up the steps, shutting herself in the vestibule, from which

she did not emerge until the dazzled and bewildered young man had vanished down the street."

We have the authority of Jane Addams for this strange bit of real life. The girl undoubtedly hoped to gain for herself the admiration which is given to the glamour of wealth. Yet what did she win by it? Our mind gropes into her future. Did she have to "fess-up"? Or did she, ashamed of her deception, go back to her country home and her country swains?

In either event she reaped the consequences of a foolish act. How much braver and sweeter it would have been to have used her fifteen dollars for a trim little hat and a smart little coat, and, as a special bit of extravagance, she might have bought a gardenia for her lapel. Then she could have walked bravely with her admirer to her own poor home, secure at least in the drawing power of her girlish charms without the deception of borrowed plumes.

To deck one's self in flimsy finery at the expense of one's self-respect is always a dangerous proceeding. The temptation is great to seem more than we are, but as a rule the world sees through us. The girl who squanders her substance on a diamond ring or a willow plume, or a set of furs, would do better to watch her slipshod grammar and mend her rough-and-ready manner. No heiress of high degree chews gum or interlards her conversation with slang.

Fine feathers do not make fine birds and it is only those girls of limited intelligence and of narrow minds who try to impress those about them with their possessions. Pretty things are the birthright of youth, but expensive finery and inappropriate clothes may be not only the cause of gossip and a source of danger, but the indulgence of extravagant tastes inevitably leads to the weakening of moral fiber.

CHRIST IS RISEN

Mrs. Ida M. Kier.

CHRIST is risen. Hearts, take courage,
Darkness, night, and gloom are past.

Day of joy and resurrection,
Brings us light and hope at last.

Christ is risen. Praise him, thank him,

For his suffering on the tree:
For the hope he gives all people,
That their sins may pardoned be.

Christ is risen. Let "Ascension"

Be our motto from this day.

Higher thoughts, and deeds, and actions,
Mark our journey all the way.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SUPREME VENTURE.

Richard Braunstein.

FAITH is the supreme venture of the soul, the hazard of life, the investment of personality, the daring fling of the heart into the bosom of eternity. It is dealing in futures on the large; the inward conviction of a divine imperative to risk with Jehovah. Not credence nor contentment is faith; neither has it preëmpted the field. Sentimentality must be disbarred and every vestage of superstition expunged, if we would grip the imperial idea. Heroic spirits—men with rich, red blood thumping through their veins—have been turned away by spiritless creeds and formulas, the spirit of the forum, the arena, the emporium is theirs, the genius of our complex civilization has seized them, and they dare and do things, and if the Gospel becomes good news to them it must appeal to the strenuous. Does faith offer an outlet to these virile souls? Is it a slogan as well as a tonic? An armory as well as hospital? In truth, is it for intrepids or invertebrates?

Now it is just such a test as this that the Lion-Lamb covets and his answer to the fearless is the challenge contained in this story:

The economy of faith is like a non-resident prince of finance who commits his money to his agents and though absent, exults in anticipated gains and joys over expected profits, for he trusts his men and knows the investment. Returning, he reckons with them, receiving with suitable comment the splendid returns of all save one who becomes the object of pitiless but deserved scorn. "Your gains?" queried the Master. "Sir," replied the crestfallen culprit, "I knew that you were hard to please and exacting of your agents, and fearing loss through devious ways of business I therefore carefully wrapped my portion and hid it in safety. Lo! here is the identical coin!"

With him, safety, security, was supreme. With the master it was gain, enlargement, and this involves risks, venture, faith. Had it been a question of safeguarding and keeping, the owner had himself carried it away. Its possible loss would have been retrieved by the large gains of others, or generously forgiven. No, he was faithless because he refused to venture for his master.

The sin of this frustrate man was the "unlit lamp" and the "ungirt loin."

It was the lack of this daring element which Jesus so much deplored in the twelve. Having trained them so long he is astonished and grieved.

A small boat is struggling in the waves. The storm king raids the night, riding his inky clouds. Down sweep the winds from all quarters, the chinks suck in the horrid flood, nearer comes the midnight monster and Death takes a seat beside each oarsman. In the meantime the Master of earth and sky sleeps on. But filled with terror, rude hands arouse him and they catch his note of disappointment—"Have ye not yet faith? Could you not dare to command the tempest in my name?" The embarrassed winds retired to the hills, while the calm becomes so oppressive that the bewildered fishermen heard nothing save the beating of their own faithless hearts.

If the twelve were lacking in this determining element, Abraham, the sky-pilot of the Hebrews, was not. In him the supreme venture was orb'd. The divine dictum is "By faith he went out, not knowing whither he went." There is something majestic about this shrouded figure coming up out of the mystic land of the Chaldee; with his pilgrim rod and staff he stalks across the horizon of that shadowy past, seeking ever the city of foundations. He may not stay to set his stakes or fix his cords, for the divine impulse urges him on.

Abraham is not only the primitive apostle of faith, but he is the symbol of humanity and manhood. The seeker after truth is ever going out, toward the light, not knowing where he shall rest, but ever trusting the inflexible guide within. What young man knows what he will believe ten or twenty years from today? Do you say that you have found the truth, that your faith is fixed? The psalmist sings, "O God! my heart is fixed." That is, "I know not where the vision shall lead, but I am fixed in my confidence that it will lead to the light and all will be well."

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;

I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

The difference between faith and recklessness is: Faith is the supreme venture without a knowledge of the time, place and

definite description of the final outcome—but with an inwrought assurance that the outcome will be a fit climax to all. While recklessness, without this element of assurance, ventures its all upon the present throw, or sits passive and inactive when it should be marching, thus either paralyzed or fired by Fate.

To Abraham once more: When it is said that he saw Christ's day and was glad, it does not mean that he became a long drawn-out telescope that saw the literal Jesus walking on the shores of Galilee. But it means that he caught a vision of human development, of the progress of civilization. Living among idolaters, steeped in sin, himself a polygamist and slaveholder, a warrior, red-handed, a prevaricator, double-tongued, a would-be son-killer, he saw in imagination, by faith, a day coming when mankind would have no polygamy, no idols, no lies, no bloody sacrifices to God, but with a great eternal life, and he was glad. Small wonder! This is faith: "All will be well—not only with me personally, but with the world." And the man of faith ventured his life on this ages before it could be realized.

The writer to the Hebrews tells us that Abraham dwelt in tents but looked for a city. Wonderful statement that he lived in the tent age of the world, but he saw the cosmopolitan age. Looking over the plains of the Jordan, at the booths, tents and rival flocks, seeing the various caravans, traversing the valley in their restless search for trade and wealth, he saw the day afar off when men would dwell together in cities, bringing together all nations, all products of all climes and God would rule over all! Faith makes optimists out of tentmakers whether the name be Abraham or Paul.

The book says that he might have returned to Ur of the Chaldees if he so desired. There is nothing compulsory about faith. You need not venture unless you will. But Abraham preferred the tent, the venture, the growth. "Wherefore," says the apostle, "God was not ashamed of him." Slowly the walls of his tent became the walls of a great city. Slowly his bosom becomes the paradise of every saintly Lazarus. He, through faith, though he lived in a tent, had escaped the thralldom of the present age and its conditions.

Shall we, then, fear to go out on the great adventure with Jesus? Shall we look backward to Ur or forward to Canaan? Are we to live by the ideals, creeds, dogmas of the past, or look ever toward the sunrise of a new light? Under the stress

and strain of new discoveries, new inventions, a new industrial and scientific age, many of the old landmarks are being swept away. Many old beliefs which we held as truths are trembling to the fall. Many hearts are terrified lest our religious structure totter and crumble. But faith shines like a beacon star. It leads us on, as those wise men of old were led on. Eventually they found the Christ. Truth is invincible. Only its forms perish.

"God hath set eternity in the heart of men," and they will not turn backward. Trust God, see all, nor be afraid.

Man is a Childe Roland on the pilgrimage to the Tower of Truth. Through briers of error, in the darksome, chilly plain, o'er nature's barren wastes and futile answer to the soul, past wrecks of men and skeletons strewn along the sands, cross the temptation serpent-river from the pit, over the somber hills of silence and struggle, through the valley of darkness and sorrow, at last we shall to the tower come! Till then keep faith, O man! And when the venture's o'er rest thee on the bosom of thy God!



THE MAN I LIKE.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering
true

That God is God; that somehow, true and
just,

His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds
dear,

Falls from his grasp: better, with love, a
crust

Than living in dishonor: envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives
zest,

To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.



"DE GUSTIBUS."

I'm sure I don't want to be finical,
And pose on a virtuous pinnacle;

But I really can't marshal

A feeling that's partial

To romances Elinorglyinical!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Starting Lavender.

Lavender seeds should be sown about the time of the blooming of the trees in April; the bed should be sheltered and the soil well prepared, sifted and made firm and level, smoothing with a smooth board. After sowing the seeds in rows, cover lightly by sifting soil over them—leaf mold and sand well mixed being good; then press the soil again with a lath, and spray with water until moist; cover the row with bits of moss in order to keep the ground moist until the seeds germinate. The soil should still be kept moist after the plants appear, but care must be taken not to make it wet; the bed must be protected from rain and from sun until the plants are strong enough to grow unsheltered. The plants will not bloom until the second season. If but a family supply is wanted, it is better to buy the plants of the nurseryman. When the blooming season arrives, cut the branches of the plant and dry in the shade while just coming into flower. It is used for perfuming linens and clothes.



The Heating Apparatus.

As the indications of warm weather grow stronger, we begin to take thought of a disposal of the heaters and furnace. As soon as the furnace is no longer needed, the grates should be cleaned out and pipes painted with asphalt; or use lard oil on the iron work or exposed parts. If you do not know how to care for the furnace during the warm months, get instructions from the manufacturers, who will gladly send them for the asking. Many people do not know how to treat such things, summer or winter. Take down the stoves, clean them thoroughly, replace all defective or burnt-out parts, and store them in a clean, dry place. Clean out the pipes and chimney hole, and close the flue with its lid. Rub the parts that rust with lard oil, and cover with something to keep from the air. Put the pipes away where they will not get matted, or exposed to the weather. Number them. Keep a fire somewhere in the house as long as warmth will be needed, and have a little fire whenever the mornings or evenings are chilly, or the days damp. It is cheaper than doctor bills and disease.

Some Seasonable Work.

Do you want a covering for the kitchen or dining-room floor? Did you ever think of the possibilities of the old faded carpet that has become an eye-sore because of its shabbiness? You can do wonders with it—and a little money; it will call for some labor, too. First, you must shake, whip, beat or brush all dust out of it, clean all the grease spots, darn all the thin places, patch the holes (with a darn, unless too large), and sew up all rips. Then, you must have your floor clean, the cracks all filled and loose joints about the surbase patched together. Then tack the carpet down as tightly as possible on the floor. Have ready a thick flour paste, in which one teaspoonful of powdered alum to the gallon of paste has been used, and apply this to the carpet with a brush, or old broom, rubbing it well in—all the carpet will absorb. Let it dry thoroughly before use, allowing one to three days; then give it another coat of the same, let this dry also, and in this way apply at least three coats of paste. When it is perfectly dry, go over the carpet with a coat of paint, which you can buy ready mixed, and for the usual sized room—say twenty yards of carpet—it will require for two coats of paint, about one and one-half gallons, but the amount is according to how much you use, of course. About once a year, or at most every fall and spring, give the carpet another painting, and be sure and allow it to dry perfectly before using.

If you have no old carpet, yet wish for a floor covering, you can use new sacks, such as many farmers bring home stock-feed in, for the foundation. Wash, starch stiffly, and either stack them out smoothly to dry, or let dry and iron; trim evenly and sew together in a flat seam. Stretch as tightly as possible on the floor, tacking securely around the edges. The material should be well filled with the starch. Then, with a line, or "straight-edge," mark it off in squares, diamonds, or as desired, and paint each square with harmonizing colors, taking care to prevent the running together of the edges. Let dry perfectly, and then go over it with some good floor varnish—there are many on the market. When the squares become worn, repaint them. This will last a year, if care is taken.

RECIPES BY HELEN SYMAN.

Cheese Sandwiches.

Creamed Cheese: One pound of cheese put through fine part of the meat chopper. Add one-half teaspoon of mustard, a dash of cayenne pepper, a little salt, one teaspoon of vinegar and a piece of butter the size of an egg, melted in milk to moisten cheese to spread on crackers easily.

Cheese Balls: Whites of four eggs, one cup of grated cheese, one tablespoon of salt and a dash of paprika. Roll in bread crumbs, fry in hot fat and serve with salad.

Cheese Omelet: Mix one and a half tablespoons of flour and one cup of milk, also one-fourth cupful of grated cheese. Mix all well together and let simmer until rather thick. Serve on toasted crackers.

Fried Cheese Balls: One and a half cupfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of flour, whites of three eggs, salt, pepper and cracker dust. Beat whites of the eggs and add other ingredients. Make into balls and roll in cracker dust. If amount of flour is doubled the mixture may be dropped from a spoon and fried without being rolled in crumbs.

Cheese and Milk Soup: Three cupfuls of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of grated cheese, salt and paprika. Thicken milk with the flour, cooking well. Cook in a double boiler. When ready to serve, add cheese and seasoning.

Cheese Croquettes: Three tablespoonfuls of butter, one fourth cup of flour, two-thirds cup of milk, yolks of two eggs, one cupful of cheese cut in very small pieces, one-half cupful of grated cheese, salt and pepper. Make a white sauce, using butter, flour and milk. Add the unbeaten yolks and stir until well mixed. Add grated cheese. As soon as cheese melts, remove from fire, fold in pieces of cheese and add seasoning. Spread in a shallow pan and cool. Cut into squares or strips. Cover with an egg and crum mixture. Fry in deep fat.

Cheese Sandwiches: Chop fine several slices of cheese. Add a little French dressing and mix well. Spread between thin slices of bread and serve at once.



Bread Recipes.

Oatmeal Bread: Over one cup of rolled oats pour three cups of boiling water. To this add one tablespoon of lard, one-half cup of molasses and a little salt. When

cool, add one yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water and flour enough to knead. Let rise over night, then make into loaves.

Rye Bread with Caraway: One-half cup of brown sugar, one cup of milk scalded, one cup of hot water. Let cool. Dissolve one yeast cake in one-fourth cup of lukewarm water, one tablespoon of lard, one tablespoon of butter, four cups of flour, two cups of rye meal, two tablespoons of caraway seed. Mix and let rise over night. Knead in the morning. Put in pans and let rise again.

Currant Bread: One quart of bread flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a tablespoon of lard, one-half yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water and one and a half cups of well washed currants and a little salt. Mix flour, sugar and salt together. Make a hole in the middle of the flour, add water as you would mix white bread. Add yeast, mix well, then the currants, then fold in the rest of the flour. Mould as you would any bread. Let rise over night. Make two loaves.

Fairy Gingerbread: One cupful of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoon of soda, one tablespoon of ginger. Beat butter to a cream and add sugar gradually, then the ginger and milk in which the soda has been dissolved and finally the flour. Butter your baking pans and spread the mixture very thin on them.

Brown Bread: One cup of granulated corn meal, one-half cup of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Sift all together. Add one cup of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses. Steam three hours.

Breakfast Muffins: One egg, one tablespoon of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of salt. Bake in gem pans.

Popovers: One egg, one cup of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one cup of sweet milk. Beat well and cook twenty minutes in a hot oven. This will make twelve. Cook in gem pans.

Graham Wafers: Beat to a cream one-fourth cup of butter. Add gradually one cup of sugar and unbeaten white of one egg. Beat vigorously for ten minutes. Dissolve a level one-half teaspoon of baking soda in eight tablespoons of warm water. Add this to the mixture, then stir in one quart of graham meal. Knead until smooth, roll out into sheets and cut in squares. Bake in a slow oven.

SALVATION FOR A PRICE.

THERE are seven sacraments, says the Romanist, and these are channels of grace and mercy, and without them there is no salvation. The Roman Catholic church is the custodian of these and she gives and refuses at her pleasure.

Herein lurks religious graft. Statesmen say that monopoly means tyranny, and if the hierarchy holds this religious monopoly we may with certainty discover the tyranny and oppression, and so it is at this day.

The Menace is not objecting to the seven sacraments of Rome; these to be paid for by the laity when received:

Baptism,
Confirmation,
The Mass,
Confession or Holy Eucharist,
Extreme Unction,
Holy Orders,
Matrimony.

To the above may be added burial in consecrated ground and prayers for the dead, and masses to shorten the time of the soul's stay in purgatory, etc., etc., ad libitum.

If you ask a priest if one must pay—is compelled to pay—as a condition of being made a partaker of the grace given by the church, they say, "No." But to convince yourself that they mean "you must pay," just refuse the fee, and see what will happen.

Just what this graft means, investigate the workings of Romanism in countries where they hold full sway, and witness the poverty of the people who often are too poor to pay the marriage fee and live without the ordinance.

Well, the graft is being worked in this country and our sympathy is for those who out of their extreme poverty feel compelled to buy salvation, when we know that "heaven is given away for the asking."

A clipping sent from Wallace, Idaho, dated March 6, gives an account of a suit brought in the local court by one Father F. A. Becker, of St. Alphonsus, against Mrs. Adam Golsong for the price of services at a funeral. He first demanded \$10, which was refused, and the widow delaying in payment found that the price had been raised to \$25 when she offered the ten dollars, and that nothing less would be accepted. This amount she declined to pay, and the priest brought suit for the whole amount of \$25, with interest from the date of the husband's death, at the rate of 7 per cent.

It is the merchandising of religion that

offends decency and mocks God's love for humanity.

Does The Menace find fault with the Roman Catholic religion? Of course not, but its mercenary administration, as though man—a priest—could stand at heaven's gate and demand a price. This is shocking to many American Catholics whose eyes are gradually opening to the enormities of Rome's selfishness and absurd claims.—The Menace.



THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN.

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,

Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,

With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;

But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurel grows, along the thin red wall,

You'll find the tool and potting-sheds which are the hearts of all.

The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits and the tanks.

The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys

Told oft to do as they are bid and do it without noise;

For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,

The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,

And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows;

But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam.

For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made

By singing, "Oh, how beautiful," and sitting in the shade,

While better men than we go out and start their working lives

At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,

There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,

But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,

For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,

If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;

And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,

You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees

That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,

So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray

For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away.

And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away.

—Rudyard Kipling.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

"Say, I know why President-elect Wilson called off his inaugural ball."

"Why?"

"His sense of ceremony. Just picture a lot of Republican lame ducks trying to do the turkey trot, and ask yourself what you would do in such a case."—St. Louis Republic.

"Have you a striking idea for your novel?"

"I should say so," replied the busy author. "We've gotten up a cover design that will make everything else on the newsstand look like a bunch of withered turnip-tops by comparison."—Washington Star.

"I met my fiancée in a department store."

"That's where Eve first met Adam."

"What nonsense you're talking."

"Not at all. It's just been discovered that Adam met Eve at the rib encounter."—Boston Transcript.

"Don't you ever find it hard to be a freak?" asked the stoutish, tightly laced woman who had stopped to converse with the fat lady.

"No, not a bit," was the reply. "I often feel sorry for some of you people who seem to find it so hard not to be freaks."—Chicago Record Herald.

Satan and the Saint

or

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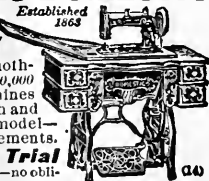
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THE LOQUACIOUS CONDUCTOR.

I dremp't I had a million dollars last night and it was th' worst night horse I ever had.



Before I woke up I'd spent it, an' it didn't do me no good at all. First thing I did in my dream was to break a leg tryin' to get Lizzie to come hurry up an' get married. An' when she saw I had a million she swelled up an' didn't act a bit like my Lizzie. It give me cold feet right away, for I'd rather had my Lizzie laughin' an' holdin' hands with me than all th' dornicks on top th' ground. Then she said we'd got to have a weddin' that all the

papers'd talk about, an' by that time I'd got th' big head, too, an' set out to buy a house on th' avenoo, with a big dooryard an' two stone lions in front of it. I don't remember 'bout th' weddin' in th' dream, but I see myself in that big house, with a high collar on, an' settin' there. Lizzie come sailin' in th' room with a long tail to her dress an' pink stuff on her cheeks, an' she said she was goin' out with some dudes to a meetin' where they was goin' to raise money for some kind of a Pug Dog Aid Society. An' 'en I remember lookin' through th' big window of th' room I was settin' in an' see a poor man goin' by lookin' for a job with his coat collar turned up an' his pants all frayed. An' th' rooms in th' house was so big they looked like a lot o' museums, an' when we set down to eat some flunkey kept buttin' in an' askin' me what more I'd have, an' listenin' to what me an' Lizzie was talkin' about. That fellow followed me 'round th' house like I was a cripple. He wouldn't even let me take my own shoes off. An' they was a girl dressed up like a nurse in th' hospital followin' Lizzie all 'round. It got on my nerves so bad I started to choke him for botherin' me, when all a sudden I woke up. Gee, I was all in a cold sweat. I wouldn't have a million if you give it to me.

All aboard, step lively, please.

Careful, there, gettin' on.

Watch your step!—Chicago News.

THE INGLENOOK

PROGRESS

INDUSTRY

ECONOMY

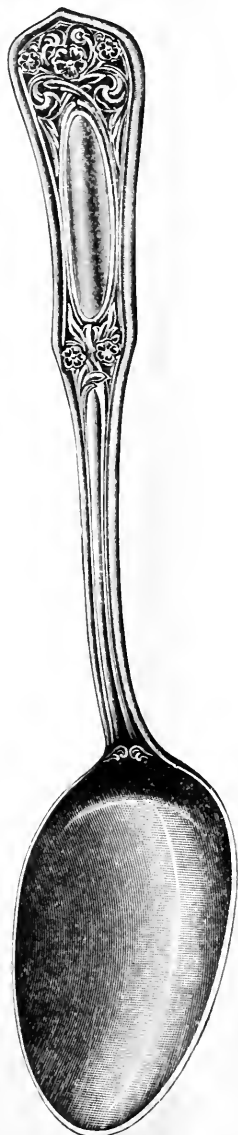


BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

April 15
1913

No. 15
Vol. XV

A VALUABLE PREMIUM



We have been very fortunate in securing a premium which we feel confident will appeal to Inglenook readers. There are a large number of premiums on the market, but we have endeavored only to select the ones that possess merit and will be of use to the recipient.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

April 15, 1913

No. 15

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger



George W. Coleman.

Ford Hall.

HAVE you ever heard of Ford Hall in Boston, Massachusetts? It is one of the unique institutions of the country. It is not sensational, nor does it exploit any class of people for the benefit of a chosen few. A decade or more ago when Daniel Sharp Ford, of the Youth's Companion, died he willed a large building to the Baptist Social Union of Boston. It was his desire that the building and funds which he placed in the hands of the Union be used to soften the inevitable conflict between employer and employed." Mr. Ford was wise in that he did not dictate any special plan of procedure. So many philanthropists tie up their money in such a way that it finally becomes a burden on the trustees.

Mr. Ford had faith in those who would follow.

Five years ago Mr. George W. Coleman began a movement that has become known the country over. Under his management each Sunday night a most interesting religious meeting is held in Ford Hall. In fact it has become a religious forum. It is not a denominational affair nor is the program modeled after or supposed to replace any church service. The purpose of the meetings is to have all classes and nationalities come together for a religious discussion. Some special speaker or lecturer is always secured and at the end of his talk his subject is open for general discussion. Can you imagine a Jew and a Christian in the same meeting discussing religion? That is what happens regularly in Ford Hall. The majority of the audience are men. There are more Jews than representatives of any one Christian denomination, but all creeds are represented. A third or more of them are workmen, members of some union. Another third is composed of clerks and salesmen. Students of the several schools in the vicinity and professional men are found there too.

Naturally, the success of the venture is due largely to the personality of the chairman, Mr. Coleman. He is a man of large vision and his hope seems to be that men may quit striving and work together. His hope is being realized in Ford Hall. He has demonstrated the fact that most men are interested in religion if they have an opportunity to express themselves as they wish, and that a larger percentage than one supposes really want to do what is the right thing. At their fifth anniversary the Ford Hall people presented Mr. Coleman a bound volume of letters of appreciation. One of them by a little Jewish girl of sixteen reads: "I am one of the girls you

used to meet on your way to work and whom you have converted to desire to do unto others as you would have them do unto you." An older person, a Jew, says: "I am a Jew, you know, and some of the dearest friends I possess were formerly rabid Jew-haters. But such animosity cannot exist in Ford Hall atmosphere; it melts. And you may rest assured that I, in return, have learned to love my Christian neighbors, God bless them." Another attendant of the meetings who says that Ford Hall has revived his religion and hope writes: "I never believed it possible to love in such a personal sense every member of an aggregation of people."

It is said that the questions discussed at the meetings are most interesting and penetrating. People speak as they think, unhindered by form or tradition. They desire information and assistance that they may understand the most important of all problems—religion. If Ford Hall accomplishes nothing more than to teach people to think for themselves it will have done Boston and the world a great service. It is natural that people will become restless and disinterested when there is no opportunity for a free and open discussion of vital problems. It is by thinking on all sides that we grow.

The Farm Expert.

In previous issues we have mentioned about the farm expert movement that is slowly spreading over the Middle West. Several counties in Iowa now have their farm expert whose duty is to assist the farmer in any way he can, to help him improve the fertility of his soil, to give him assistance in selecting and mixing the rations for his stock and by organization and interest bind the farmers of a county together for one common purpose. The farm expert has come to satisfy a need. In the past the farmers' institutes and agricultural colleges have not covered the whole ground. They have reached only a portion of the farmers, and in many States the smaller portion. The expert with his assistants is supposed to reach all—except the hopelessly stubborn, if there be such. The merchants of all the important towns are organized for their mutual benefit, factory employees are organized, our school system is under a central organization, why cannot the farmer be benefited by a central information bureau? The county expert is an experienced farmer who has had technical training in agriculture and who is fully prepared to speak with authority.

At the last session of the Indiana legis-

lature there was a law passed providing for county experts in Indiana. Many counties are now trying to avail themselves of the opportunity. The conditions are thus: If the farmers of a county by popular subscription raise \$500 and petition for an expert the county council is required to appropriate annually a sum of \$1,000 and the State through the experiment station \$1,500. That makes \$3,000 altogether from the State. Besides this a firm in Chicago donates unconditionally \$500 each year to each county having an expert, so that funds are available to the amount of three thousand, five hundred dollars. The salary of the expert is supposed to be two thousand and the remainder of the money goes for other expenses; hiring of assistants, literature and office expenses. The usual way is for the expert to have a central office in which he may be found on certain days, but the most of his time is spent among the farmers or conducting exhibits and contests.

Several farmers in our county are making arrangements to secure an expert or agent as he is called in the Indiana law. Those of us who are out after the necessary \$500 find a little indifference but contributions are being made very liberally. It is a new thing and education and explanation are necessary. When the plans are fully worked out each township will be organized and have regular meetings. The agent will work largely through these organizations. These community meetings will mean much as they grow in interest. In speaking of the lecture and entertainment course conducted in our little village a business man said that he never saw the country people come together for some one thing as they did this winter. We and many others hope that a more concentrated effort may be made in the future. The first thing in any work is to start it and the next is to keep pushing at every wheel on the wagon.

Higher Wages for Women Workers.

The campaign for higher wages for women is bringing results. A few firms are anticipating State regulation and have raised the wages of their employes. The International Harvester Company have increased the wages of between seven and eight hundred of their girls. Hereafter no girl, no matter how poorly prepared she is, will receive less than eight dollars a week. Heretofore the minimum wage was six dollars a week. Mr. Funk, general manager of the corporation, gave the following statements to the press: "This increase is

in line with our policy to better the conditions of our employes as much as possible. We already have granted them Saturday afternoon holidays the year round and abolished night work for women and girls. Engineers are now working on various devices to remove dust from work-rooms.

"We consider \$8 a living wage for a girl, whether living at home or not; it makes no difference. Our welfare workers have been studying this problem for several months and decided that eight dollars was about right. Of course, if Illinois should pass a minimum wage law making \$12 the legal wage we would at once give the girls another raise."

This new wage schedule will cost the

Harvester Company \$75,000 annually because those girls who have been receiving eight dollars a week will also receive an increase in wages.

There has been much talk in public the past week about the connection between immorality and low wages of women workers. Some speakers say that there is no connection and that the report of the Illinois investigating committee is misleading. In investigating the white slavery in Illinois it was reported that low wages was one cause for the downfall of many girls. Without a doubt there is some connection between low wages and immorality but it may be indirect. An adequate wage alone does not make character but it supplies the financial means for a normal, useful life that all deserve to live.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Illinois Deadlock Broken; Senate Full.

Once again the U. S. senate has a complete membership, for the first time for over two years. First it was Colorado that had to lose her representation in the senate because of the inability of her legislature to agree on a man. Then there were several States where the elections were held up a long time. Illinois has been without even one senator, but the deadlock in the legislature which began Jan. 1 has now been ended. Col. James H. Lewis, Dem., was elected for a full term, and Judge Lawrence Y. Sherman, Rep., for the rest of the term of Lorimer, who was expelled from the senate on fraud charges.

Lewis was the choice of the Democrats at the primaries and Sherman the choice of the Republicans. However, there were a number of Progressives in the legislature and they thought that by skillfully wielding their balance of power they could knock down one of the senatorial plums for themselves. The plan failed to work, as the hole wasn't long enough. The Democrats and Republicans finally got together rather than let any of the spoils go to the "Bull-moose"; they secured both plums and then divided them as indicated. The Progressives are very bitter in their denunciation of this "bi-partisan deal" which froze them out, when in the presidential election they had the second-largest vote in the State.

Col. Lewis is quite a famous character. He was formerly in congress from the State of Washington, and it is a rather

singular thing that such a great State as Illinois should have to elect an adopted son to the senate, when there are so many statesmen of home production running wild. His natty habit of dress and his "pink" whiskers made him a conspicuous personage while in congress.

This gives the Democrats 51 votes in the senate, against 45 for the Republicans, including the progressive Republicans, who are still officially registered as Republicans. The Democrats thus have two more than a quorum, and a clear majority of six without calling on their old allies the progressive Republicans, and if they do not carry out their legislative program it will be no one's fault but their own. Secretary of State Bryan at a banquet at Trenton, N. J., declared that "the senate that is about to assemble is the highest in standard in a generation" and that the organization of that body by the progressive Democrats "will destroy the rule of the few and make the senate the greatest legislative body in the world."

He said that congress and the State legislatures must now faithfully carry out the promises made to the people in the campaigns. "Any man who is so conscientious that he cannot support measures to which his party is pledged and upon which he has been elected to office ought to be conscientious enough to resign and make way for some one who will truly represent the people's will," he said.

The Progress of the Parcel Post.

The Chicago postoffice reports a heavy increase in the parcel post patronage for March as compared with February. We may confidently expect similar gains in other cities, large and small. The parcel post has truly filled a long-felt want, and one wonders why the American people waited for it so long and so patiently, and why silly talk about paternalism and what not was permitted to obstruct the adoption of so simple a reform and so great a convenience.

What the parcel post now needs, according to the official and other competent observers of its operations, is greater simplicity—simplicity in classification, simplicity in rules, simplicity in stamp requirements. The Postmaster General has already rescinded a rule which provided for the collecting of double postage where ordinary stamps were used. He regarded that penalty as excessive, which it certainly was.

We cannot do too much to peopleize the parcel post. It will pay; the fear of a deficit on account of this new service has been dispelled. Include books as soon as possible; do away with special stamps and other burdensome regulations; provide more stations for the acceptance and dispatch of packages. The parcel post means more trade, more intercourse between city and country, more profit to struggling local merchants. It is a service which the average man or woman appreciates greatly, and it gives one a realizing sense that "the government" is something more than a tax collector and policeman.—Record-Herald.



Morgan's Death.

Of J. Pierpont Morgan the man, the old adage holds: "Of the dead say nothing but good." And that there was much of good in Mr. Morgan's life, those who knew him and mourn him can doubtless testify. Only as a leader in affairs may he and such as he be judged rigidly; and it were best that this be left to a later time, when judgment is no longer confused on the one hand by personal affection or admiration, or on the other by sympathy with what he stood for or antipathy to it. Attempts to ennoble his memory as that of a financial patriot are like denunciations; neither can serve any useful purpose before the grass has grown upon his grave. Until then he is simply a fellow man who has died, one toward whom as toward all there can be no sentiment but charity in any human

breast. That Morgan was a conqueror in economic war, somewhat as Cæsar and Napoleon were in military war, is the sole tribute that may now be wisely paid to his career. Whether his conquests were those of patriotism or of piracy is a question for the future; and even then as now his personal motives may rightly be given the benefit of every charitable doubt.



The New Administration.

The new administration is at work, and the Democratic party has come into power, the country having felt not the slightest sense of shock in the transition. There has been little harshness in the tone of recent political discussion. While the succession to Presidential authority has meant civil war and inestimable disasters in the neighboring republic of Mexico, we have transferred power from a Republican to a Democratic administration with partisanship laid aside and good will expressed on all sides. President Taft, who departed on the afternoon of Inauguration Day for Augusta, Ga., had done everything in his power to make the incoming of the new President convenient and comfortable. The new cabinet members were aided by their predecessors or by other high department officials in taking up the current business pertaining to their respective portfolios. Until the morning of March 4 there had been only conjecture about the new cabinet appointments. President Wilson had kept his counsel well, in order that he might not be embarrassed in case of changes at the last. He was wise enough to conceive of his cabinet as a whole, having in mind its relation to the country and to Congress, as well as the fitness of its individual members for their several departments. We have elsewhere in this number discussed at length this new cabinet, and President Wilson's views of the nature and functions of the administrative group in our scheme of national government.—Review of Reviews.



A New Treasurer of U. S.

April 1 John Burke, former governor of North Dakota, became treasurer of the United States. This office is entirely distinct from the secretary of the treasury. The latter has charge of the whole treasury department while the treasurer is strictly the financial officer, whose duty it is to hold the purse-strings and be responsible for all funds.

EDITORIALS

World's Postal Business.

According to French statistics recently compiled there are at present some 271,000 postoffices in the world, spread over ninety-seven states and covering an area of over 30,000,000 square miles. The United States has the greatest number, 63,663; Germany comes second with 49,838 offices, and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland third with 23,738 offices. Russia has 18,000, France 13,000 and Italy and Austria have each about 9,500 offices. It seems that the average daily postal business of the world amounts to some 110,000,000 mail pieces of all sorts, representing on the estimated value of the contents of registered letters a sum of \$68,600,000. The number of the world's postal officials is given in French statistics as 1,394,247, to which Germany furnishes the greatest number, 314,251. There are said to be 767,898 mail boxes in the world.

"A Dashing Fellow."

That is the way we sometimes hear a young man described, and we know what it means; namely, that the person referred to has a quick mind, a limber tongue, and an active body, and shows them all.

Some dashing fellows are so spoken of in tones of admiration by those who like to see speed and sparkle. Often they are so described in tones of envy by those who lack those showy qualities.

Well, it is good to have such gifts; to see the point at once, to be nimble of speech, to be ready for any occasion. But it has been noticed that those dashing fellows cannot always be depended on. They dash in and dash out, dash on and dash off. They need a good big balance-wheel to moderate their motions.

Steady is a much better word than dashing. It may not picture so brilliant a person, but it describes a safer one, and one who is surer to get there. It is the old fable of the race of the hare and the tortoise, which the tortoise won because he knew how to trudge.

Before Weather Man's Day.

The weather vagaries of the summerless year 1816 have been found in the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1840.

"January was so mild that most persons

allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. February was not cold. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. April came in warm, but as the days grew longer the air became colder and by the 1st of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed and the cornfields were planted again and again until it became too late to raise a crop. June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a 7-inch fall in the interior of New York State and the same in Massachusetts. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts, laden with snow and ice. On the Fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of Pennsylvania. To the surprise of everybody August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost." From an old-fashioned summer of this kind most of us pray to be delivered.

Mexican Ducks Are Stupid.

Oil producers and refiners in the Tampico fields will lose more than \$500,000 because millions of wild ducks have migrated to Mexico since the advent of cold weather, and thousands of them have alighted in the great lakes of oil and perished there. These unnumbered flocks of dead water fowl have ruined the crude oil, which, because of the decomposed animal matter, cannot be refined. Many of the Mexican peons employed about the great dams of oil take the birds which have just died, from the shore line, carry them into the fields at a safe distance, touch a match to the oil-soaked feathers and roast the fowls. This form of barbecued duck is said to be delicious, but none of the American sportsmen of Tampico have tried the game.

About three years ago, when the great oil gushers spouted oil so fast that the owners of the wells had to build dikes to confine it, great lakes were formed. Many of these lakes remain untouched. The ducks have mistaken the vast oil lakes for water, and have alighted in them. The crude, gummy oil glued the feathers of the birds so they were unable to rise again, and in a short time they died. It

has been found impossible to get the dead ducks from the lakes except near the edges, and the decaying ducks have rendered the oil unfit for refining and marketing, according to the owners.



South Pole Is Overweight.

Prior to the Peary and Amundsen dashes to either pole, enough was known to establish the probability that the northern point of the earth's axis was in the midst of a great body of land.

These probabilities have now been made certainties, but the more remarkable is that which not only reveals land extending over and around the south pole, but land rising in great masses to heights of 10,000 and even 15,000 feet above the sea.

The earth's polar diameter is twenty-six

and one-half miles shorter than its equatorial diameter, and the depression should theoretically be as great at the one as at the other pole. It has been held that even a globe of solid matter revolving rapidly on its axis would take an oblate form through the piling up of matter toward the equator, and much more should this be the case with a molten sphere. This, then, explains this appearance of a great land continent and mountains 15,000 feet high massed around the south pole, while water of unknown depth covers the north.

The practical value of Amundsen's discoveries may be doubted, but here is a speculative value of some human interest. The theory that the earth's axis is not stable but has shifted radically in the course of ages seems to have found further confirmation.

THE DIGNITY OF TOIL

Don Scott

THE young man who works should remember that there have been many changes in public sentiment.

The merchant of ancient times had little standing compared with soldier or aristocrat,—today he stands in the same line as the so-called professional man. The modern spirit tends to give honor to those who deal in things as well as ideas. Likewise, another readjustment now being made is setting right the man who labors with his hands, and is commencing to give him and his work full justice and honor. The gulf is being closed between the physical laborer and the man whose work does not soil his hands.

The idea of any degradation attaching to labor, so far as it exists at all, comes from ancient times when freemen and serfs composed the world's two-great classes. Such a mistaken conception was nourished in the dark and middle ages when the warrior noble was supreme, the feudal order existed, and serfs (half slaves) were the laborers. The Romans said: "Those only are noble whose ancestors have never labored." A few relics of such ancient prejudices yet remain, but fortunately they are fast disappearing.

Today in the United States we have nineteen million (19,000,000) hand workers, and they are not serfs or slaves. They are free-

men, living in an enlightened age, and their work is the great, necessary, useful toil by which the existence of society is made possible.

Many there are who, while not believing in the flattering of any one class,—if we have classes in America,—and not believing that either labor or capital deserves all the honors and rewards, yet are rejoicing in the formation of right and just public opinion, as to the dignity and honorableness of manual toil; giving credit to those who build our houses, hew forests, plant and gather the country's crops, tunnel mountains, build ships, weave, carve, forge, manufacture, chisel and invent,—the men who make the fecund and procreative earth habitable and usable.

We have opened our eyes,—and we see that labor does not degrade; and that many of our country's finest men, physically, mentally, and morally are among the toilers.

Our "prophets" and great men of today are calling upon us to come closer to hand toil in our lives. Tolstoi saw a better day for the world when all men shall give at least a portion of their time to cultivating the soil or working at the trades. The new gospel of work is that body and spirit are improved in producing by the hands some share of the world's goods.

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The working man's mind is commonly a clear and strong one; his brain is frequently the best cultivated in the world in those important respects of technical knowledge of his own business, and in grasp and vigor. In memory, the average student will find it hard to compete with many working men, whose minds readily hold dates, figures, and whole pages of printed matter with verbal correctness. Our workers read, know current events, the world movements, and what is being done in invention and discovery.

The hand toiler has the dignity of usefulness. Labor has conquered a great part of the world for man's use, daily improves it, and moves it forward. If you place a half-dozen so-called educated men and a half-dozen so-called uneducated men in a critical position, it will be found that very often the uneducated men will be quickest to see what to do and most able to do it. Every day's work trains the worker's eye and muscle and brain. He is a drilled man, a quick man and strong,—perhaps he cannot name the planets, yet he is a trained man in a very high sense.

Toilers are constantly signalized among men by the large number of sons of shoemakers, blacksmiths, miners, etc., who come forth from their homes to be leaders in finance, education, letters, art. What an illustration of the splendid forces that must be in the working men. What a natural demonstration of the value of their way of living, when they become the sires of such progeny! Who, I ask, would not prefer to be the strong descendant of sound working men than the weakling offspring of exhausted so-called nobles?

Many men go back with pleasure to the habits of their sires. Many a worn-out professional man has found, after voyaging to Europe, visiting summer resorts, and the like, that working in vacation on his fa-

ther's farm restores the tone of his muscles and nerves better than anything else.

Who can doubt but that Grant's Spartan endurance and iron physique,—he could outstride any of his men and stand more exposure,—was largely due to his years of woodchopping along the Missouri?

Thousands of the intellectual and educated men have far more respect for the sturdy, manly, working man than for those pretentious but unreal people who belong to classes that toil not with their hands.

Thousands of boys and girls, young men and young women, older men and women, are searching today over this big world for some means by which they can keep their hands from being soiled! O how pitifully unfortunate to be the victims of such a mistaken idea! Unless they are specially fitted for the intellectual, they are a thousand times better off in the ranks of manual labor.

No failure is so keen and cutting as the professional failure. No situation more hopelessly pitiful than a lawyer without clients, a doctor without patients, a writer without readers.—a man seeking to live by a commonplace brain. No defeat is more bitter than that. The man who can do his work well at the forge, in the woods, by the machine, belongs to a higher class than the man who has a profession and cannot fill its demands.

Let us give honor to toil. Toil associated with manhood, intelligence, character, honor, virtue. Honor to the nobility of hand toil! Says John Ruskin, "Give the plow exercise as carefully as the sword exercise; give to the toilers, the officers of the troops of life, all honor!"

"Some day we shall pay our people not quite so much for talking in parliament and doing nothing, as for holding their tongues and doing something. We shall pay our plowman a little more, and our lawyer a little less."

ESPIRITU SANTO SPRINGS

Miss Emma Smallwood

ESPIRITU SANTO SPRINGS are beautifully situated on Old Tampa Bay, near Tampa, Florida. There are five springs with a radius of less than a quarter of an acre. They rise near a very high bluff and their beautiful sparkling waters mingle with those of the

bay as they make their way out to the Gulf of Mexico. The water evidently comes from a great distance, as it is never diminished by drought or increased by heavy rainfall. The water is cool, and to some it tastes very palatable.

Some capitalists have built suitable ac-

commodations for bathing, and now it is quite a health resort.

As yet there is no railroad going direct to the springs, but they can be reached by boat from Tampa in about two hours and a half. The passage across the bay is generally very smooth and enjoyable. Autos run from the springs to different points on the railroad.

The bluff is twenty feet above tide water and is beautifully fringed with the natural growth, which consists of water oak, hickory, cedar, wild myrtle and cabbage palm. In places they are overrun by clinging vines which make a very picturesque ap-

pearance. The view of the bay is beautiful—a solid sheet of water several miles across.

The large historic mounds built by the "mound builders" of long ago, which were near the springs when they were discovered by Fernando de Soto in 1539, have been partially destroyed.

The little village near by is laid out with broad streets with the natural forest trees left standing where it was practicable, and now it is interspersed with small orange groves which add greatly to the picturesque appearance.

GOING HOME WITH THE CROWD

Janet Thomas Van Osdel

SOMETIMES there is safety in numbers, but it depends upon who makes up the numbers. I taught in a country school for a couple of years and I learned some things about the ways of those children when in a crowd which it may do good to relate. The school was in a community which ranked high as an intellectual center. It was not far from a thriving little manufacturing city and the influence of the progressiveness of the city was felt in this section of the country. I had not been in the school two weeks before I realized that its moral tone was scandalously low. This was a distinct shock to me, knowing, as I did, the reputation of the community. However, facts were facts, and the vile writings I found about the buildings, the sly looks passed between the boys as they interpreted with double meaning the words found in the lessons, could mean but one thing. The girls were not far behind the boys. I was only eighteen myself, but I determined to fight for the purity of those young people. I kept the boys after school one evening to clean off every bit of evil writing in their section of the grounds, and on the next evening the girls were requested to clean their side of the grounds. Taken individually, I found the children pleasant and clean-talking. But in crowds they were filthy. I kept with them on the playgrounds and joined in their games. So long as they were under my eye they were good, but the moment they got alone things went differently. I saw that I could keep them decent while at school and I appealed

to the parents to help me by calling for their children at night. But I received no thanks for this effort save from one woman who questioned her little boy, one of the best of the lot, and he told her of some of the mischief they had been up to. This woman thanked me then and still thanks me for helping her to keep her boy clean. I tried the plan of giving the girls only thirty minutes morning and letting them go half an hour earlier than the boys. In a couple of days I learned that the girls went half a mile down the road and waited for the boys. Again I warned the mothers and again I received no thanks and no help. So I struggled on alone and did the best I could.

In the second school I taught conditions were not nearly so bad, though the community did not rank so high intellectually. But here, too, I found that in the crowd there was a tendency to tell smutty stories and say anything unfit for innocent tongues or innocent ears. Four or five of the best girls always separated from the crowd and walked home alone. I asked them to take some of the younger ones under their protection, which they gladly did.

Not many schools are so bad as the first example given, but there is a mixed class of pupils in every country school. They come from widely different homes and they are of all ages. I believe it is best for mothers to consider what conditions it is possible their children may meet, so that they may investigate and safeguard them as best they can.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE

George Frederick Hall

THERE is something about the very word "Conscience" that is penetrating and impressive. It is a personal appeal. It reminds one that within himself there is a Court of Light. The word seems to sound as a clarion bell that rings out to all men the message that God is to speak!

That man might further see that he is the highest of all earthly orders, supreme above all else,—the Creator gave to him that which no bird or beast or plant possesses: the knowledge of good and evil; the power to judge between right and wrong.

Conscience must not be confused with any doctrine or theory. It is an ever-present, living fact and factor. Every day of our lives we see in ourselves and in others the need of nobler, better and more active conscience. Pick up your newspaper,—the very best one in the land is a living commentary on the want of conscience. All wrongs between men,—all departures from justice and right,—all slander, vice, falsehood—are commentaries on want of conscience. Everywhere is the presence or absence of good conscience in evidence.

Conscience. What is it? Some one has defined it as the "voice of God in the souls of men,"—the faculty that distinguishes for us between wrong and right, and commands us to do the right. Every man, every woman, every boy and girl are made to know, in the respective parts they shall play in life, what is right and what is wrong. We know that we should follow the one and avoid the other.

But between the trained and the untrained conscience there is a vast difference. It is easy to distinguish black from white,—but the finer shadings require a trained eye. So those who live an upright life and keep in touch with noble things, will have a more active, keen and intelligent conscience than one who does none of these things. A good tree is one that bears good fruit,—a good compass is one whose needle points to the north and never varies,—a good conscience is one that discriminates accurately and quickly between right and wrong, and successfully urges on to the right.

We hear many people say: "I follow my conscience, and that is enough." That depends on their moral condition. There is scarcely anything in the whole category of the things men do, that they cannot argue plausibly for if they so choose. Some consciences are very elastic,—thieves, cheats, drunkards, gamblers, wrong-doers in general have their excuses to offer to themselves. They say their necessities warrant the deed; that their appetite is strong,—or that others do the same things. That is what the Scriptures call a defiled conscience. Shakespeare gives us a thief's justification of robbery, saying: "The sun robs the sea of its water; the moon steals its light from the sun; the earth is a thief,—why, then, should not robbers steal?" And so sins are justified on the ground that the world owes one a living!

The tendency of all wrong is to defile, deaden and obscure the conscience. It becomes so used to foulness that it is no longer offended by it,—deaden, it no longer feels or reproaches. If a man sins willfully and habitually, his conscience must after awhile adapt itself to his habits. What we see clearly to be wrong today, we may see but very dimly after repeated offences. Jesus said: "If the light that is in thee be darkness, then how great is that darkness!" Life is the compass; conscience is the needle,—and it may grow so deranged and broken as to become useless to the mariner.

A bad conscience, outraged by sins, produces fear; fear of results,—of punishment,—of discovery. It leads to suspicions,—it sees in every one a foe; it breaks the rest of the guilty with dreams of terrible consequences. That same thing caused Judas to throw down the silver with which he sold his Christ,—and to go and hang himself. It was that same thing that caused Cain to go forth a wanderer and an outcast,—and caused him to cry from his heart in agony: "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" O what greater punishment comes to man than that self-punishment of conscience!

Perhaps you have been sorely tempted to cast your conscience into the background and follow your immediate desires. Extremities, hunger, dire poverty, the pres-

ervation of a family, the saving of a business—may place you in the stress of a terrible temptation. It may seem to you then that under such pressure a wrong done to preserve life or tide over the present, may in the future be remedied and forgotten. But do not deceive yourself. No good can come of misdeeds; we would far better bear the present distress in silence with clenched teeth than to plunge into wrong. Let nothing allure you to lose your good conscience! It is one of the most valuable assets you have!

At one time, under stress of great need, I was tempted to use some money from the funds of a committee of which I was treasurer. I knew I could replace it inside of a week, and no one would know. For two

days I battled,—a harder battle I never fought. I won. Further, it developed that had I taken the amount I needed, I could not have replaced it without discovery, for the institution in charge of the money assumed control a day after I had won,—won the battle against temptation!

Do not be satisfied with a dark, dull, torpid moral sense. Strive to have a conscience enlightened, prompt, active,—true! Then follow it; do not dally with temptation,—or falter while “friends” try to beguile you with evil suggestions. You have got to live within yourself,—your soul is your own,—do not outrage it or wrong it.

If you wish to be good company for yourself, keep a clear, clean conscience, and—be happy!

THE COUNTRY I LEFT BEHIND

W. J. Werkman

HOLLAND, my native country, with its peculiar national manners and customs, its glorious past, its natural beauty is altogether too little known by the inhabitants of America. This superficial knowledge often explains the way in which they often misrepresent that country, though small in area, yet great in significance. Holland is and always has been great in all things in which a small country can be great.

Every work on general history contains its grand historic past. The Hollanders look with reasonable pride back into the centuries when their forefathers had the courage to offer resistance against the triumphant Romans; when one of their famous “stadhouder” conquered the Eastern Damiate, when another one was chosen King of the Romans; into the time when they fought and won their eight years’ battle of independence against almighty Spain, an epoch which raised the admiration of the contemporaneous and later generations; when their prince, Frederic Henry, caused his time to be called “the golden age;” when their admirals ruled the oceans; when the Dutch East India Company laid the foundation for their colossal colonial dominions in the far East, and the political equilibrium of Europe depended on the good-will of their great prince, William III., who became the king of England.

The history of that very small country,

so-called Holland, was in those days of prosperity and fame a part of the world’s history. It is indeed no wonder that my countrymen are proud of those figures in the past, who took the noble work of civilization in their hands, who opened the ways on the fields of art and science and universal development.

How large is the number of the world-famous scholars and artists, that Holland has produced, men, whose fame is even today increasing, in the estimate of the educated men and women, the whole world over?

Even less familiar than with the history, is the American with the ways of living of the Dutch people, the characteristics of which have little changed, throughout the past centuries up to the present time, the legends, the literature, the manners and customs, all those things, which make up the national life of a nation, which separates them from all other nations, which keeps the flame of independence burning in their hearts.

Weapons of war alone cannot assure that independence; there must be patriotism, that love which a nation with a splendid past cultivates and develops for the national soil and institutions; there is the esteem it has the right and the power to demand from the outside world.

Only after having realized the excellence of Holland’s natural beauty we will be able to fully appreciate it. Although its prin-

cipal cities are worth while to be visited for their beautiful views, monumental buildings, historical monuments, I used to rove through the smaller towns with their typical aspect, their old-fashioned houses which carry our thoughts back into the gray past, which reminds us of the days of glory and struggle; that multitude of historical treasures, scattered over the whole country, those dear, never-to-be-forgotten spots, famous through their legends, antiquities and heroic forefathers. Although those low countries are often covered with a dense fog, the unsteady climate caused my heart to ache for the milder south. Nature has by no means forgotten to bestow upon Holland some of its rarest gifts. The beauties of its lakes, prairies, forests and coasts are unsurpassed anywhere. Indeed, Holland possesses a superfluity of impressive natural scenes, picturesque landscapes, historical souvenirs and national legends.

Climatologically and geographically, Holland has a situation which is very favorable towards agriculture and international commerce. The country has been subjected to innumerable geological changes brought about by floods and inundations, the perpetually active waves of the seas and the slow but sure action of the winning water which widened the river beds and formed banks which ultimately altered the aspect of the Netherlands remarkably. Through the great flood in the thirteenth century a little Lake Pleva was transformed into a veritable inland sea, the "Luiderzee," which is now the object of much controversy among the engineering talents in their efforts to recreate its fertile bottom into dry land to give back to the nation what was taken away centuries ago by the treacherous waves. At the time of the terrible St. Elizabeth flood of 1421, the gigantic dike of the Maas River gave way, two densely populated and fertile provinces became a prey of the water. Although large areas of land have been lost in this way, we must not forget to note that through diking, embanking and drainage over half a million acres of rich soil have been gained back.

Holland covers a surface of about 600 square geographical miles with almost six million inhabitants. The soil consists partly of alluvium which is very fertile, with the exception of the sand dunes which extend all along the coast, partly of alluvium.

But for its world-famous artificial system of waterworks the larger part of Hol-

land would be covered with water during every flood, as it is situated from one to twenty feet below the level of the sea. The conveyance of the running water in this water land demands constant care and extensive knowledge and experience has made the Dutch engineers of the water department a body of practical scientific men who are honored both at home and abroad.

Self-knowledge is an enviable gift and is seldom met with, especially if it concerns a nation of a somewhat heterogenous character. History teaches us that Holland has produced its great statesmen, patriots, theologians, artists, scholars, colonists, warriors, naval heroes and martyrs. The names of William the Silent, Barneveldt, Arminius, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Steen, Hobbema, Grotius, Erasmus, and many others give the proofs of the perseverance, the courage, the devotion of the Dutch in the great movements which originated upon their own soil.

The rural life of the farmer is very much the same in all provinces, notwithstanding a large difference in dress and dialect. Agriculture is exercised in a very old-fashioned way. The old manners and customs and the love for their native soil cause the farmers to stick to a way of living that has long ago been abandoned by the rural people of other countries.

Though there may be differences between classes, provinces or towns, there is a characteristic which is peculiarly common to all Hollanders in every avenue of life, just like the mist which hangs over the meadows and streets of Holland at the close of a warm day. It is their prudence, their slowness of thought, speech and action which have grown to be proverbial. Many theories have been offered for the origin of the "flegma." None of them, however, seems very satisfactory to me.

Water and soap play an important part in the daily life of the Hollanders. Every particle, in and outside of the home, has to be washed and scrubbed and polished at least a few times a year. Even the bark of the trees standing in front of the house is never forgotten. The streets and sidewalks do not escape that cleaning process by the hands of the female even when the rain is pouring down. Many a time have I seen the servants doing that work holding an umbrella above their heads. This extraordinary cleanliness together with the multitude of other household duties keeps the women busy, usually from early morning until late in the evening. This explains to some degree why the Dutch woman is

no "modern" woman. She has no time nor opportunity to busy herself with the political, social or religious questions of the day.

Even the poorest quarters of the great cities, the remotest corners of the country are examples of that cleanliness of the Hollanders which is known all over the world. Water is applied to all things excepting to their own bodies. Especially among the laboring classes is bathing unknown. I cannot conclude this article without making mention of the typical people that spend all the days of their life

upon the inland waterways, those eighty thousand men who have no other dwelling than their boats in which they rove the whole year over the waters of the low countries.

Formerly dogs were used to pull their water houses, but since their morals have changed, and they called that heavy task a mistreatment toward animals, the work is done by women and children. I am glad to say, however, that this custom is on a rapid decrease since motor power has been developed and has also been applied to this phase of Dutch life.

SCHOOLGIRLS' SLANG

James A. Patterson

DURING the last six months I have lived with a relative in the suburbs of Denver. This arrangement involved a 30-minute ride on the trolley cars twice a day. Scenery along the route became uninteresting and tedious; reading much on the cars I believed to be injurious to the eyes, so I allowed my thoughts to center on the conversation usually going on around me—in short, became a self-appointed critic of English as spoken on the street cars.

I was due at the office at 9 A. M., therefore, often had as fellow-passengers, a bevy of young ladies who were attending the Denver High School. Their conversation, while animated and voluminous, could scarcely be classified as "Addisonian" English. In the evening I was generally surrounded by a group of business men, many of whom rehearsed the incidents that occurred in their daily routine; commenting on orders which they landed or failed to secure; prospective deals in which they were concerned. Occasionally the seat behind or in front of me was occupied by a tired saleswoman and her companion from the department store.

A "horrible" example is often the most effective way to enforce a given rule, maxim, or truth. I resolved to take notice of all remarks that carried a hint of slang, with a view to avoiding them myself in the future.

Many of the slang phrases current among business men may be excused on the score of being terse, concise, and expressive; but from students in a high school one would naturally expect to hear language that sug-

gested chaste, refined English. Balanced against each other, the business men suffered little by comparison with the young women; though their errors were of a different kind.

A number of the phrases I jotted down as they fell on my ears, and herewith append a list compiled in the order in which they came. Some of them have become entrenched in the current daily intercourse to the exclusion of their more mild, passive but grammatical equivalents.

"Mama handed the grocer a hot spiel over the 'phone last night for not delivering the orders in time for dinner. Told him if he wanted our trade, he would have to be Johnny on the spot hereafter."

"Glen Hopkins asked permission to call on me some evening next week," exclaimed Myrtle one morning after the girls met in the car. "Nothing doing, time all booked for two months ahead; he is one of the great unwashed, never wears anything but hand-me-downs, so I had to pass him up."

"Papa gave me five dollars to buy a pair of shoes last week; I got a pair at Limon's bargain sale for three dollars, the other two dollars is velvet," said Lulu Parson.

"John Alkins has asked me to flutter by his side when the orchestra cracks the atmosphere at the Foresters' round-up next Monday night," whispered Sadie Trenlow to her seat-mate, Emma Cooper, as they adjusted their books on the window ledge, directly in front of me. "Well, I'm going with Joe Melton; he's some pumpkins when doing the two-step and generally in the storm center of any fancy stunts that

happen to be on the program," responded Emma.

"Say, Gertrude, how do you like that fried egg that Miss Henley calls a hat? Wouldn't that drive a man to drink?" ejaculated Esther Dixon to her companion.

"Did you notice Henry Valmon in church last Sunday? Those new clothes of his were a dream. As he passed me in the aisle I caught a whiff of 'Jockey Club' that temporarily stopped my breath. He's all to the merry—real velveteen, when splashing along the high places in his glad rags; but he's rather picayunish at a party or a dance; there is much of a muchness about his talk that wearies me in the first round," gurgled Helen Maxwell.

"Say, Lucille, are you going to the Woodman's shindig on Friday evening? Charley Sanborn has asked me to accompany him through the dizzy spasms of the 'Virginia Reel' and 'Old Dan Tucker,'" chimed in Alice Stanhope. "Yes, I'm going with Fred Dalrymple, he's all wool and a yard wide when piloting a maiden through the intricate evolutions of a quadrille," replied Lucille.

"Charley Mason has promised to be my chauffeur, he's a pippin in charging upon the opposing forces gathered on the ramparts around the refreshment stand," chattered Irene Holland.

"Wilson didn't do a thing to Teddy, just trimmed him to a frazzle," chortled Mable as they gathered in the car one morning.

"George Minter called on me last night; he's too bold to expect a niche in the hall of fame erected around my heart. I had to put the kibosh on him when he tried to kiss me at the door. I'm in line to consider candidates for a steady, but the one who can show the mazuma is the one most

likely to get the privilege of holding hands with me in the gloaming," broke in Hilda Mervin.

"I don't want no more of that candy, Nellie," said Sophia Turner, as she waved away the proffered package.

"Vernon Christie, the snippy kid, has been making goo-goo eyes at me lately; if he asks me to go to the Odd Fellows' entertainment, I'm his tamale. His father has a large wad and I'm willing to help him to spend some of it," confided Marguerite Lawson.

"Wouldn't that dress of Mildred's wreck your ideal of beauty and symmetry!" said Elinor to her classmate. "That color scheme sure does put a dent in my castle of harmonic vibrations."

"Those Lowney chocolates are just elegant; they are the Pike's Peak of perfection that restores the normal, brings me back to 'Nirvana' after my nerves have taken an aerial voyage. I'm going to give Bert Collins a hint that I just love them, and I know there'll be another box coming my way within three days," gasped Elsie as she reached for another one.

"Florence Langston told Mrs. Edmonds that she expected they would ask her to sing at the M. E. entertainment, what do you know about that? Wouldn't that start you on a chase for the 'International' to look up the word presumptuous!" criticised Julia Mellins.

Grand, awful, lovely, delicious, splendid, charming, real cute, were among the words used so frequently out of place, or where another word would better express the intended meaning that I despaired of trying to record all specific instances of misuse.—American Journal of Education.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA

John H. Nowlan

WAS America peopled from the East? Such has for a long time been the belief of many investigators, but in the light of recent investigations may we not with equal propriety claim the location of the Garden of Eden to have been in the Western Hemisphere? Surely there is nothing inconsistent in this claim. To be sure mention is made in Holy Writ of rivers and the like, but how

are we to know that the names used then are applied to the proper ones now?

Plato and other writers of antiquity make mention of the island of Atlantis which they claimed was sunk beneath the ocean. Many claim this to be only a myth, but how do we know that to be true? Perhaps the generations to come will place in the mythical category some things which we today know to be true. Because it is contrary to our

accepted standard of facts is no proof that it is untrue. Had the old Egyptian king who sent the Phœnician sailors to find a passage around Africa believed them, possibly America today would be inhabited only by the aboriginal people. They reported having found a passage, but also stated that they had gone so far south that the sun was north of them. This latter statement was so at variance with the accepted geographical ideas of the day, that all their statements were classed as fabrications.

That the island mentioned by Plato some 2,000 years ago had an existence is within range of possibility. Advocates of this theory point out that the West Indies and other islands around the American coast may have been the tops of a mountain range extending across the Atlantic, while the eastern extremity is represented by Madeira, Tenerife and Canary Islands.

Ruins in Central America have been found, the workmanship of which bear a striking resemblance to those of Egypt.

Recently in Peru explorers have been searching the ruins of that country, resulting in finding much resembling those of Egypt, while it has long been known that the method of embalming in the two countries was the same.

The origin of Peruvian civilization is unknown. That country is now passing through at least the third historical period. This one began with the Spanish conquest. The second began with the establishment of the Incarial period, to which we can not assign any date other than to say that it existed for centuries. Before this was the pre-Incarial period, of an indefinite length. Whence they came or from what branch of the human family is unknown. That they were a nation or nations, having a different religion, language, and civilization to that of their conquerors is evident.

Their architecture, sculptures, carvings, etc., which they have left best attest their culture. On the shores of Lake Titicaca are to be found the remains of an ancient city now known by the name of Tia-Huanacu. Here are to be found monolithic doorways ten feet high and thirteen feet long. Immense pillars twenty-one feet high stand in perfect lines, with the spaces the same. Here too are to be seen masses of hewn stone thirty feet long and eighteen feet broad. The Incas were astonished at the immensity of these buildings and admitted that they took them as models. In 1846 several idols of gigantic proportions were unearthed on the banks of the lake. They were totally

unlike any that were known to belong to the Incarial period.

Here at this giddy height, 12,930 feet above sea level, they had built one of the greatest cities of the American continent. Now it is almost a frozen desert, and the rarity of the atmosphere makes even existence with little exertion painful. Yet the indications are that this was once the seat of a mighty nation.

If the existence of Atlantis be admitted it offers a solution of the origin of the early conquerors of Egypt, who were of a foreign people. This will also account for the Basques of Spain, the long-barrow people of Ireland, and other pre-Aryan races, which scientists agree were of African origin yet Caucasian.

Common civilization points to a common ancestry, just as surely as it does to a common language. Surely the sacrificial altars of Peru, the carvings of Central America, the mounds of United States, the pyramids and carvings in Mexico which reach the highest development in Yucatan, all bear a striking resemblance to the ruins, carvings and pyramids of Egypt.

Further, the traditions of the western nations are that their instructors in the arts of civilization came from toward the Atlantic, while the shepherd kings of Egypt were from the western deserts, which lends color to this theory.

Perhaps some genius of the future will be able to dredge from the unfathomed slime of the ocean the lost Atlantis, prove what manner of people they were, and settle the question of the cradle of the human race. Farther and farther back into the misty past we are tracing the history of man. We are lifting the veil of mystery that enshrouds his early struggles for advancement, but at no place have we found the trace of the transitional stage so much sought by some at which we can say, "Here is the link which will connect man of the stone age with his tree-climbing ancestors." But even admitting the possibility of finding such a link that would by no means invalidate the earthly origin of man, neither will it change by a hair's breadth the course of his future destiny.



Indignant Wife—"I wonder what you would have done if you had lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows."

Indolent Husband—"I should have started a little notion store and sold handkerchiefs."—Chicago Tribune.

LOVE VERSUS THE DOCTOR

By "Gerald"

THE pussy willow buds were out, the jaybirds were scolding each other in the thicket, and no one could doubt that spring had come. Sitting in an invalid's chair, swathed in heavy wraps, with a fur cap pulled tightly over his head, Robert Merrill was on the front porch in the April sunshine, trying to get well. On this particular morning he was taking an inventory of himself, and turning over in his mind the question that to him was most important: how soon he might expect to be at work again. He looked at his thin limbs and skinny fingers, and shook his head dubiously. He called to mind his former strength, and how he used to buck the center in the football games, when his six foot two, and his wonderful skill used to tell for the glory of his Alma Mater. But this was all changed now, for during the long winter that had just passed he had been struggling for his life. Late the previous autumn he saw the little son of a poor family fall into the deep water near Stanford's Mill. He plunged in immediately and saved him, but not until he was nearly drowned. Considerable time was spent in resuscitating the boy, and Robert's wet clothing was frozen, and himself thoroughly chilled. As a result he contracted a severe case of pneumonia. For a time his life hung in the balance, but he had gradually improved until he was strong enough to sit in the sunshine as aforesaid.

"I'm not gaining much strength," he mused, "and this cough is ugly. I don't like the looks of things. I'm going to call the old doctor in and know the truth. Maybe he will pass death sentence upon me, but I'm going to know the worst."

"Mother," he called, and as she appeared, he said:

"Please phone for Doctor Elliott, I want to see him."

"Why, Rob! Are you worse?" she asked anxiously.

"No, mother, no worse, but I want to see him."

While he waited for the doctor to come his thoughts were of Jessie Stoddard, the

girl to whom he was engaged. A few days before the accident to the drowning boy, Jessie and he had plighted their troth, and ever since, his greatest ambition had been to establish a home with her as the chief attraction. During his sickness she had ministered to him daily, until about two weeks before when the doctor had forbidden her to be in the sick room any more. Robert wondered at the prohibition, but got no information.

When Dr. Elliott came he greeted Robert cheerfully, and conversed upon current topics until Robert said to him; "Say Doc, I want you to make a thorough examination of me, especially my lungs, and see how things are."

The doctor did as requested, but seemed reluctant to express an opinion. Robert urged him to frankly tell him all.

"Well Bobby my boy, you are very ill. If you think you can stand the trip you had better go to the mountains at once. Can you do it Bob?"

"I think I can stand the trip all right Doc. But how soon should I go?"

"Don't lose a day Bob, not a day."

His mother was called and preparations were begun at once for his departure on the following day.

"Please phone for Jessie to come over, mother. I must have a long visit with her before I go."

The doctor looked up in a startled way, and said,

"Don't have Jessie come here Bob, please don't."

"Why not? I can't go without seeing seeing her."

"It is this way, my boy: tuberculosis is easily communicated from one person to another. Jessie is now well and strong, and I am sure you don't want to run any risk of her becoming an invalid as you are. Another thing Bob, you must never marry. I know it is hard, but for her sake you must deny yourself your dearest ambition."

"This is hard, doctor, mighty hard. I might as well die as to give Jessie up. There wouldn't be much for me to live for. Say, doctor, fix me up the best you

can, and I'll go to the mountains and make a fight for life, and I believe I can win."

The preparations for his journey went rapidly on, Robert being only able to look on and direct. As the afternoon wore away he became very restless, and calling his mother said, "Mother, I just can't go without seeing Jessie. The dear girl must be told that I am going, and have a chance to bid me good-bye. Please call her, mother, for I can't go without her good-bye."

Mrs. Merrill seeing his eager face, and realizing his feelings, disregarded the doctor's instructions and called her.

When Jessie arrived she was startled to hear that his case was so serious, and shocked to see how much he had wasted since she had seen him. She had heard from him daily, and believed that he was getting better. Her courage did not fail her however, and she worked hard helping to get ready for his departure.

When they were alone, Robert drew her to him, and said,

"Jess, I'm mighty sorry for the plight I'm in. It looks as though it was about all up with me; but the worst of all is, the doctor says that I must give you up. I can stand almost anything but that. He says that I'm a menace to you because my disease is infectious. It breaks my heart to do it, but for your safety I will release you from the promise you made me last fall, when we took that walk down the river's side."

"Oh Bob! Don't say that! I don't want to be released. That promise was for life."

"But, Jess, the doctor says that I'm a physical wreck, and will be almost sure to communicate this awful disease to you if we wed. I'd rather die than do that."

"But Bob, I'm not afraid. You gave me your love when you were a big, strong athlete, and I'm not going to go back on you now just because you are sick. I'm not that kind of a girl."

Robert paused a moment and then asked, "Jessie, do you feel that I have a chance to get well?"

"Certainly I do, and what is more I feel that if you can only get to the mountains, and live in the open air, and obey the doctor's instructions, you will soon be your old self again."

"You have more confidence than the doctors have, for they give me but little encouragement. Your confidence and love inspire me with more hope than anything else. I tell you what I'll do. I'll go to

the mountains, and with the help of God I'll make the biggest fight of my life, and I believe I'll win."

On the following morning Robert was accompanied to the train by a party of his friends, who came to see him off. Dr. Elliott and Jessie were among the number. While all felt the gravity of the situation, they made merry, being anxious that Robert should start on his journey in a cheerful mood. As the train pulled out Robert stood waving a smiling good-bye to them all. He could see Jessie bravely returning his salute, until she thought that he could see her no more, and then suddenly turn and bury her face in her hands.

"Poor little girl," he thought, "I'll come back after you some day."

Days passed, and each one brought a postal card from Robert, telling of his journey. Then one came telling of his arrival, with the words, "So tired."

Then followed many anxious days, for although letters came that were written in a cheerful vein, none told of any improvement. After several weeks one came which said, "I am a little better." Those few words gave great joy to the folks at home, and when a few days later he wrote that he had gained four pounds, there was great rejoicing. In a letter to Jessie he said,

"I am in the open air constantly. At night I roll up in a blanket and sleep out under the stars, in God's great-out-of-doors. Today as I was sitting under my tent, in the heat of the day, I looked out across the mesa at the great snow-capped mountains in the distance, and I thought of the words, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help,' and somehow Jessie there came into my soul the assurance that I am going to get well. Another encouraging thing is, I have gained ten pounds."

Jessie was radiant with joy when she read the letter, and meeting Dr. Elliott on the street she told him the good news.

The doctor looked at her quite seriously, and asked her to step into his office a moment as he wished to speak with her. When she was seated he said, "Miss Jessie, I've thought for some time that I ought to have a talk with you. I have been deferring it because it is not always a pleasant task to tell people the things that they ought to know. I dislike very much to tell you that you must give Bob up, but you must. Now don't cry, little girl; be brave."

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Mary Marie McColough.

A HEALTHY BABY

MY name is Mary Marie McColough. I was born May 24, 1912. I am the second daughter of Derias and Lutisha McColough. I have always had good health. My mama has been sick since my birth. She is now in the hospital. I came to live with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Beckner on the 11th of January, 1913, till mama is able to care for me again.

I live on milk and eat a few other things. I like to sit in a jumper and play. I also like to ride out in my cab. I like to sing at church when everybody sings.

I am now ten months old and have four teeth and can say papa and mama. My picture was taken when I was five months old, and while I was with my mama, being fed on nature's food. I now weigh twenty-five pounds.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE SUPREME PREROGATIVE.

Richard Braunstein.

THERE are two words which antedate the ten. First in the mind of God, best for the needs of earth they are still the glory of man. The poet-historian of Genesis described their origin in Eden when the Creator said: "Be fruitful," and, "Be masters" (have dominion). Multitude and magnitude are in them; extension and intention theirs; and the two together form the primeval program of social and ethical progress.

The joy of multiplying innocent beings was dashed by disobedience; and the tang of sorrow, infused into the cup of bliss, so embittered the first part of our heritage that we have ever turned to the other as the splendid privilege of man. Moreover, in the realization of the second we shall have the recovery of the first. Mastery will sweeten reproduction.

The story of the garden is a bugle call to mastery. Kingship is the keynote of the Book and it is the supreme privilege of man to have dominion over all that is "of the earth—earthly." Man must prove himself a prince, though disguised and far away from home. It is easy to pierce the disguise and start upward to the Father's house.

"Be masters in your art," daily insisted a southern farmer to his boys and one became a tight-rope walker, another a ventriloquist while a third excelled as a professional ball-player. "Master your art," should be "Master your heart." Mastery should be first self-directed, intensive and then it may be objective and extensive.

"Take heed unto thyself," shouted the aged Paul, nearing the top of the altar stairs, to the young Timothy below. When David G. Farragut was sent for the first time into the rigging of the ship the vessel rolled and plunged and the boy's head swam dizzily. The little figure was seen to stagger in mid-air, when the captain shouted, "Look up, Davy, look up at the sun." The upward look restored his equilibrium and saved him.

Not long can man be self-poised if his eyes rest continually on the swirling vortex of commercialism. There must be an upward look or the dead-level of things will engulf us.

The rich young ruler was troubled with

the malady of misplaced emphasis. Longing for the noblest and best in life, he ran to Jesus with the burning question "What shall I do?" With him it was a problem of maneuvering instead of mastering, a question of manipulation instead of manhood. "So, what shall I do, Master?" cried the unsatisfied noble; but the Master laid his finger on the spot when he said: "It is not a question of **doing** but of **being**! If thou wilt be—and be perfect—an imperial master, then turn loose your nervous grip and take hold anew in **my** way."

It is the glory of him who sets mastery before us that he himself was the Model Master. No mere reformer he. Others might make men better, he would make them **perfect**. He did not come to reform the world but to redeem and regenerate it. No program of betterment would satisfy him, who with garments dyed in blood came out of the woods, "forsook but all content" to bring man to perfection. "When he went up on high" explains the apostle, "he led his captives into captivity and gave gifts to mankind." Among these gifts is a complete mastery of self, of sin, and of the world. "Take courage," cries the Master, "I have overcome the world and by this token you also shall overcome." Even to this day, to as many as receive him, to them he gives the supreme privilege of becoming the sons of God! This is life raised to its highest powers according to God's binomial theorem.

Such Alpine heights are not to be reached instantaneously or by a single bound. Enough if the flaccid youth today catch a gleam from the summit and resolve to climb. "Yonder," exclaimed Napoleon, to his engineer, and pointing to a lofty peak, "where the eagle screams today we must rest tomorrow!"

Again, it is not only a strenuous climb, but it is also a growth. Now, the process of growth is as beautiful as it is mysterious. Just before the battle of Gettysburg a noted Southern general was so enamored with the luxuriant fields of wheat that he declared: "If we should not lose a man, it would be an eternal sin to spoil those fields."

Burbank avers that there is no crop on earth that is not beautiful and inspiring in its growth. What then, of the growth of man? Who can picture the growth of

youth towards its ideals? What yearnings and burstings and buildings in the strain after perfection and self-mastery! Now youth, like plants, grows from within, outward. It must be first of all a mastery of internal forces.

Deep within the current of life there is an undercurrent of passion which must be mastered or it will conquer. Passion is necessary and essential, but woe to that man who falls a prey to its relentless and remorseless grip. Like mud and slime at the bottom of the placid lake, the least change of temperature or summer's shower, will precipitate an ugly uprising and a befouling of the sweet limpid waters. And life's barometer cannot maintain a fixed **status quo**. Some days are clear and pure, and the soul wings and sings. Some dark and stormy and the mists are heavy and the fog horn's dismal din sends a shiver to the bone—then if the soul can sit on the throne and hold the reins of mastery all is well.

Passion, like the sea, ever restless, all inclusive, is one though it has many names. One man laments his temper; another his appetite, a third his lust and a fourth his avarice—but it is all unmastered passion. Once, let passion be mastered as steel is tempered and these specific forms will disappear. Then, when under bit and rein, it becomes a useful and faithful carrier. Here is where many would-be leaders fail—they have not mastered themselves first. No man can be an altruist who has not first mastered his passions, and then in turn is fired with a passion for men. Strange paradox this! It is not enough that one have a passion for others. There is a previous question—have you subordinated your own passions? Then,

"One master passion in the breast

Like Aaron's rod swallows up the rest."

"Souls, souls, I have a passion for souls," said an evangelist. The same evening after his sermon on Hell and an unsuccessful altar call he exhibited a sickening display of temper, declaring, "If you people want to go to Hell you may go on, but don't blame **me** for it." How different this, from the weeping prophet! St. James the practical, says, that Elijah was a man of like passions with us—but **he prayed**. Splendid process for deliverance!

The kingdom of the mind—thoughts and imaginations, too,—must be mastered. Imagination is the soul's auditorium in which no whisper should be allowed, that has not first been spoken to the virgin doorkeeper, conscience. It is the inner sanctuary where

motives are mixed, where deeds are in solution, where character is perpetually tested and purity solvents are the cheapest chemicals. The deadly skull and cross-bones warn the public to beware of the particular poison so labeled. Oh, that some friendly power would thus mark those salacious books, stories, companions and places which pollute the mind of our youth! As a man imagines, so he is. What he does in this world he first practices in his mind. Impure thoughts, impure acts. Only the pure in imagination see God; the others see the vile, the faults in others, the inequalities in life, the bad church, the dark side of the universe. Misanthropes, hypochondriacs and pessimists first have an apprenticeship to a diseased mind and an impure imagination. God be thanked that it is man's supreme privilege to be **pure in heart**.

The Bible does not only enjoin it but it is radiant with shining examples—Moses and Daniel and Jonathan and Josiah. But Joseph is the Parsifal of the Old Testament. His purity not only served and saved him in an hour of severe temptations but it held him steady, sweet-tempered and sweet-spirited and hopeful through those dark and weary prison years. How versatile is virtue, how long-lived is charity, making their heroes hundred-handed! The princely Joseph, coming out conqueror, singe with Sir Galahad:

"My good blade cuts the casques of men,

My tough lance thrusteth sure;

My strength is as the strength of ten

Because my heart is pure."

Once more the voice of Eden speaks: "Have dominion over the affections." "Let your affections," commands the jealous apostle, as if a mighty effort of will were necessary to direct the volatile emotions. No spirit striving for mastery can afford to select an inferior object of love. He will gravitate toward it. Love is like man's freedom: freedom of the will does not consist in being free to choose or not to choose. Rather man **must** choose, but he is free to choose this object of love rather than that. Love no woman, unless by so doing all women become nobler and dearer. Affiliate with no man who does not make you feel that all men must be brothers. This is the ideal set before us when Paul says, "The love of Christ constrains."

Space forbids us to speak of the mastery of appetite, ambition and other personal powers.

Finally, though self is mastered it is not

(Continued on Page 417.)

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Wages of Girls and Women.

Here is an item that should be read by every girl or woman who is thinking of trying life in the turmoil of the great cities: "Reports of women investigators of the working conditions of women in Chicago show that approximately 50,000 Chicago women wage-earners receive \$5 per week or less for their services. This condition of affairs was brought out in investigations made by the senate 'white slave committee,' of which Lieutenant Governor O'Hara is chairman. On this bare stipend, these thousands of women and girls, who are receiving as salary \$5 or less per week, are struggling for existence with practically no relief in sight. These women, living for the most part in furnished rooms, are absolutely underfed, and the greater part of them, it is claimed, do not know what a full meal means. Half of them are living on two meals a day, of the 10 and 15 cent variety. Many of them have to depend for clothing on what cast-off garments others are able to give them."

This is practically true of women workers in every large city. If the girl or boy who is turning longing eyes toward the city as a place of fun and good wages, would only think of these things, and compare such an existence with the comforts of their farm or village homes, how much better it would be for all! The young people living at home, or in village or farming communities where real want is unknown, may think that \$5 a week is a safe salary; but it would give them a good object lesson if they would count the cost, just for one day, at market prices, of the food they consume. Five dollars will buy but little at most; but when it must be partitioned out to cover room rent, car fare, laundry, board, and the thousand "little things" that are forever demanding attention, even with the closest economy, they will be astonished. "Economy" to the city wage-worker is a very different thing from that of the farm or village family. Even where several girls or women occupy the same room, and work together, the wages will scarcely cover the expense of necessity. A certain woman said she could beat any woman she ever saw stretching a dollar over expenses, and she knew both she and her husband could live well on \$100 a year! That any woman with a particle

of common sense would know better than to believe it would cost a man and woman \$500 a year to live in town! This woman owns a small farm; has her own cow, pigs, chickens, garden, orchard and fields; the husband is an invalid, and the fields and meadow land is "let out," while their fruit is sold on the trees. She wants the easy life of the town!



Damp Walls.

During the rainy season now to be expected, many buildings will have damp walls and this will be very apt to damage any interior decoration that is not waterproof. A very common source of dampness is "drip"; even the small quantity of rainwater falling on a window, which after draining down finally drips from the window-sill, has a great tendency to render the wall immediately below that sill damp, as, whenever the wind blows toward the wall, every drop will likely be blown against its wall surface. The drip from a roof not furnished with a gutter, or from a veranda that is too shallow, or, from a defective rainwater pipe, is more damaging, owing to the greater quantity, and this source of dampness often remains undetected for a long time, as the place where the water falls against the wall will usually be some distance from that where it escapes. Much of the difficulty is the fault of the builder, for with proper provisions for a free circulation of air about any part of the building, such as hollow walls, openings communicating with cavities or vacant spaces, ventilation under lower floors, and general attention to the proper protection of the walls, much of the trouble can be prevented. In many places where trees are allowed to grow thickly about a building, cutting off the air and sunshine, the dampness and mildew can be removed by a vigorous trimming out of the superabundant shade. The effect of damp walls on interior decorations and house furnishings is by no means the most to be dreaded. It is a serious menace to the health of any one living in the house.

If the danger of dampness is not attended to by the builder, it may be lessened by forming a dry area around the walls, where the lower part of the house is damp, and draining the site of any superfluous mois-

ture. Where feasible, the lower floor may be taken up, a foot or two of the soil removed, and the fresh surface covered with concrete, the floor relaid, thus a good ventilating channel is obtained, and the moisture prevented from coming in contact with the floor.



For the Toilet.

Nothing is so good for the complexion as good health. There should be no clogging of the bodily sewers; every organ of elimination should be kept active. Keeping these sewers active is better done through dieting than with drugs. Kidneys, bowels, lungs and skin should all do their part in throwing off the effete matter that would otherwise result in poisoning the system. Look well to the dieting; find what is best for you, and then stick to it.

One of the best beautifiers for the skin is oatmeal cream. Put a handful of fine oatmeal in a half pint of hot water; let stand a few hours, then apply to the face with the hand, or a soft cloth, and allow to dry on the face. This will make the roughest skin smooth, as well as help to whiten. It is just as good for the hands. This oatmeal cream is just as effective for rough, chapped hands, as the creams you buy at the druggist's, and will cost a very few cents.



For Men's Wear.

To keep the coats and other wear from wrinkling, be sure to have plenty of hangers, which may be had very cheaply, two for five cents, at many stores; but it pays to get good ones. Hooks or nails are often damaging to clothing, besides getting them out of shape. Teach the boys to care for their own clothing. To remove the dust, keep a small cane or rattan beater, and whip them thoroughly; then lay the garment out smoothly on a table and with a hard bristle brush for mud spots, and a soft brush for ordinary use, go over the garment thoroughly until all mud and dust are removed. If the garment could be hung in the hot sun for a few hours before doing this, it would make the cleaning easier. Begin at the top of the garment and brush down.

If the elbows and knees of the pants are "baggy," and out of shape lay a damp cloth on them and fold them up for an hour or two; then lay them on the ironing board, or slip a board used for the purpose inside, smooth with the palm of the hand,

until they lie flat; cover with a cloth and press with a hot iron until dry. Do not "iron" the garment, but press it; there is a difference. If the collars and elbows are shiny, sponge with a damp cloth and press until dry. If boys were taught to care for their clothes while at home, instead of leaving it for mother or sister, they would find the expense of looking well dressed much lessened when they are thrown on their own resources away from home.



Hemstitching on the Machine.

Several readers have asked for this method, and two dear good readers have just sent these directions in; so we pass them along at once. Measure off the hem wanted, tear off, double the strip, turn in the raw edges; then turn a very narrow hem on the goods. Take paper, fold sixteen thicknesses, put the two edges together, and slip the thicknesses of paper between under the hem. Loosen the top tension of the machine, and proceed to sew as close to the edge as you can stitch, then tear out the paper, pull the goods apart, and you will have the hemstitching. —Mrs. E. C.

Another: Measure the hem as desired, draw four or five threads or as many as desired; turn the raw edge of the hem, and part your hem (measure to fit the goods to keep straight) just as if you were working by hand. Now fold them and goods together, set machine so it will make a short stitch, loosening the tension a very little, then sew very close to the edge, having the drawn threads on top, and part your hem. Sometimes you will have to pull the hem to get it in place. Test on some old goods until you know how. This will look like hand work.—Ella G.



Keeping Things Clean.

Don't forget that the kettles—coffee, tea, and water, must all be cleansed as often as the other cooking kettles. Fill the coffee or tea pots nearly full of warm, or boiling water, and add to each kettle two heaping tablespoonfuls of saleratus; let boil for twenty minutes, then pour the water out, wash well with clear warm water, and find out the difference. The tea kettle must be washed, and use the saleratus in this also. Many people do not regard these kettles as cooking vessels, and rarely take the trouble to wash them out.

For milk or butter things, the use of soda is excellent. It will soften the dish water, and cleanse and sweeten the dishes.

LOVE VERSUS THE DOCTOR.

(Continued from Page 410.)

"Why, doctor! Bob is getting well. Why do I have to give him up?"

"Bob will never be well again Jessie. He may live several years, but he will never be well."

"I don't understand it. He has improved so much, and feels that he is going to be well, why will he not?"

"It is this way Jessie," said the doctor very earnestly, "We medical men know that 'the great white plague' is easily communicated from one person to another. If you and Bob were to wed, you would be almost sure to contract the disease, and it would only be a sacrifice of your life all to no purpose. Another thing, any children that you might bear, would surely be predisposed to the same awful scourge, and probably fill early graves. Now my girl, be sensible and change your plans."

"But, doctor, you don't take my love into account. There would be no happiness in life for me without Bob. I'd rather die with him than to live without him."

"Pshaw! That's all nonsense! You're a silly little goose. That's not love, it's stubbornness."

"You may know how to diagnose a disease all right, but don't know anything about a girl's love."

"Jessie, I'm an old man. I was your family's physician before you were born. I've watched you grow up, and you've been to me second only to my own daughter Vera. Can't you see that I am giving you this counsel for your own good, out of a large experience and a warm heart?"

"I know that you mean well, doctor, but you don't understand love. I shall never give Bob up. I thank you for your kindness, I must go now."

She arose to go; as she was about to pass out, the doctor detained her and said: "Jessie, I insist that you give up this sentimental nonsense, and listen to reason. Will you promise?"

Jessie could not speak; but shook her head and passed quickly out into the street. Her heart was full, but she kept up until she reached home, then running up to her room, she threw herself upon the bed, sobbing.

In a few minutes Jennie Nelson called and was told that Jessie had gone up to her room.

"All right, I'll find her. I know the way," she said as she ran upstairs.

"Why, Jess! What's the matter? What-cha' bawlin' about?"

Jessie did not answer.

"Say Jess, have ye got bad news from Bob?"

"No Jen, Bob's all right; but I want to talk with you. I'm awfully glad you've come. Sit down here and I'll tell you all about it."

The two friends sat together, and Jessie told all that the doctor had said.

"Why, you poor kid!" said Jennie, throwing her arms around her. "Just don't you cry another bit about that. Doc is right. A nice healthy girl like you hasn't any right to throw herself away on a consumptive. 'Tain't reasonable, and don't you do it Jess."

"Why Jen how you talk! I thought you would be on my side. I can't give Bob up. I love him and I just can't do it. You wouldn't give a sweetheart up just because he was sick would you?"

"Lawsey yes! I would if he was going to be sick long. Say, you remember Charlie Hudson, don't you? Well, we were engaged for quite awhile, till one day he got his leg broken. I went to see him every day, took him flowers, and jollied him up to beat the band. Oh! You bet-cha life I was good to him. Well the surgeon did a bum job setting the leg, and it is shorter than the other, and causing him to limp like fury. I wouldn't stand for that, so I broke the engagement."

"Why Jen! You didn't break your engagement on that account did you?"

"Sure I did. I wasn't going to have an old limpy for a husband all the rest of my days."

"I'm astonished, girl! You haven't got a bit of heart. You don't know what love is."

"Oh! Yes I do. I loved Charlie all right, but I believe in looking out for number one. How'd you think we'd look limping down the aisle to the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march? Say, but wouldn't that be a peachy performance?"

"I don't see how you can feel that way. I won't give my lover up for anybody, doctor, or no doctor."

"Now listen to me, kid. You give Bob the slip, and you needn't fear but that there will be plenty of other fellows that are just as good as he that will take care of you. There's Elmer Denton for one who'd weep for joy if you'd give him one of your smiles, and he's a dandy fellow too. What d'ye say?"

"My mind is made up Jen. I shall marry

Bob. When we pledged our love he was strong, and the pride of his college. I'll not go back on him now, just because he is sick as the result of saving the life of a little child."

"Well, I reckon there's no use of arguing with you, for you're about as stubborn as they make them, but I will say that I don't envy you your job."

When spring came there was an unusual activity in the Stoddard home. There were numerous shopping trips, mysterious bundles, conferences with dressmakers, the packing of divers and sundry trunks, and other signs indicating that some unusual event was about to occur. Robert Merrill, with his health measurably restored came back and claimed the girl that had been so true to him all through the dark period of his illness.

All of the invited guests were present excepting Dr. Elliott. When he was chided for his absence, he excused himself by saying, "I do not believe in offering up human sacrifices, and was in no mood to witness such a performance."

This story would have ended here had I not been passing through New Mexico a few weeks ago, and stopped off at the little town near which they live. Driving out a couple of miles I visited them in their new home. I had not seen them since their wedding three years before, but I found them to be the same warm-hearted "Bob" and "Jess" that I had known of old.

The first thing after I had greeted them, I was introduced to little "Roger," their plump seventeen months old boy. The little rogue was full of mischief, and the joy of the household.

After a one day's visit I left for my home in the East, feeling that there was but one thing to mar the picture of their sweet home life; Robert was raising whiskers.

When I told Dr. Elliott of their delightful home, their great happiness, and little "Roger," his only reply was, "Huh!"



THE SUPREME PREROGATIVE.

(Continued from Page 413.)

for self. And this is the peerless motive. Said the Christ: "For their sakes I sanctify myself; and for their sakes let me master myself." The rich young man must go and sell what he has and give to the poor. Why sell? Why not give it as it stood? It was not in shape to be given. It was encumbered and unsuited to the poor,

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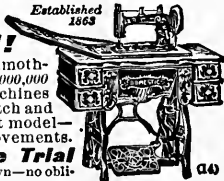
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The youth replies, 'I can!'"

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

A Question of Milk.

A month-old Jersey calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and the summer girl eyed it doubtfully.

"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay to keep as small a cow as that?"—Mary Gilbert Smith.



A New Slant.

Optimist—"Well, God helps them that help themselves."

Pessimist (gloomily)—"And God help them that don't!"—C. Hilton Turvey.



Bishop Niles of New Hampshire had a singular experience while attending the recent Episcopal convention in Boston. The bishop, who is a very tall, heavy man, was seated on one of the low settees in the public garden, and when he started to get up found that he had great difficulty in regaining his feet. While in the midst of his struggles a wee tot of a little girl came along and offered her assistance. The bishop ceased trying to rise, and, after surveying the little girl critically, replied that she was too small to help. The little girl persisted that she could help, but the bishop was just as sure that she could not. "Well," said the little girl finally, "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he was lots drunker than you are."



Mother (after relating pathetic story)—"Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw today who hasn't any father?"

Reggie (clutching rabbit)—"Couldn't we give him father instead?"—Punch.



"What shall I say if Mr. Binkton asks me to marry him?" asked the young woman.

"Don't bother about studying what you will say," replied Miss Cayenne. "Rehearse an effort to look surprised."—Washington Star.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

April 22
1913

Vol. XV
No. 16

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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Renew as early as possible in order to avoid a break in the receipt of the numbers.

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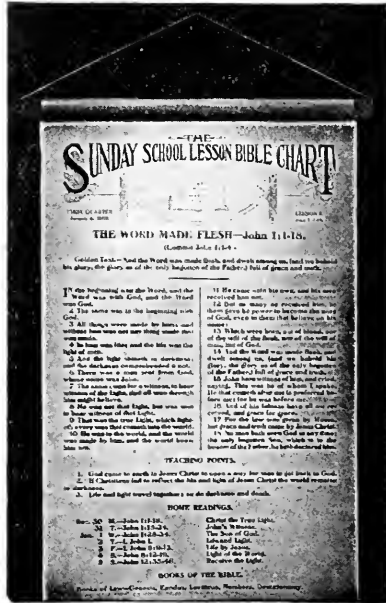
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

April 22, 1913

No. 16

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

The Sixty-Second Congress.

THERE was very little progressive social legislation done during the past session of Congress. A brief summary of the bills passed shows that Congress had other things in mind as well as progressive legislation. The more important bills are those providing for:

The establishment of the Children's Bureau.

The establishment of a commission on industrial relations.

The privilege of postal employes joining organizations.

The extension of the eight-hour law to postal and naval employes.

The establishment of a Department of Labor.

Interior immigration stations for the care and distribution of the newly-arrived foreigner.

The Owen public health bill which has been hanging fire for some time was not even considered. This bill had the support of a large percentage of the physicians of the country but opposition or politics may kill it.

A Successful Physical Director.

All colleges of importance have their gymnasiums and physical directors but in many cases the whole physical end of the institution works only for a successful baseball or football team. The boy or girl who wishes to develop a normal body is given little encouragement. Unfortunately this condition exists in more than one college. The College of the City of New York is a brilliant exception. Its physical director, Dr. Thomas A. Storey, believes that a physical development that is good for one is good for another, that all should not only have the privilege, but be compelled to take regular physical training. All first and second year students are required to under-



Dr. Thomas A. Storey.

go a physical examination twice a year. This examination is not a superficial one of determining the height and weight. It is thorough. In one year thirteen hundred cases of decayed teeth were cared for as a result of this system of examination. Nearly six hundred cases of defective eyesight were corrected. The physical examination is held just as important as any course of study in the regular curriculum, and credit is given for gymnasium work. Before a young man is permitted to enter the college proper he is required to learn to swim. A large swimming pool provides this kind of recreation. Last year the attendance at the swimming pool reached nearly one hundred thousand. It is said that this kind of a program is bringing results in the

student body and that a general improvement can be noticed.

A New Problem in City Planning.

The attention of the whole country has been turned to the unprecedented floods of Ohio and Indiana. Property and financial loss has been enormous, but the loss of human life arouses the greatest sympathy. The question now asked by all is "Why did it happen?" High waters come every year, and floods for that matter, but the oldest settlers do not remember of such widespread devastation. The annual floods of the Ohio and Mississippi have been discussed in Congress from time to time and there is a certain amount of sentiment in favor of the national government spending some money for dykes and other devices for protecting the property along rivers. If northern Europe can keep out the ocean, surely this nation, rich as it is, could do something towards harnessing the rivers. The latter task may be the greater.

There is another phase to the subject that might well be discussed. This is the day of expert city planning. Has any questioned the right of a town or village to build on a dangerous site? There are dozens of towns in Indiana and Ohio that are built along the river where the bank is so low that the river always overflows when there are heavy rains or sudden thaws. These towns were founded in the early days and have grown in the natural course of events. Frequently there are good sites nearby but the town began in the low place along the river and no one ever cared to build anywhere else. The cheaper lots are always in the lowest places and it is here where the poorest live. The floods strike them first and they are the heaviest sufferers. The least able suffer the most loss. That happens year after year. Dykes and embankments are frequently built but to our knowledge there is no inspection by competent authorities and the citizens of the town are helpless. The same is true of dams. The greatest catastrophies are usually caused by the breaking of a dam. The sudden rush of water is more than the banks of the stream can hold and an overflow follows. No corporation has a moral or civil right to jeopardize the citizens of a town by a treacherous dam. If a dam is necessary it can be constructed sufficiently strong to insure safety. Carelessness in this matter is what caused the flood at Austin, Pa., but it is too soon to locate the causes in the recent floods. These problems have not concerned those interested in town planning. Are they not just as im-

portant as parks and wide streets? It is a matter of human happiness and safety. When the canal is dug the engineers may be put to work along the inland rivers. There is a movement on foot in that direction.

That Lecture Course.

How about it? Have you done anything in behalf of a lecture and entertainment course for your community next winter? Now is the time to begin. You will find opposition naturally, but opposition is what keeps us alive and in working condition. The course in our community was a success last year but there was well organized opposition to conducting one next year. It looked for a time as though enough workers could not be mustered together again. Personality and jealousy had something to do with it, unfortunately. However, about all the old workers are again in the harness and a more expensive and better course is contracted for. Our only trouble is limited hall space but that may be overcome in time.

Have you a library or library facilities in your community? People who enjoy a good lecture or musical also like to read good books. Do the boys and girls of your community have an opportunity to secure reading matter that will help them to become strong men and women? If they have not it is time some one is getting busy. Traveling libraries may be had but these are more expensive than a permanent collection of books. The thing to do is to begin with whatever funds are available and buy books. They can be cared for in a store until a special room or building is obtained. In this matter the writer is not beating the air with words. We know what it is to get out and hustle for funds for community work. It takes ambition but the thing to do is to accomplish what you can; but try that lecture course. If you want to know more about it write to the Inglenook. The flood has delayed some matter that will be published later.

Morality in the Country.

Our city friends may not like to hear that there are fewer criminals in the country than in the towns, but it appears that such is the case. We do not have enough statistics at hand to generalize and what is given below applies to one State only. According to the figures of the Board of Control of State Institutions of Iowa, only ten per cent of the commitments to the State prison and reformatory are from the country. The remainder are from towns and cities. The State has a population ap-

proaching three million and it is estimated that less than half of the population live in the country. Even if we grant that one-half of the population live in the country, which certainly cannot be the case because there are several rather large towns in the State, the percentage is overwhelmingly in favor of the country. During a period of four years when 519 boys from cities and towns were sent to the industrial school at Eldora only seven of them came from the country. Only one girl out of a total of 216 admitted in the girls' industrial school at Mitchellville came from the country during the same period. However, these figures do not tell the whole story. It is unfair to take the figures of a penal institution to determine the relative morality between the country and town. We all know that there are many things done in the

country, such as petty stealing, which if done in the city would brand the guilty one as a criminal. Because of the people being so widely scattered many things can be done in the country that do not interfere with anyone in particular. A man can stagger along a country road half drunk and no policeman will pick him up. However, taking all conditions into consideration it is true that there are fewer criminals in the country than in the town. There are fewer temptations and vices are not so glaring and flagrant. Country people should take this into consideration when they think of moving to town. There are many possibilities for moral and educational growth in the country, that are not being utilized. City educational systems are ahead of the rural.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

Gasoline in War.

Commandant Ferras considers that the fuel question for automobiles and especially for power wagons is a vital point for the French army, as a large amount of gasoline needs to be imported. From 1910 to 1912 the imports rose from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons, America furnishing a large part. Home production of fuel is desired, but this is a difficult matter. Among the fuels, benzol has only a limited production, and each country is likely to absorb its own product. Thus Germany produces 200,000 tons of benzol and at the same time consumes 700,000 tons of gasoline. France produces but 10,000 tons and this is not enough even for the autobuses in Paris, which need 16,000 tons. Alcohol is a home product, but it is dear and the price fluctuates by speculators' maneuvers. Chemists are occupied with new products, but we must wait for these.



\$37,500,000 for a German Aerial Fleet.

The latest plans of the German Admiralty for a huge aerial fleet to accompany the warships have recently been made public. These call for an expenditure of \$12,500,000 to be spent during the next five years, while the appropriation for army aviation and aeronautics is to be nearly \$25,000,000. In a bill introduced into the Reichstag on March 29, a large appropriation was made for ten naval dirigible balloons of the lar-

gest size, eight of which are to be put in service and two to be held in reserve. To house these dirigibles, fifty-four double revolving balloon sheds are to be constructed. With this new type of shed, the dirigibles can be housed at any time, no matter what the weather. Extra sheds are to be built as a reserve. Fifty aeroplanes (thirty-six for active use and fourteen for reserve) are to be built and are to be manned by a special corps of 1,452 officers and men. The total appropriations for the fleet of aeroplanes and dirigibles to be spread over the years from 1914 to 1918 amount to \$8,750,000 for dirigibles and \$2,250,000 for aeroplanes, while \$1,500,000 extra is asked for paying the aviators and men who man the airships. The life of each of these new Zeppelins is estimated at but four years.



Potash Fertilizer and Frost.

Experiments made in France by W. Golte show that potash fertilizers have the property of protecting crops against damage from frost. In order to show what results are obtained in different cases he proceeds as follows: Three areas of a quarter of an acre each were sown with rye. The first area did not receive any fertilizer, and on the second and third there were spread 260 and 130 pounds, respectively, of the fertilizer known as "kainite." After a period of heavy frosts it was found that the ground of the area which was strongly fertilized

had not been frozen. The second or less fertilized area was much less frozen than the untreated field. The author considers that this effect is no doubt due to the saline solution at the surface of the soil. However, he finds that the sprouts on the strongly treated area were less flourishing than the others, and the leaves seemed to have lost a considerable percentage of water by plasmolysis. But during the thawing period, the pathological symptoms disappeared and the plant showed a rapid and vigorous growth. On the contrary, on the non-treated area the effects of the frost were shown by a yellowing of the leaves. As is known, the damage caused by freezing is due to the fact that the water contained in the inter-cellular spaces destroys the tissues by a tearing action due to alternate freezing and melting. The fertilizer temporarily removes a great part of the water from the plant, and thus has the effect of diminishing this action.



German War Balloon Invades France.

For some time the people along the eastern frontier of France have been telling of huge German warships of the air hovering over their part of the world. The people of England have had the same sort of a scare. In the French case however the nightmare has proved to have some basis, for the other day a great dirigible balloon landed at Luneville, France, close to the historic Alsace-Lorraine border, and it turned out to be a German craft manned by 10 men, including officers in uniform. It appears that the Germans were taking a new balloon—the Zeppelin IV.—for a trial run and that they had descended at Luneville, thinking it to be a German town, to take on some more gasoline. Imagine their surprise when a company of French soldiers took charge of their balloon and them. The matter caused quite a little sensation at first, as the French naturally thought the Germans were spies and that the story of their mistake of the place was a fib. However finally the incident was pleasantly closed up. The French had no right under international law to seize the invading balloon as it was the property of the balloon company and had not yet been turned over to the German government. But they rubbed the joke in by assessing \$2,000 duty on it before they would allow them to take it back. Then too the French officers thus had a grand chance to examine fully the latest and biggest of the German war balloons so that they could profit by the German plans. All nations are extremely careful to

keep all such things profoundly secret, so that the Germans are far from pleased at the mishap. All France was hoaxed on April 1 by a report that another German dirigible, after cruising over the frontier forts, had lost both propellers and been forced to come to the earth at Rheims. Enormous crowds went to the spot indicated, only to find that it was an April fool joke. Or as the French phrase has it, they were all "poissons d'Avril," or April fish. The authorities are considering the prosecution of the newspaper that started the joke, as it came near causing a riot.



President Wilson Draws First Pay.

The question is often asked, how the president gets his salary—whether he goes to the treasury at the end of each working-day and draws his 240-odd dollars, or whether he waits till the end of the week, month or term for his money. The answer is that he does get his pay direct from the treasury, and he is the only government official who is thus paid. And his pay-days are once a month—on the last working-day of the month. President Wilson had to wait till March 31 for his first taste of Uncle Sam's money. Then he got an "accountable warrant" for \$5,625.

This was figured to cover the portion of the whole month beginning with March 4, counting the month as 30 days. Actually he did not take office till after noon of the 4th, and President Taft held down the job till that hour. But this was a fiction. The administration is supposed to end with midnight of March 3, but it would be inconvenient to transfer the government at such a time and so the change is made 12 hours later. No fractions of days are recognized however in paying Presidents and the half-day President Taft did not get paid for on March 4 was made up by the extra half-day he was paid for at the beginning of his term.

President Wilson's monthly warrants hereafter will be \$5,250, or just one-twelfth of his full yearly salary of \$75,000. Senators, representatives and other government officials are paid by a slightly different system. The Vice-president is paid by the secretary of the Senate, who also pays the senators and Senate employees. His salary is \$12,000, but he does not get just an even \$1,000 a month. The annual salary is first divided into four parts of \$3,000 each, for each quarter-year. The quarterly amount is then again divided up into monthly parts according to the actual number of calendar days in that quarter.

The Editor's Resignation

On February 1, 1913, the editor of the Inglenook handed his resignation as editor, to the General Mission Board, giving them an opportunity to look around for another man or make some disposition of the paper as they saw fit, but to free the present editor so that he might be at liberty to enter another field of activity.

The resignation was not acted upon until at the last meeting of the Board which was held April 9-10. At that meeting the resignation was accepted and the Board decided to discontinue the paper. In view of that decision the paper will now be discontinued with the issue of April 29.

A communication will be sent to all of our subscribers telling them the amount of credit they still have with the House. With those whose subscription will expire within a month or two the business manager will take the liberty of sending them postage stamps to reimburse the amount due them. Those who have a larger credit will be given an opportunity of applying that credit on any of the periodicals of the House, such as the Gospel Messenger, the Missionary Visitor, the Teachers' Monthly, Our Young People, and other Sunday-school publications, or any of the merchandise handled here, or if they choose they can have their money refunded.

The letter which our subscribers will receive within the next few days will give them a detailed statement of the manner in which their credit can be applied.

EDITORIALS

The "Good Old Times."

A prominent club woman of Chicago has made the discovery that men are not as polite as they used to be; that the type known as the "gentleman of the old school" is about extinct, and that nowadays we are all in too great a hurry to be friendly. She knows whereof she speaks. "Try as an experiment looking kindly at the next man you meet. I've tried it, and the man usually backed away with a startled expression." What would have been the effect of a frown?

The complaint of the deterioration of manners is older than Cato the censor or Seneca the caustic moralist. But the alleged decadence is not alone in manners. In every college, church, hospital, asylum, factory, office you will find a few—or a good many—who find nothing good in the new way and are blindly enraged by innovation. Whatever was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. It is unthinkable to them that anything should get worn out, obsolete. That is the spirit that keeps peasants in Burmah plowing in

the archaic fashion or riding in the same carts that were in vogue 2,000 years ago.

The telephone is a convenience, but alas! for the good old times that sent a spurred and booted messenger a mile on horseback through mud and rain! The automobile conveys us swiftly, so does the trolley, but when the stagecoach took two days to go to a neighboring town you saw something of the country en route, and the scenery atoned for the discomfort. It is convenient to have running water, but it was a healthy, moral gymnastic exercise to walk to the brook-bank and crack the ice in midwinter. Cheap postage is a blessing—but a dubious one, because it has killed the leisurely, stately epistle of olden days. So it is of every invention or change that might be named—somebody rises to a solemn objection, and would consign the novel contraption to the limbo of eccentric and useless devices.

The good old times enjoy the advantage of that distance which lends enchantment. Their remoteness in history envelops them in an obliterating haze, like that which lies upon an impressionist painting. The passage of years has quite shut out all but the

picturesqueness of "Merrie England," or the mediæval knight. We forget the reverse side of the picture—the cruelty and bigotry, the poverty and stolid avarice, the rapine and unfettered license, the hideous miscarriage of justice that were the seamy phases of the feudal systems. If we knew the whole story, we should thank heaven that the good old times are past beyond recall.



Jehovah Not a God of Vengeance.

Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins in his sermon in the Park Manor Congregational church, Chicago, said:

"God never hurt anybody in the whole history of the world just to show how great he is. Neither has God ever punished anybody by letting loose upon them from their dens of woe such unconquerable enemies as fire, wind and flood. The doctrine that for any reason God hated Nebraska, Ohio and Indiana with such a terrible hatred he could find no other way to satisfy it except by such a calamity as has brought heartache to every citizen of the United States and millions in other lands, would make more infidels than have been made in any one week since man began to believe anything. There never was a more monstrous doctrine than that sickness and sorrow and disappointment and loss are the visitations of God; a way he has of using his rod so that we shall be afraid not to be good.

"There is not a heart in the universe touched with a deeper compassion for all who have suffered on account of the devastations of this terrible week than the heart of our Heavenly Father. It is the tender compassion of God, and of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, and the angels in heaven, that is inspiring men and women of every race to load relief trains with every comfort money and thoughtfulness can provide. If God did not care he would not make us care. But because he is God of love and not of wrath he has filled the human heart with love. He has opened our ears to the cries of distress. He has made our hands strong to help the needy. He has made our feet swift to run errands of mercy. He who died to save us has taught these martyrs of the past week how to die trying to rescue the perishing.

"There were fires and floods and cyclones before Jesus came on earth to show us what God is like. But we ransack the old records in vain to find the story of such sympathy as is being shown today. Why? Be-

cause those were unchristian ages. There have been awful disasters since our Lord came—some of them worse than anything that has happened during the past week. But only in a small proportion have the people given as they are giving now. This shows how much better the world is than it ever was before."



For Vocational Bill.

Vocational training as a means of developing less one-sided boys and girls in public schools was advocated by Dr. Frederick W. Millar in his sermon in the Universalist church, Chicago.

"Vocational training, as yet untried by us, is worthy of more than a passing thought," he said, "for its able advocates predict that when adopted it will add greatly to the efficiency of our present educational methods. Our schools will then turn out finished artisans able to grapple with the great problems that confront us in the business world.

"It is greatly to be desired that the bill now before the house to promote 'intelligent choice of vocations, vocational preparation, and profitable employment of young persons upon leaving school,' as proposed by Professor H. D. Hatch of the Thorp School, will soon become a law.

"Our leading educators are agreed that the training of the head only produces one-sided men and women; hence, in order that our public schools shall accomplish the best results, the hand must be trained as well as the brain. This new conception of education is a return to the practice of the Hebrews, where every child was instructed not only in the law, but was also trained to some trade or profession. The greatest of all teachers was a carpenter; his disciples were fishermen, and he taught the world through them that we learn by doing. His religion is that of service to humanity, and who helps save his fellows from the real hells of ignorance, poverty, sickness and selfishness ministers best to God."



Moving of Earth Crust Called Floods' Cause.

In the opinion of Camille Flammarion, French astronomer and director of the Juvisy Observatory, the floods in Ohio and Indiana have their origin as much in the geological formation of the country as in the meteorological conditions. The Omaha

cyclone, he said, was due to atmospheric changes during holy week.

"Strange as it may seem," said Mr. Flammarion, "the cause of the disaster appears to be related to the evolution of the earth's crust in the same way as seismic phenomena in that part of the world. The whole of the western section of the great lakes of the country is slowly but surely sinking in a southwesterly direction. C. K. Gilbert, indeed, has calculated that if the subsidence continues five centuries hence, Lake Michigan will end by running away into the Mississippi by way of the Des Plaines River and through Illinois."

Of the Omaha cyclone he said:

"The spring is largely to blame. At this

season large masses of air, heavily charged with electricity, are deeply stirred up, provoking these atmospheric disturbances which find a replica in the geological condition of this portion of the United States. The cyclone in question was determined by the extraordinary change in the temperature of the region about the middle of holy week. A cold wave, coming from the West, drove the temperature down to zero Fahrenheit in Chicago, while between Chicago and Denver the thermometer rose to 86 degrees Fahrenheit, and on the Atlantic coast from Portland to Atlantic City the mercury stood at freezing point. Such a disturbance of atmospheric pressure is bound to lead to disaster."

CORN, KING OF THE NORTH

John H. Nowlan

COTTON may perhaps be justly called "King" in the South, but when we come to the North we find his claim to the throne disputed by one who is a true native American. King Cotton at best can only claim that some of his family are native born, while King Corn claims Columbia as his ancestral land.

Not by virtue of birth alone may Corn lay claim to the throne, for he has other claims. In value of the crop, or the amount of pounds it leaves its nearest competitor a poor second, in the number of various products it ranks side by side with petroleum who boasts of 137, while in the varied uses of these products corn stands without a peer, the nearest rival scarce seen in the distance. Nor is this all. Each year, yes, almost each day, is opening up new uses for these children of the commercial king.

Measured as a food, the annual crop of the United States is sufficient to feed the entire human race for three years.

Were we to remove from the reach of the public those articles of which corn is an essential element, or compel a substitute to be found, what a wail would be heard in the land. Much of the corn is fed on the farms and sent to market in the form of horses, mules, hogs, cattle, poultry and dairy products. The amount sold from the farm is called "Cash Corn." Some is exported to other lands, while about 15% of what is sold is used by the starch and syrup factories. The amount used by them in the

year 1911 (the last figures available), was fifty million bushels, the largest of these factories being the Corn Products Refining Co. which has factories in various parts of the corn belt.

Corn consists of three parts, hull, endosperm and germ. From the hull is derived one of the elements of gluten feed, the other, gluten and starch, come from the endosperm or body of the corn, while the germ supplies oil and oil meal.

The first step is to steep the corn for a day or two. This softens the grain by reason of the water absorbed and loosens the various parts.

The refining people have taken lessons from the slaughterhouse people who are said to utilize all the by-products of the hog except the squeal and are now experimenting on a process by which it may be made into graphophone records, and allow none of their by-products to go to waste. This steepwater is drawn off, evaporated, and later incorporated with the gluten feed.

The steeped corn is ground coarsely so that the germ is not broken. This crushed mass is run into separators filled with starch and water. Here the mixture is agitated and because of different specific gravity the germ containing the oil rises to the top where it is separated from the "raw starch."

For the same reason the hulls sink and are screened from the raw starch and form a part of the gluten feed.

The raw starch, the endosperm, passes to the so-called tables. Here the lighter gluten runs off at the end while the heavier starch sinks to the bottom and is afterwards drawn off. The gluten is dried and afterwards forms part of the gluten feed.

The germs are dried, ground, and pressed by hydraulic pressure, by which means the oil is extracted. This pressure of many tons solidifies it into a firm cake called corn oil cake. In this state or when ground into oil cake meal it is used as a food for cattle. When mixed with phosphates it is called "Hog Meal."

When the endosperm is separated into starch and gluten, the gluten is dried and fed to cattle. When mixed with the hulls and solids left after the seep water has been evaporated it is known as gluten meal. The gluten feeds are near 50% protein.

The starch which has been separated from the gluten is put through various processes, according to the use intended. A portion is directly dried; another is further refined by mixing with water and is re-processed; some is treated with an alkali solution and thoroughly washed, by which a purer grade is obtained; another portion is modified by a small amount of acid which is afterwards neutralized. This produces the thin boiling and soluble varieties which produce a more liquid paste on boiling.

Dextrines are produced by roasting the starch, the varieties depending upon the length of time employed.

When we eat bread, potatoes, or any

starchy food, the process of digestion changes the starch into a sugar. Physiology tells us that it is ever necessary, and to prevent a famine the excess is stored in the liver in an insoluble form called "liver sugar." In the manufacture of corn syrup this same thing is done outside the body. The starch is mixed with water and about one-third as much hydrochloric acid as is found in gastric juice. The starch is formed into a liquid and the starch is neutralized by means of carbonate of soda (baking soda) which unites with the chlorine to form sodium chloride (common salt). This liquid is clarified the same as cane sugar by filtering and passing through boneblack. By varying the time of digestion and evaporation, sugar of different thicknesses of syrup may be produced.

We all recognize a demand for something sweet. While corn syrup is not as sweet as cane sugar, it is already glucose and cane sugar must be changed to glucose before it is ready for absorption and assimilation. The two are usually mixed when placed on the market, in the proportion of 80 or 90% of corn syrup to 20 or 10% of cane.

If sugar is desired instead of syrup the concentration is continued till the liquid will harden when run into moulds. This is known as corn sugar. What is known as bread sugar is made by pressing the liquor from this sugar, which leaves a product 98% glucose. Anhydrous sugar is produced in a similar manner.

CARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S TEETH

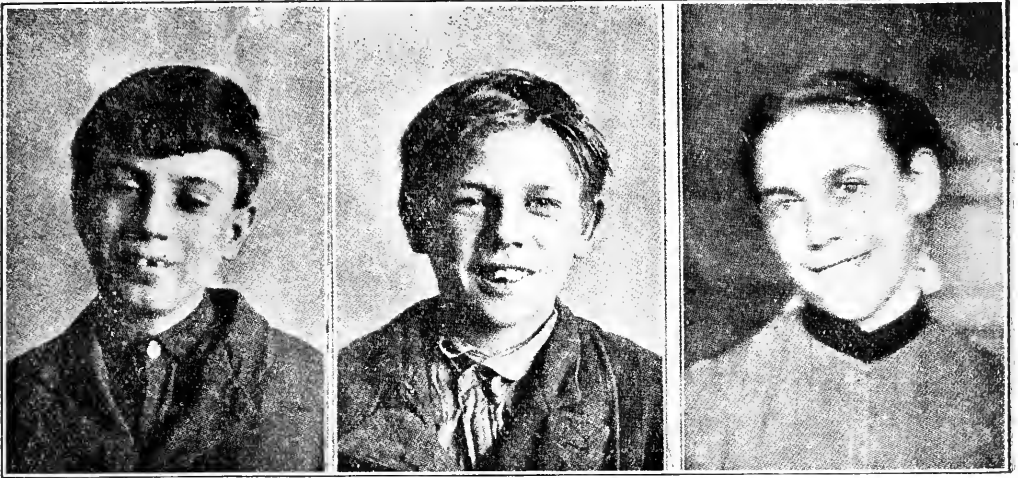
D. Leslie Cash

HAVE the children's teeth attended to first, and many of their eye defects will disappear," was the statement of a noted medical-social worker, in a debate on free eyeglasses for school children, recently. That boils down a lot of sound fact and valuable advice into a few words.

So little do most of us realize the importance of sound, clean teeth, and the inter-relation of stomach and sense nerves, that even school principals thought he was exaggerating when he declared that bad teeth cause indigestion, and indigestion

causes eye strain; until he proved conclusively that such was a fact.

To most people, "bad" teeth mean only dirty, loose, crooked, isolated teeth, or black stumps; even among dentists the majority do not appreciate that "bad" teeth mean indigestion, lowered vitality, and plague spots for contaminating sound teeth and for breeding disease. Until recently, the only rule about the teeth of new recruits for the United States army was: "They must have two opposing molars on each side of the mouth. It doesn't matter how rotten those molars may be."



Life Handicap, Unless Speedily Corrected.

The surgeon general was persuaded to change this to "four opposing molars on each side,"—still nothing as to the condition! In the German army there is a regular morning inspection of teeth and tooth brushes. Several German insurance companies give free dental treatment to policy holders,—not to bestow charity, but to increase profits.

Neglecting "baby teeth" and adenoids in children may mean crooked second teeth, which will cause: (1) many dollars for straightening; (2) permanent business handicap,—because crooked teeth are disagreeable to others, because mastication is less perfect, because a disfigured mouth means disarranged nerves; or perhaps (3) large dental bills because it is difficult to clean cramped, crooked teeth properly.

Unfortunately, the great majority of parents rarely think of their children's teeth until it is too late to preserve them intact. Even among families where the rule of brushing the teeth twice daily prevails, regular dental examination is largely neglected. And many doctors and chemists themselves have not been trained to realize that the teeth are a most dangerous source of infection when unclean.

Physicians send tuberculosis patients to hospitals or camps without correcting mouth conditions that make it impossible for the patient to eat or swallow without infecting himself. Women punish themselves with tonics, doses and treatments when their teeth are breeding and harboring disease germs that tear down their vitality. Nurses watch suffering patients,—doing the heavier tasks heroically, but are

not trained to teach the simple truths of dental hygiene!

Any individual, the child especially, who has decayed teeth, even unclean teeth, is open to infection of the lungs, tonsils, stomach, glands, ears, nose and adenoid tissues. Every time food is taken, germs flow over the tonsils into the stomach. Mouth breathers with teeth in this condition can not get one breath of uncontaminated air, for every breath becomes infected with poisonous emanations from the teeth. **Bad teeth** are frequently the **sole** cause of bad breath and dyspepsia; and they can convey to the system tuberculosis of the lungs, glands, stomach or nose. I have studied many cases where bad teeth was the sole cause of enlarged tonsils and ear trouble.

A preliminary examination of children's teeth should be made by parents, or by teachers when the child enters school. Crooked, loose, dirty, or black teeth, or receding gums, can be detected by a layman's naked eye. In fact, children can be interested in finding the most obvious defects in their own or their brothers' and sisters' teeth. There could be no better first lesson than to ask each pupil to look in a hand mirror and count each tooth plainly needing a cleaning or filling. The most urgent need can be ascertained without expert aid.

Educational use should be made by the teacher on the results of such examination. Children **cannot** be made self-conscious and cleanly by telling them their teeth will ache three or four years from now. But they can be made to brush or wash their teeth twice daily if they once realize that

cavities can be started only by **mouth garbage**. A **perfectly clean tooth will not decay**. Uncleanliness becomes noticeable to our associates sooner or later. There is no offence we are so reluctant to commit as that of having uncleanliness of our bodies disagreeable to others. Even very young children will make every effort to live up to the school's standard of cleanliness. Another argument is beauty: all cleanliness is beautiful to us,—clean teeth are one attribute of beauty that all can possess. I am interested in watching rural schools whose teachers have been very successful in this experiment. Let the good work spread!

Armenian children are taught to clean their teeth before eating; even if it is only an apple between meals. They covet "beautiful teeth." The accompanying photo of an Armenian school girl should be a strong argument for her often careless American brothers and sisters.

Instinct makes children afraid of the dentist: or content when a tooth stops aching. Display may be satisfied by cleaning only the front teeth, as many boys comb only the front hair. But parents should see, and children should be made to realize, when they are old enough to picture themselves out in the world, associating with others in life and in their work or professions, that a dentist in time saves nine.

But above all, children should be taught that caring properly for their teeth, which mothers should feel it their duty to see is done rightly and regularly, will even dispense with dentists. Unless, of course, the child's teeth are crooked or have some defect that cleaning will not remove; such things are far more important in the child's welfare and happiness and success in after life, than many parents think. Many of such grave handicaps may be removed or corrected now,—without delay; when if they are allowed to go on and get worse as the child gets older, they will prove a life-long handicap to success and happiness,—a handicap that cannot be concealed.

Here is something that should be prepared in a leaflet for distribution among parents and children by all school teachers, hospitals, and social welfare workers; all those who have a real interest in children's health and happiness. Such material is now being given out from many Sunday-schools and missions:

A DENTAL CATECHISM.

What Are the Teeth For?

To grind the food into small particles,

mix it with saliva, and to begin its digestion; also to aid in speaking and singing.

How Long Should They Last?

To the very end of life.

How Do We Lose Them?

By decay, by loosening, and by accident.

What Causes Teeth to Decay?

Particles of food decaying in them.

Where Does Food Lodge?

All along the edges of the gums, in between the teeth, and in the crevices of their grinding surfaces.

Can We Prevent This Loss?

Yes, to a large extent.

How Can We Do It?

By using the teeth properly, and by keeping them clean and the gums healthy.

What Does Using Them Properly Mean?

1. Using sufficient hard or fibrous food to give teeth and gums full exercise.

2. Taking time to chew the food thoroughly before swallowing it.

How Often Should the Teeth Be Cleansed?

As often as they are used.

When Should They Be Cleansed?

Immediately after breakfast and dinner, and before going to bed.

By What Means Should They Be Cleansed?

By a moderately stiff brush, water, and floss silk.

How Should These Be Used?

The brush should be used first in a general way, high up in the gums lengthwise of the jaws; to remove large particles and stimulate the gums. Then the brush and teeth should be rinsed carefully with water. Use the brush next with a rolling or circular motion, so the brush will get into all the spaces and grooves and cleanse them. Then the mouth should be rinsed with water again.

Should the Gums Be Brushed?

Yes. Moderate friction helps to keep them healthy.

How Can the Spaces Between the Teeth be Reached?

By the floss silk passed between the teeth; drawn carefully back and forth till it reaches the gum, pressed firmly against the side of each tooth in turn, and finally drawn out toward the grinding end of the tooth, and this repeated several times.

Should Tooth Powder or Paste Be Used?

Yes. Usually once a day.

SWAT THE FLY

Ida M. Kier

THERE'S a call comes ringing throughout all our land,
 "Swat the fly; swat the fly."
 Yes, the war waged on the house-fly will be fiercer this year than ever before.

An early spring is predicted, and the earlier it comes, the sooner we must be prepared to take up arms against this common pest, which has come to be the most abhorred of all. It has been stated that every fly killed in May, is the same as two hundred killed in August. Thus will be seen the need to be ready to destroy the first ones that make their appearance.

The war against the flies last year, produced some good results, particularly in the cities. While fighting the fly in the country may be more difficult, owing to the fact that there are so many places for them to breed, yet the numbers may be greatly lessened by a little effort.

"An ounce of prevention, is worth a pound of cure." Cleanliness is the fly's greatest enemy. It breeds and thrives in filth. Then make cleanliness the ounce of prevention, and it will do away with the fly-traps, and other devices of destruction, which constitute the pound of cure.

Every farmer should lay in a supply of powdered lime, and use it in every out-

house on the place; barns, hen-house, hog-house, toilet. Manure should be hauled away daily, especially during the warm weather. This may be made an easy task, by having a large box on a truck, or sled, kept at a convenient place. And to remove it at once, and throw on the land where needed, is much better than to let it accumulate in numerous barn-yard heaps, as are sometimes seen.

Every dwelling house should be well screened, of course, but here again, cleanliness will prove the "ounce of prevention," that will eliminate to some extent, fumigation and fly-paper.

Flies hate soap and water, so these should be used lavishly. A wire screen swatter should be kept handy for the ones that chance to get in. If the rooms retain an odor of cooking, after a meal is over, a small quantity of carbolic acid, poured upon a hot plate, will soon purify them, and drive away the flies, which have been drawn.

Let "Clean Up" be the slogan, this year, and all work together for the partial extermination, at least, of the house-fly.

"Swat the fly, the deadly poison fly,
 Be rejoiced to see them die.

All prepare, as summer days draw nigh,
 Swat the fly; swat the fly."

WORK, REST AND HEALTH

Don Scott

THOSE young men who are unable to secure a college education, and are yet ambitious to acquire a training and mental culture, are apt to be perplexed as to the best division of the hours between the daily work and the carrying on of the desired studies.

One must take into consideration his own constitution, and beware of applying a certain fixed rule to himself. Zola, the novelist, could write but three hours daily, as his supply of nerve force was small and

three hours of concentration left him exhausted for the day. Herbert Spencer could study intently but a few hours each day. If one is of like make-up, it is folly for him to strain his resources up to where he is unfitted for the next day's demands.

I have found that for men who are not preparing for any special effort in the near future, but who are striving to lay the foundation of general knowledge through life, that two hours of study each day, if in the evening after work, is quite as much as

should be taken. Two hours of concentrated study, such as must be used to master some certain thing for future use, will be found quite a strain. Kept up day after day, that number of hours will enable one to acquire a large stock of knowledge.

Knowledge acquired in doses of that size will be more apt to remain as a permanent asset than if crowded or crammed at the expense of mind and body. If a clerk, requiring eight or nine hours for his daily work, is applying himself to law or medicine at night, he will find that two hours of honest application is as much as his health will allow, and all-sufficient for the final gaining of his purpose.

A young friend of mine, receiving clerk in a telegraph office, had a passion for the law. He wore himself to a shadow and suffered a long illness through rising at four, studying till office hours,—and at night bolting his supper and toiling in his room until midnight. He was mighty plucky, but at the same time he paid for it with broken health; but he recovered, fortunately, and his sign now reads: "Atty. at Law."

His was a narrow escape, and he would have gained the same end by a slower, saner process. Some may do as he did, and reach conspicuous success with unimpaired health, but not everyone has the vitality to withstand such a strain. It does not pay to run the risk of premature old age and worn-out faculties, even if you are endowed with an unusual make-up.

Prolonged night study is one of the greatest temptations of ambitious students. I used to do the same thing. I would sit up nights after my work and study hard until twelve or one o'clock. After a few months of this I commenced to see that I was making a mistake. My brain would become excited and I would work for hours under the delusion that my strength knew no limit. But I had no desire to sleep, and when I did, it was fitful, disturbed rest at best, and I woke in the morning tired and unrefreshed. One day an eminent student of eighty years, suspecting my trouble, said to me: "My boy, you're burning the candle at both ends and you won't last long at it, either. Go to bed at eight or nine o'clock, and get up earlier in the morning, studying an hour or two before work."

I took his advice, and in three months I knew that I had mastered three times as much as in a like time before, and my health and brain vigor had greatly improved.

Yet studying nights is a good plan, if you do not go to extremes. Take two early

hours, say seven to nine, to devote to study. Don't get the false idea that you can study until twelve or one in the morning, night after night with impunity, because you can't. But the advice of my student friend, 80 years "young," is the advice you, too, should heed. Nearly all experienced students do their mental work in the morning, it is surer in the end to bring the best results. Good judgment and clear-headedness are big factors in success, and these come only from a rested system and brain.

Make a sacred rule to get at least eight hours of sleep. Bonaparte sent many men to early graves not only with his canister, but by advocating three hours' sleep. It does not follow that all men can stand what Bonaparte, or Edison, Beecher, Gladstone or other such uncommon men did. Gen. Hancock used to tell his men to "catch forty winks" on the march, in the saddle, anywhere, if they could get no more.

A famous man of remarkable vigor at 70 years, tells us he kept account of the hours of sleep he lost, and made them up in vacation, sometimes spending most of a summer month in bed. While this may have agreed admirably with him, it should not be necessary to resort to such unnatural means to replenish vigor and nerve force. We ought not to have to regain; each night should suffice as a complete restorer for the demands of the following day's work.

Young men who are both working and studying should spend as much time in the open air as possible. Two hours of outdoor exercise are required daily to thoroughly oxygenate the blood, or to bring EVERY DROP of it in direct contact with oxygen in the lungs.

If you are to study effectively, your brain must be properly nourished by pure blood, and that cannot be obtained without sufficient exercise.

There is nothing to equal walking to clear the brain for study. I have used that method for years, and it is nothing to me today to jaunt five or six miles, returning in the best of spirits and admirably equipped for hard work or study. Nature, in this, has provided a cheaper and better method than horseback, automobile or cycle.

Any young man of good constitution who gives to his employer the hours due him each day, who sleeps eight hours, eats nourishing food, and takes bracing exercise and simple, cheering recreation two hours a day, may grow in his business and in knowledge, and yet retain in its entirety his most priceless possession, health.

A CLOSE CALL

Lula Dowler Harris

FATHER, mother and I were seated at the table. We had finished our evening meal and father was relating the recent trouble in the lumber camp, when a loud knock on the door brought us all to our feet.

Father opened the door and a man stepped inside. We saw at once by his uniform that he was a "trooper" as the mounted police of that section were called.

"Does Robert Gray live here?" inquired the man. Father answered in the affirmative and the trooper continued: "The foreman at 'Big Bear Camp' wishes you to return tonight. The trouble in the camp has been settled and the men will resume operations tomorrow. And by the way," he added, "the Widow Hampton who lives in the cabin beyond the clearing wished me to tell you that she is very ill and asks that you send Doctor Cummings out as soon as possible; she also asked if Miss Madge might accompany the doctor and remain a few days with her."

Mother turned to me and said: "Madge, do you think you are able to go?"

"Yes, I am able, mother, I will get ready at once." Father had already put on his snow-shoes and was striding across vacant lots towards Doctor Cummings' office.

The policeman mounted his horse and by the application of whip and spur was trying to overtake his companions who had just disappeared over the crest of a distant hill.

The "Post," as our little village was called, contained about one hundred inhabitants, mostly lumbermen, trappers, policemen, their wives and children. A trapper's trading post was the nucleus around which our little village was built.

"Mother," said I, "will you put a few things in a basket for me to take along? Perhaps Mrs. Hampton is too ill to prepare her meals."

"Very well," said mother, "but Madge, I think you should let me go. Your cold is far from well; and then I think I know a little more about nursing the sick than you do."

"No mother, since Mrs. Hampton sent for me, I think I had better go." Besides, she was Jack Hampton's mother, and wasn't I wearing a ring he had placed on my fin-

ger just before he left for the lumber camp last fall?

When mother knew I meant to go she began making active preparations for my journey.

The soapstones for keeping one's feet warm on a long, cold ride were brought out and placed under some hot coals to warm.

A basket generously filled with bread, cake and jam stood ready on the table.

Soon we heard the jingle of bells and knew Doctor Cummings was at the door. Well wrapped in coat and furs I took my seat in the sleigh at his side. Placing the basket in the sleigh in front of me and putting my feet on the warm stones in the bottom of the sleigh I said, "I am ready, Doctor Cummings."

Bidding father and mother a cheery goodnight we were soon skimming over the glistening snow.

The night was clear and cold. A new moon shed its dim light through the bare branches of the great forest trees. The horse's feet kept time to the merry jingle of the bells.

Doctor Cummings was a middle aged man, strong and well built; wearing always in winter a fur cap and coat. Tonight he looked like a huge bear as he sat by my side.

As we traveled deeper into the woods we could hear occasionally the barking of a wolf or the solemn cry of an owl.

The moon had disappeared but the stars shone like diamonds in the clear sky.

Deeper and deeper into the forest we went and nearer and louder grew the barking of wolves. I found myself glancing over my shoulder, so close did the wolves seem to be.

Doctor Cummings said, "I don't think they will venture any nearer. It has been a long time since they have annoyed travelers in this section."

Just as he finished speaking a dark form darted across the road, in front of us, then another and still another. They disappeared in the forest, snapping and snarling as they went. I felt nervous but said nothing. As the last dark form disappeared in the timber Doctor Cummings said: "I hope that's the last we see of them."

We drove on in silence for a short distance when we again heard the wolves. This time they were behind us. Looking back I saw the pack gliding out of the timber on both sides of the road. From the appearance of things we decided they were following us and at the pace they were coming were likely to overtake us soon.

The winter was unusually severe and animals of all kinds had suffered for want of food. Bears had been seen sometimes prowling around the "Post," something that had not occurred since I could remember.

Just now I thought of all the terrible things I had read and heard concerning the fate of travelers who had been attacked by wolves.

I knew Doctor Cummings was uneasy by the way he glanced over his shoulder and urged his horse forward. He evidently did not wish to alarm me for he said nothing.

Nearer and nearer came the wolves and their numbers seemed to multiply the closer they came. Once when I glanced back I could distinctly see the fangs of the foremost wolves.

Realizing that we were in immediate danger of being attacked Doctor Cummings said: "Madge, what have you in that basket?"

"Bread, cake and jam," said I.

"Listen to my directions and follow them implicitly," said he. Applying the whip to his horse, which was plunging from side to side, too frightened to keep in the road, he said in a loud clear voice:

"You must know we are in great danger. Break the bread in pieces; put your hand in my coat pocket next to you; get my medicine case; find the largest bottle; it contains a white powder, a poison, sprinkle this on the bread and throw to the wolves."

Before he had hardly finished speaking I was standing up in the sleigh resting my hand on his shoulder for support and tossing pieces of bread to the wolves.

It scarcely touched the ground before the whole pack seemed to pounce upon it to devour it. We gained upon them as they fought and rolled in the snow. Piece after piece I threw and each was fiercely fought for.

Some of the wolves began lagging behind, the barking and snapping grew fainter. A few of the wolves rolled over in the snow, some loped along at a slow pace while others slid into the forest. The poison was evidently taking effect.

I had fed them all the bread and was sprinkling the powder on the cakes when

the last wolf rolled over in the snow by the roadside.

With a sigh of relief I seated myself once more in the sleigh and we finished our journey unmolested.

As we drew near the clearing we saw a light in the Hampton cabin. When the door opened in response to our rap we were surprised to see Jack Hampton standing in the room. He explained his presence by saying:

"Mother always likes to have me at home for Easter Sunday. I arrived a day early but I am very glad I did for mother needed me."

Mrs. Hampton had quinsy, but the abscess had broken and she was resting easy when the doctor arrived.

After attending to Mrs. Hampton's needs the doctor prepared to return to the village. I suggested that since my services were not needed I had better return with him.

Mrs. Hampton would not hear of my going and Jack insisted I remain over night and he would drive me home in the morning. I felt the need of a rest and finally decided to stay.

The next morning the sky was dark and great flakes of feathery snow were falling when Jack and I started for my home.

As we passed through the forest we could see here and there the body of a dead wolf, now almost covered with snow. I shuddered as I thought of the danger I had been exposed to.

As Jack saw the number of the dark forms he placed his arms around me as he said, "Just think, Madge, what might have been."



ORIGINS OF GRAINS.

As nearly as we know at the present time corn originated in Central America. Some maintain that the point of origin is north of this, in Mexico. However this may be, the fact is pretty definitely established that America is the native home of what we know as Indian corn, or maize. It is probable that the Indians had several kinds of corn. Perhaps each section of the country had its particular type. Europe, before the discovery of America, produced only the small grains, which went under the name of corn, but the genuine maize was not produced there until seed was secured in America. It is most likely that our popcorn, sweet corn and, in fact, all of our corn, came from native plants of the Central American countries.

THE HOUSE BY THE ROAD

Ada Van Sickle Baker

OH, Donald, let's stop awhile at the little white house that I can see at the bend of the road. I feel tired, and that is such a restful looking place."

Mr. Clark turned his face in the direction indicated, and even the uncertain light of dusk revealed the fact that his face was full of worry lines and his manner betrayed that of a nervous business man.

His wife, to the contrary, had none of the nervousness peculiar to her husband. Instead a saddened, melancholy expression rested on her fair features; and the dark eyes had that dreamy, far-away look that denoted their owner was of a serious and sober temperament.

The car hummed along the level road and brought up before the little white gate.

"Perhaps they won't like callers," ventured Miss Allison, one of the occupants of the rear seat.

But Mrs. Clark, child of wealth that she was, could not be induced to share this opinion. Then the party of four were ushered into the little white house. They found the owner and only occupant to be a beautiful old lady. Time had silvered her silky hair, but had not stolen the clear, spiritual beauty of her eyes. She was pleased as a child at the sight of her visitors, and as she was setting forth a luncheon for herself, insisted that her company share it too.

It all seemed so quaint and lovely to the tired worldlings about her. They gazed at her and her surroundings with wonder and interest dawning in their eyes. Here was no stiff formality, no special rules of etiquette to be observed, no forced compliments to pay—only genuine comfort and sweet simplicity. A picture of a beautiful child rested on the mantle, and the eyes of Mrs. Clark seemed riveted to it, and finally a pearly tear rolled over her white cheek. The little old lady—Mrs. Harmon—saw it, and her voice was brave, as she said:

"That is my baby—one of the little jewels in God's country."

Mrs. Clark hid her face in her lace handkerchief and sobbed, while her husband looked distressed.

"The mention of a baby's death always

affects my wife—our little one died a year ago."

"And now, is wonderfully happy in the presence of the One who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" nodded the woman, then continued:

"I never see a beautiful flower, or rain-drop diamonds on the grass, or a gorgeous sunset, or a lovely star, or anything beautiful, but that I think my little Irene is in the presence of the One who creates all things beautiful and who makes her happy beyond my power of expression."

The woman of the world looked at her wonderingly. "Do you really think that way?" she asked, simply.

Mrs. Harmon's sweet face shone as a fresh, rain-washed world, when the rays of sun illumine it anew.

"I believe all that God has told me. You can find it for yourself in his Book."

She went to a stand and took a time-worn Bible from it. "You may have this," she said. "I have another. You will find all the beautiful promises recorded there. I have marked most of them."

The eyes of Mrs. Clark were wet with glad tears. When the party left, there was the dawning of a new life in both the hearts of husband and wife.

Then the little old lady was left alone again, but not very long. She had her own particular work to do in the world, and it seemed to live in the "house by the side of the road" and give comfort, strength and help to all who came her way, was her mission.

That year was one of the busiest ever recorded in her life, as her own diary finally showed. There was a lost child to restore to its parents, an estranged couple to reunite, a wounded animal to doctor and many other things for her hands to accomplish. And written in blue ink—a special indication that something worth a great deal had transpired—was told of the young girl who had been found close by the "house by the side of the road." She had been ill, heart-sick and soul-sick, a betrayed and broken young life, that was sorely tempted to end its existence in the swirl of the waters beyond. But the sweet-faced Mrs. Harmon had found her, had

taken her in and soon loved her, then later, had sent her forth, strong, true and hopeful, to occupy a noble place in the world. These, and many other things were recorded in the little diary. And how did the diary give forth its secret?

One day, many months after the first visit, the same automobile chugged up to the little gate, the same people alighted, no, not the same either, for both Mr. and Mrs. Clark were as different people. He had dropped a good share of the business that had been sapping the best of his life; she, through the promises in the worn Bible, was a woman full of hope and splendid strength. And now with glad feet they walked up to the veranda where a figure occupied the porch rocker. They stood beside her and looked into the face that could never more recognize earthly friends.

But there was no feeling such as is usually felt in the presence of death, for the low-falling western sun shone gently on the beautiful face of the woman who had lived by the side of the road, on her soft, silvered hair, on the diary on the low stool close by and on the Bible clasped in her left hand—the same hand that also held her baby's picture and on which gleamed the gold of her wedding ring.

"She hath done what she could," softly spoke the woman of riches. "No one can do more."

And even yet, the "house by the side of the road," that once sheltered such a sweet, helpful life, seems to stand forth as a beacon light, or inspiration to those who turned toward it for help or comfort years ago.

THE HERMIT'S FIRST VISITOR

J. C. Begley

I SHOULDN'T have done it, but it's done, and I'll tell you all about it, because it is no longer a secret.

When I was a schoolboy of eighteen, I admired a lady classmate, as many other schoolboys do. But it was of no use. She was as indifferent toward me as she could be. Just after the school closed, I called upon her, and stated my mission. Imagine how I felt when she said, "Bless your soul, Sam Wigginton! I'm to be married in four weeks to Logan Ford!"

Just the idea! Bertha Wellman to marry another. Well, I first thought I'd commit suicide. But on second thought, I concluded I'd do nothing of the kind. I'd go far enough away from home, and let no one know who I was. If possible, I'd live the life of a hermit, and down my care of woe. I had a few hundred dollars in the bank, and withdrew every cent of my account. One morning, bright and early, I started afoot for goodness knows where. Well, I wandered till dark, spent the night at a farmhouse, and the next morning I started again on my wandering tour. I went all day through an uninhabited woodland, and at nightfall I reached a lonely cabin in the woods, the first shanty I had seen for hours. I demanded lodging—and I got it.

They asked me what my name was, and

I told them "Norman Brown." But when they asked me where I was going, they had me stalled, because I didn't know. I was forced to give them an answer of some kind, and finally told them that I was in search of a section of vacant land, which I wanted for a farm. I was told that seven miles north of the cabin was a quarter section (160 acres) that could be had for the asking; that it was good land, but so far away from market, or even neighbors, that nobody would have it as a gift.

I thought that this was exactly what I was looking for, and the next morning, I went through the woodland, built temporary bridges across several streams, and landed there. I soon took up a claim, built a one-story cabin of unhewed logs and put a roof on it as best I could. The roof was at first of hickory poles; in fact, just hardly a roof at all, but a pile of hickory poles lying on top of the house, saturated enough with buckwheat straw to make an old time roof. Later I made several thousand oak shingles in the forest, and then had a roof such as I wanted. My cabin had two rooms, each eight by ten feet in size. I slept in one, and cooked and ate in the other.

I built a stable in the same way that I built the house. I then bought a yoke of oxen, a plow, a harrow, the necessary house

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Bradie Selga Joy.

A HEALTHY BABY

BRADIE SELGA JOY was born November 18, 1912. He is the son of H. H. and Minnie Joy, of North Yakima, Washington. This photo

was taken when he was two months, seventeen days old and weighed seventeen pounds. He eats the food which nature provides.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

MANY CALLED—FEW CHOICE.

Richard Braunstein.

In Matthew 22: 14 are found these words: "Many are called but few are chosen."

In the words selected by an international committee as a golden text it is believed that "choice" would be as good an interpretation as "chosen." "Many are called but few are choice."

Thousands were surprised at the great review in Washington in 1865 to see Gen. O. O. Howard riding with Gen. Sherman at the head of the army. It came about in this way: Gen. Howard had been placed in command of the Army of the Tennessee and carried that army through in its march "to the sea." Just before the great review at Washington Sherman asked Howard to relinquish his command in favor of the general who had preceded him, so as to give that officer an opportunity to appear in command of the review. Howard declined upon the ground that he had taken the army all through from Atlanta and the soldiers expected him to now appear at their head. "Yes," said Sherman. "I know it, but this opportunity will be everything to our friend and you are a Christian and won't mind the sacrifice."

"If you put it on that ground," answered Howard, "you may ask what you will—I submit—let him ride there."

"Now," said Sherman. "I want you to ride with me."

"No," said Howard, "I would not do that without an express order commanding me to do so." Therefore the formal order was made and signed by Gen. Sherman. There were many noble men in that review but Gen. Howard was a **choice one**.

When Wilberforce presented to the British Parliament his resolution abolishing slavery, he stood alone. Session after session he renewed it, getting a few votes at a time in favor of his measure until finally he succeeded. Many grand men were enlisted with him during the twenty-year struggle, but Wilberforce was the **choice one**. When he died it was said that he "went up to God bearing in his hands the broken shackles of 800,000 slaves."

When Lyman Jewett returned from the "Lone Star Mission" to seek help, the Board told him that they had concluded to drop the mission. Then up rose the mis-

sionary with tears in his eyes and said: "If you will not give me help I will go back alone and preach there and live there and die there with those people." He went back and saved 10,000 souls. He too, was a **choice one**.

A short while ago the pulpits of the land were ringing with the praises of that newsboy of Gary, Ind., who died as a result of giving a portion of the skin of his own body to make possible the recovery of another person, whom he did not know. The sufferer, who was severely burned, a Miss Smith, lived, but Billy Rugh, "who counted not his life dear," died. Editorial pens are still busy recounting and commenting upon this noble thing that has stirred the heart as it has seldom if ever been stirred before. Thousands of people thronged the church as the last rites were said over his lifeless body. Was it because a man had died? Men die every day. Billy Rugh had no money, he held no office, he possessed no influence. What does it mean? The spirit of the divine Christ was the spirit of this man who died that another might live. He was a **choice one**.

Still fresh in the minds of many readers is the story of that naval officer who stood to one side of the ladder, while his mates passed to the fresh air and safety of the upper deck. Something gave way, the engine room was filled with steam. Lieut. Morrison stood aside for others and died at his post. Somehow, when we read about these things we cannot help but be better.

On the coast of Labrador Dr. Wilfred Grenfell spends his life. He is serving, as a medical missionary, the poor fisher folk who live on that cold, barren and icy coast. Dr. Grenfell also preaches the Word of God to them. He teaches these poor, humble folks the rudiments of the old faith and by "his works," he illustrates his words. Like the Great Physician he goes about doing good. A rich man, he left England and the comforts and luxuries of civilization, taking his riches with him; he is building stores, hospitals, schools and churches. He is also building monuments for himself in the hearts of these people and in the heart of the world which shall endure until the ages are done. Dr. Grenfell says: "What a man does for the love

of God he does differently." Certainly he knows, for he is a **choice one**.

"Lydia," said a lady, opening her neighbor's door, "put on your bonnet and come: they say there is a tall angel on the green measuring up the moral character of the people." They found pretty nearly all the community there and the mighty angel stood with a measuring reed in his hand. Dr. Blank was being urged forward. He was wealthy. He had given the village a public park and playground and a fountain. They all bore his name as the donor. Finally he went up and the seraph stretched out his reed above him. But the doctor shrank down, down, until he turned and ran away.

One after another went up with varying fortune. Some one called for Anne Jones, a very Tabitha in the village, though in an unostentatious way. Every village has one like her; good souls who do good, whenever they have the opportunity, but never allow their right hand to know what the left is about. Only those that had been sick or in trouble know of the deeds that are done in this way.

"Who is Anne Jones?" the question was asked. "Oh I see; why, that's my seamstress!" At last the little figure in poke bonnet and bombazine dress was pushed up to the front, and as the angel stretched out the wand above her, she rose, rose, rose, until her head touched the high standard—she was one of the choice ones. Are you a choice one? You can be if you so choose.



THE HERMIT'S FIRST VISITOR.

(Continued from Page 438.)

utensils, and practically everything necessary to operate a mountain farm. I then settled down, and made up my mind that it would be a long time before mankind would again behold my face.

You may wonder what I had to eat. Well, you need not think for a minute that I was at any time in want. I would grow plenty of buckwheat and rye on my humble plantation, and buckwheat cakes and rye bread looked good to me. I made my own maple syrup and maple sugar, but my table was without coffee, salt or pepper. When I wanted meat, I'd kill a rabbit, squirrel, or wild turkey, and thus be contented. Besides that, I had plenty of venison, as deer roamed through the forest as thick as grasshoppers in a hayfield.

How did I procure a change of raiment? Well, I just clothed myself in deerskin,

somewhat on the order of an Indian. As for footwear, I made deerskin moccasins, and got along fine. I raised a few young cattle; not very many. I had to raise some in order to continually have a yoke of oxen. You know that I could not spend my days in the wilderness with the yoke I took there with me.

I raised a small crop of tobacco, and made my pipes from briar roots, as well as corn cobs. In fact, I was a regular Robinson Crusoe, save that I did not have a man, named Friday, to assist me. I frequently made myself a little birch tea, but my drink was mostly pure cold water. There was not a more contented soul on earth than I was.

You may doubt my words, but it had been twenty years since I had seen the face of anybody. To tell the truth, I wanted to see no one, and the farther the people staid away from me, the better I was pleased. I didn't know what was meant by "neighbors," and had no desire to learn.

But you can imagine my surprise when one evening, about sunset, as I sat in my doorway, I beheld a neatly dressed and good looking young lady, coming down through the cornfield in the direction of the cabin. This was the first person I had seen in twenty years, and I could not help but wonder why she, or anyone else, should hunt me up. I sat in amazement. She was still coming toward me, and was carrying a valise. She finally reached the cabin, and said "Good evening."

"Good evening," I replied, wondering where I was at.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"Yes, and all by myself, too. What can I do for you?"

Her eyes showed a bewilderment when I told her that I lived in that humble abode, all alone. But she told me her trouble. She was from my home town, and had come to the mountain to teach school, had lost her way, and wandered for hours without seeing a cabin. She finally saw some smoke in the direction of my cabin, occasioned by the burning of a brush pile. She started in that direction, believing that she'd find some one where there was smoke, and, in doing so, she had found me. She asked to stay all night. Oh! what was I to do?

It had commenced to rain, and it was out of the question for the poor girl to go any farther that day. To the best of my knowledge, it was seven miles to the nearest cabin, although I did not know that the neighborhood had been settled to some ex-

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Miss M. Andrews.

To prevent stove polish from sticking to the hands when polishing the stove, first rub the hands thoroughly with soap and allow it to dry. The polish will then wash off without any trouble.

To preserve natural flowers, dip the flowers in melted paraffin, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should only be hot enough to maintain its fluidity and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stem and moved about an instant to get rid of the air bubbles. Fresh flowers free from moisture make excellent specimens.

When your shirt waists have become frayed and worn at the wrists and neck, cut off sleeves to elbow or three-quarter length and turn in the neck a little and attach a linen collar and cuff set, using a rather deep collar if the waist is worn badly at the neck.

For Burnt Matches: Burnt matches in a parlor or bedroom are unsightly. Try this way of getting rid of them. Keep a small glass or match holder half filled with fine sand near your match receptacle. After blowing out the match stick the burnt end down into the sand. You are sure then it can do no harm and it is pleasanter to see the clean ends than the unsightly burnt ones.

To Take Paint Out of Clothing: Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing no matter how hard and dry it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times and then wash out in soap suds.

To make buttonholes on thin material: Before cutting the buttonhole baste a piece of India linen or muslin underneath where the buttonholes are to be. Cut the buttonhole through both and work. When finished, cut the goods away underneath up close to the buttonhole.

When cleaning baseboards or mouldings, the wall adjoining may easily be protected by using a piece of cardboard held at the upper edge of the board. This allows the cleaning cloth to soil the pasteboard instead of the wall and avoids that streak too often seen on walls.

Window shades that have become cracked or broken can be renovated by

laying them flat on the floor and painting them with common oil paint. Paint one side, letting dry thoroughly before touching the other side. This treatment preserves the shades and makes them last for years.

For pitch or tar stains, soften the stains with lard, then soak in turpentine. Scrape carefully with a knife all the loose surface dirt. Sponge clean with turpentine and rub gently until dry.

For chocolate and cocoa stains wash with soap in tepid water.

When making comforters or filling sofa pillows with cotton batting place each roll in a newspaper and put in the oven one at a time until thoroughly heated. The batting will retain its fluffiness much longer.

To darn a worn place in a shirt waist or any garment made of thin material, place a piece of paper, not too stiff, on the wrong side and stitch back and forth on the sewing machine to cover the spot. The paper will keep the material from puckering and will come off when the garment is washed. This looks much nicer than patching and is much more rapidly done.

To finish eyelets neatly leave the last three stitches loose and run the needle back through them. Tighten each stitch in order and draw up your thread and you will have an eyelet that will not pull out even though the thread is cut close.

To put a hem in a skirt easily and quickly, place the skirt wrong side out over the ironing board, measure the exact length from the band, down, turn up the bottom, press or baste in position all around and when done the skirt will be found to hang perfectly even.

Buttons will not tear out of fine materials so easily if a narrow tuck is first run. Sew the buttons through the three thicknesses made by the tuck, thus giving them a firm foundation.

Sewing-machines should be treated with great care if you would have them last a long time and do perfect work. After every two days of steady work oil the machine thoroughly but be careful to wipe away all superfluous oil. Run the machine rapidly but steadily for five minutes after oiling; this will cause the oil to

scatter and all the superfluous drops be wiped away and none left to stain the material on which you are working.

The easiest way to even a skirt is to finish completely except the hem. Then put on the skirt. Place a yard stick on the floor and mark with chalk every two inches all around the hips at the top of a yard stick. This mark is thirty-six inches from the floor and the extra hip length is already allowed. Lay skirt on table and subtract as many inches from this length as you want it from the floor. If two inches, mark the skirt thirty-four inches from the measure and your skirt will be perfectly even.

When gum shoes are old they lose their brightness and when washed look very dull. They should be washed, dried and polished with shoe polish. The polish will preserve the gum, and rubbers treated in this way will last just as long again as when just washed each time.

Home Prepared Mustard: Break one egg into a bowl, add one scant tablespoon of flour, two tablespoons of ground mustard, two tablespoons of sugar, butter the size of an egg, one teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Beat all well together, then add one and one-half cups of vinegar and cook in a granite saucepan until it boils up. Do not let it lump or scorch while cooking. This will keep for some time.

Canned Meat: Cut meat in as large pieces as will go in a glass fruit jar and pack in as closely as possible, crowding in with a small stick until level with the top of the jar. To each quart of meat add one heaping teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. If the meat is lean a little suet or lard improves it. Screw on tops and cook in a boiler or anything that will hold water enough to cover it. Put enough cold water in boiler to come to neck of jars. Cover boiler closely and boil three or four hours according to the toughness of the meat. When cooked take jars out of water, put on rubbers which have been heated in hot water and seal the same as fruit. This will keep indefinitely if kept in a cool place and can be opened as needed, sliced and eaten cold or heated and made into stew or fried. The broth which forms on it is good for invalids or makes excellent soup stock.

Uses for Old Magazines: Newspapers and magazines accumulate so rapidly in many homes that the busy housewife wonders what to do with them. Here are a few suggestions that will help. First the mag-

azines and story papers: try to keep them in as good condition as possible, then when you want to get rid of them, look them over carefully to be sure the continued stories are there, wrap up neatly and send to some one who likes to read but is too poor to take many papers. A collection of poems such as are found in many of our story papers might be helpful to teachers when getting up a program.

When sewing lay two or three large papers on the floor around the machine for the ravelings and bits of cloth to fall onto. When through roll them up and use for kindling the fire and your floor is nice and clean.

When traveling a long distance on a cold and chilly day put two or three newspapers across the chest. Even comforts may be lined with them. Tack several squares together and save your kitchen table by setting pots and kettles on them.

Few people consider the necessity of deep breathing. It should be practiced constantly, the first thing on rising and the last thing upon retiring. It is remarkable that we should have been breathing day and night since we came into the world, yet few of us know how to breathe properly yet. A good way to develop the deep breathing habit when one is walking is to take one inhalation to each four steps and expel the air on the next four. After a few days you will find it easy to take several more steps to a breath.



Have castors put on your woodbox and see how easy it is to move it when sweeping or cleaning floors.

To singe chickens, hold them over a saucer of burning alcohol. It does not leave soot on the flesh.

For lifting poached eggs out of water there is nothing so good as the milk skimmer.

When embroidered sheets and pillowcases become worn, the initial or monogram which is perfectly good may be cut out in a circle and again used by neatly feather stitching it to the new material.

A great convenience for an invalid who is compelled to lie down most of the time is a wall pocket. Make this with a flat piece having pockets of different sizes and shapes. This may be fastened to the wall near the couch and may hold writing materials, crochet materials or anything else that the invalid needs to help pass away the time.

THE HERMIT'S FIRST VISITOR.

(Continued from Page 441.)

tent in the past twenty years, that there was a house a mile and a half away, and that her schoolhouse was less than two miles from my door. I was forced to accommodate her with lodging—as best I could.

I invited her in, and prepared supper, as best I knew how. I gave her my bunk for the night, and made a nest for myself on floor of my kitchen. When I asked her name, and she told me, I was dumbfounded.

She was none other than Grace Ford, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Logan Ford. She was actually the daughter of my former lady love! Now, what do you know about that?

Well, I resolved to cultivate her acquaintance, and the next morning, after our humble breakfast, I hitched up the yoke of oxen (something she had never seen before) in my hay wagon, and after seating ourselves on some buckwheat straw, we started on a wayfaring drive. We drove about a mile and a half, and came to a log house. But it was larger, and better than mine. We stopped there, and inquired about the school. We were told that it was but a short half mile distant, and we proceeded with our drive.

We found a beautiful frame school building, but rather poor playground for the children. The girl secured boarding at the house we passed on the way, and we were thus but a mile and a half apart the whole winter.

Now, I'll tell you what I did next. Not for twenty years had I seen any money, or even cared to. But now it was different. Since I learned that I had neighbors so close at hand, I made up my mind that I must present quite a different appearance. What did I do?

Well, I sold enough buckwheat flour to buy me a new suit of clothes, and a pair of shoes. I had my hair closely clipped, and commenced to feel like a new man. I had been shaving my face all the while, but my head looked worse than I don't know what. Did you ever try to cut your own hair? If you did, you know the situation. When my hair got too long, I'd cut out chunks of it with the shears, and let it go at that. It didn't look nice, but what was the difference, since nobody saw me?

The next Saturday morning, about 9 o'clock this little mountain school miss came to my humble abode. Now, I was glad to see her, and wouldn't let her leave till after dinner. As good luck would have it

I had just killed a deer, and when venison was spread before her, something that she had never tasted prior to that time, well—I can't tell you all she had to say. You'll have to ask her.

But I'd forgotten to say that before dinner I dressed up in my new suit, put on my new shoes, and wore a collar and necktie. Really, I was not bad looking, and the girl soon became aware of it. She invited me to come and visit her school often, and to tell the truth, I did so.

I'll not tell you now what did happen when her school closed for the term, but she asked me to go along with her to her home and I did so. We arrived safely, and when we entered the door of the Ford mansion, the former school teacher addressed her mother, by saying:

"Mother, I am glad I have the pleasure of introducing you to your former sweetheart, Mr. Samuel Wigginton."

The mother shook hands, and received me cordially. She complimented me on my appearance, holding that I did not look a day older than I did when she last saw me, twenty years ago.

But she asked her daughter where she found me. The daughter then told the mother all about it, stating how she had found me hidden from the world, and brought me back.



WHAT THE GAS-ENGINE HAS DONE FOR THE FARM.

According to the current issue of *Farm and Fireside*, hundreds of thousands of gas-engines are now doing their work on farms. Following is an extract:

"In their varied forms these engines are the fairy workmen of the industrial world. The things which they accomplish today for us would, to our ancestors of a century ago, sound more improbable than do the fairy stories of Hans Andersen or our friend Æsop.

"It pumps the water for the house, barns and pastures. It grinds the feed for poultry, pigs, sheep, cattle and horses. It runs the cream separator, the churn and the washing-machine. By its surplus energy while doing these things it runs a dynamo and charges a storage-battery. Current from this battery is used to light the house and barns, to run an electric fan, run the sewing-machine, iron the clothes and heat the incubator.

"An engine will shovel the corn and grain, pitch the hay into the barn, bale the hay, shell the corn, run the fanning-mill,

milk the cows while they eat the chopped feed which it has prepared. It will even shear the sheep and clip and curry the horses. And, joy of joys to the farm boy, it will turn the grindstone.

"These are but some of the chores which it will do about the house and the barns. In the form of a tractor it goes into the fields and plows, tills, seeds, harvests, thrashes, shreds and shells, hauls the crop to town, digs ditches and fills ditches, pulls stumps and hedges and rocks, moves buildings, grades and drags the roads.

"In the form of an automobile it brings joy to all the family. At the close of a hard day's work they can climb into the car and spin around the country a good many miles in half an hour or an hour. They are rested, cooled and refreshed far more than had they sat at home. If a repair or some supplies are needed, the car runs into town and back within less time than it would take to bring a team from the field and hitch it to the buggy. And the team goes on with its work. Or, if the driver of the team must make the trip, they rest while he is gone, and he too is rested by the trip."

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

A presiding elder on a western circuit had a circuit-rider whom he used to fill appointments in new territories and more especially in districts where other denominations had just broken ground.

On one occasion he was sent to preach in a schoolhouse where another missionary had been canvassing through the week and had a Sunday appointment in the schoolroom. He had to take second place and have a second service. Next day on his way home, meeting the presiding elder on the train, he asked how he got along on Sunday. He replied: "I preached a rousing, soothing, satisfying sermon."

"How was that?"

"Well, before I was half through the half of the people left. That was rousing, wasn't it? Before I was through the rest were asleep. That was soothing, wasn't it? After I was through nobody asked me to come back. That was satisfying, wasn't it?"



"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No, mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day an' I thought I'd wait a few years, till things got settled."

Satan and the Saint

or

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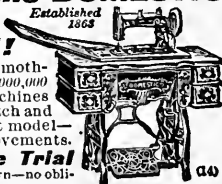
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SPRING.

Mrs. Ida M. Kier.

GLAD springtime, with sunshine and showers,

We welcome thy first balmy day.
Green woods full of fragrance and

flowers,

Invite us to ramble and play.

The meadows are calling so sweetly,

The merry brook bubbles along,

All earth's steeped in gladness completely,

All nature seems bursting with song.

The trees wave their high branches o'er us,

New-leaved, softly rustling, and green;

Soft grass spreads a carpet before us,

Glad springtime, of seasons thou'rt queen.

Oh, could we prolong the glad hours,

That swiftly are fleeting away,

We'd sing as the birds in the bowers.

That carol so happy all day.



For a few months give up tea, coffee, pastry, sweets, salads, and confine yourself to boiled vegetables, green salads, rare meats and if your stomach will stand it, plenty of milk to drink. Eat plenty of spinach and dress the green things with olive oil; take plenty of exercise, breathe deeply, and bathe frequently, and you will find the yellow all washing out of your face and your fretful nerves steadying down until you can really enjoy a good laugh. Drink plenty of pure water of the temperature best suited to your likes. You will find that our best physicians are giving less medicine and more advice than formerly. Some of them are willing to acknowledge that drug doctoring is nine-tenths guess-work.



"George Washington was not much of a business man, I take it," remarked the capacious critic, as he deftly trimmed the fringe on his antiquated and well worn cuffs.

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, when he crossed the Delaware it was full of floating ice. There was ice going to waste. Yet George went on to Trenton and fought the British."

"What else should he have done?"

"Well, he might have organized an ice trust with offices in Jersey City, cornered all that ice and become the father of the octopus."



"What you need," said the doctor, "is an operation."

"Very well," replied the patient, "which operation are you cleverest at?"—Detroit Free Press.

THE INGLENOOK

INDUSTRY

PROGRESS

ECONOMY



BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

April 29
1913

Vol. XV
No. 17

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Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

EDITED BY S. CHRISTIAN MILLER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. M. FOGELSONGER

J. C. FLORA

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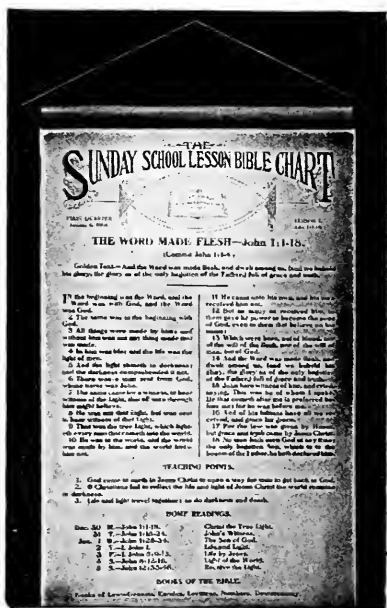
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you a decidedly favorable impression of the lesson. 4. If hung in the dining room it will lead you to talk about the lesson while you eat. 5. It will awaken a relish for further study.

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This catalog contains description and prices of Books, Bibles, Sunday-school and Church Supplies, Mottoes and a large number of other material of interest. A glance at our prices will convince you that they are right. We give prompt service. You as a Sunday-school worker should have this catalog. We send it free upon request. Do you want it?

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XV

April 29, 1913

No. 17.

RECENT SOCIAL PROGRESS

H. M. Fogelsonger

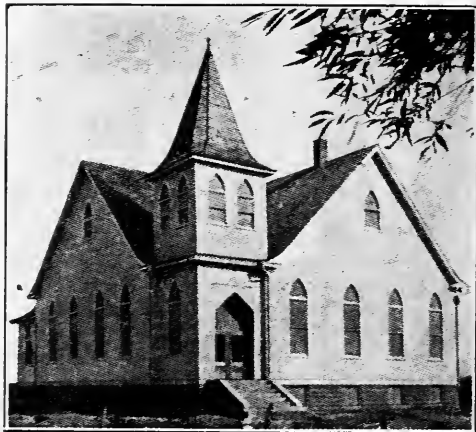


I. W. Brubaker.

Community Work by the Rural Church.

THIS is a subject in which we are very much interested, but on account of the many theories and possible misunderstandings it has not been discussed in these pages as much as it might have been. We cannot agree with those who say that the rural church is on the verge of a collapse or that unless some remedy is soon found the whole social structure of the country districts will die. We farmers are not quite so bad off as that, but we are far from being sound physically and morally. There is a rural problem, there always was and there always will be. The question is, "What are we going to do in this generation?" What about those

young people who are not developing mentally, who do not care to read, and who are not doing as much for the church as they could had they clearer minds? What about those frequent cases of illegitimate child-births? Are we to blame the boy or girl or are the causes found in the conditions in which they are living? What have you in your community, thinking Christians or those who follow the line of least resistance and who seldom think for themselves? Do you have good roads? Do the farmers raise large crops or do they persist in using methods that deplete their soil? Those are a sample of questions that might be asked in every community and if you look at the matter fairly you will see that there is something for the church to do. If it can do nothing else it can help make God's beautiful country so inviting that the boys and girls will want to remain there instead of going to the city.



1912 Ivester House of the Grundy County Congregation.

What One Church Has Done.

Now, we are going to talk about a specific case. The Ivester congregation of the Church of the Brethren, Grundy County, Iowa, has demonstrated during the past winter what a country church can do for the young people. Among other things they have conducted a very successful lecture and entertainment course and have contracted for another next year. The desire for the course came as a natural thing in the growth and development of the community. Many of the younger members of the congregation had attended Mount Morris College at some time in their lives and at Mount Morris as at all wide-awake colleges a lecture course is conducted each year. On these college courses appear the best talent obtainable, orators of ability, readers of national reputation and a high grade of musical entertainment. It is only natural that when students return home they long for those good things which they enjoyed when in school. Instead of sitting down and whining about it the young people of Ivester, with the assistance of others, especially the pastor, decided that they could have inspiring lectures and music in the country. Those young people are going to grow and develop instead of atrophy; and what is most encouraging, we believe that the pastor and elder, I. W. Brubaker, is alive to the needs of the country church.

Last autumn a Sunday-school convention was held in the Ivester church and one of the subjects discussed was, "The Proper Attitude of the Sunday-school Towards the Social Conditions of the Community." While discussing the question several minds were focused on doing something definite. A special meeting was called for those interested, and officers of a lecture board were elected: C. F. Messer, Pres., F. O. Sheller, Sec'y., and R. W. Kennedy, Treas. The season was late, nothing having been done until December, but that did not discourage the committee. They took up the work at once and contracted for a four number course, three lectures and one musical, from a reputable bureau. Course tickets were sold at \$1.50 each and so many responded that a complimentary number will be given this spring. Just because more than the required number of tickets were sold you must not think that there was no opposition or trouble in making sales. It took some ambition and hustling on the part of the sellers, but you know that nothing worthy is seldom done without effort. The pastor writes that the

whole committee worked and pushed. The result is that united effort and a general uplift have come about.

Now comes a thing that would discourage many a worker. Ivester is seven miles from a railroad station, the churchhouse being located out in the open country. But this distance did not seem to be a hindrance; at least it was overcome. The community is fortunate in having a commodious church in which to attend the lectures. Last year a large \$15,000 building was erected to replace the old one which after nearly forty years of use had become too small. The membership of the congregation numbers about two hundred.

For the above information we are indebted to I. W. Brubaker and Clarence E. Schrock and the Redpath Lyceum Bureau.

Rural Progress in Minnesota.

Under the leadership of Governor Eberhart new life is being instilled into farm life in Minnesota through the school system. For several years Mr. Eberhart has been trying as best he could to make farm life more inviting and profitable so that people would be willing to remain on the farm and others who cannot make a living in the city may be induced to move to the country. In the World's Work for April, Gov. Eberhart tells of his experiences. Some time before he was elected governor the commercial club of his town sent him to Minneapolis to find farm hands to help harvest a big crop of grain that the farmers in the southern part of the State were trying to care for. On arriving in Minneapolis he found idle men standing about everywhere who were anxious to work. They were willing to do anything until Mr. Eberhart told them that he would like to take them to the country. Then there was another story. They said that country life was too lonesome. Mr. Eberhart had to return home without harvest hands. Those men may not have been very anxious to work but their answer started Eberhart to thinking and he concluded that something might be done to make the country more inviting, at least for the sake of the next generation. As a result of his leadership as governor the school system of the State has been reorganized so that the schools will be better adapted to the needs of the country. Where necessary the schools have been consolidated and the State aids financially in establishing agricultural high schools. A good start has been made towards making the school the center of the community. The governor

encourages the use of the moving picture machine in giving illustrated lectures and educational entertainment. He says: "The schoolhouses that used to be dark and untenanted at night are now ablaze with light and gay with the sound of music and song. There are frequent entertainments at the schools—illustrated lectures, concerts, athletic entertainments, and the like—and each community is thus enabled to provide its own amusement at a comparatively negligible cost, something which was impossible when there was no common meeting place for the residents of the surrounding country and no experienced teachers and leaders to organize the social movements. Every schoolhouse now has its own library of current and classic fiction, in addition to the usual reference books for the use of the scholars during school hours. Pianos have been installed in most of the schools, and musical entertainments have been taken up by practically all the young folks as one of the most satisfactory methods of passing the long winter evenings."

The Same Problem in Iowa.

The farmers of one of the townships in Humboldt County, Iowa, held an election last month to decide whether they would build a central school in which agriculture could be taught the high school pupils. A paragraph from one of the local papers reads: "Farmers of the district have been watching their boys and girls going to town schools and acquiring ideas that take them ultimately away from the farm. The farmers declare that a school is needed where regular high school studies will be taught, and other work closely allied with the farm and its problems. Farmers believe that the establishment of a school for farm boys and girls will keep the sons and the daughters interested in farming as a profession, and prepare them for agriculture by giving them practical studies."

These agricultural high schools have been a success in several States and there is no reason why the whole country cannot enjoy the benefits derived from such institutions. Each year brings more records of success.

COMMENT ON RECENT HAPPENINGS

A School Which Pays Its Scholars.

For six years the apprentice school at the Lehigh Valley Coal Company's shops at Drifton has been in successful operation. It is held for one hour twice a week during working hours, and a novel feature is that the scholars are paid at their regular rates for this time. Attendance is compulsory for all apprentices. They are instructed in the applied mathematics of mechanics, freehand drawing, correspondence, and all subjects useful to them in their craft. One of the earliest scholars could neither read nor write, yet today he is considered one of the best workmen in the shop. The average attendance is about twenty, and the course is pronounced by visitors from nearby institutions of learning to be both efficient and complete.



Over-taxation Limits Size of Cities.

In a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal, attention is drawn to the fact that the final determining factor in the growth of cities is the taxation, which history has shown us tends to run to very high and burdensome limits in the greatest and most rapid-

ly growing cities of the world. Attention is drawn to the fact that Mommsen has shown that the water-tax receipts proved that in the time of Hadrian the population of Rome was not less than 1,400,000. Today it is less than 400,000, and our contemporary draws the conclusion that the people were taxed out of the city. London has slowed down in its rate of growth, and attention is drawn to the fact that increasing taxation, due to the very costly works of improvement now being undertaken, may ultimately act with similar effect on the city of New York.



Sixteen-mile Tunnels Through the Rockies.

One of the most striking developments of present-day engineering is the great expense which the railroad companies do not hesitate to incur in building tunnels of unprecedented length with a view to decreasing their grades across the mountain summits. The latest announcement in this connection is that of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which states it is going to undertake the construction shortly of a tunnel that will be by far the longest yet con-

structed. It is to be built below its pass through the Rocky Mountains. It will be 16 miles in length and will cost \$14,000,000. This is some four miles longer than the well-known Simplon Tunnel through the Alps and the estimated time of construction is seven years.



Figures of a Four Days' Rainstorm.

The Weather Bureau estimates that in the four days' rainstorm which devastated certain towns and villages in the upper watershed of the Ohio River, sufficient water fell to cover fifteen million acres of land to a depth of one foot. This represents between five and six thousand billion gallons of water. In the presence of such eccentricity of nature, the works of man, whether they be restraining reservoirs or artificial banks or what not, become mere pygmies and utterly futile for restraint. A four-day rainfall which will cover such a State as Ohio with a depth of seven inches, is a phenomenon of nature which is beyond all possibilities of control by any appliances that are known in the present stage of engineering knowledge. All we can hope for is to mitigate disaster. Absolutely to prevent it would probably call for works of a magnitude which is utterly beyond our present ingenuity and resources.



The Attitude of the New Administration.

The announcement by President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan of the attitude of the new Administration on international affairs has caused no surprise. It is what was to have been expected, in view of the conspicuous utterances of the two men in former years.

Acting in the spirit of genuine respect for other nations and their rights and institutions, of cordial friendly coöperation with them, of good-will and brotherliness, the Administration will, we are confident, do everything in its power to promote the further development of such international practices, customs, and institutions as will assure permanent good relations and peace, prevent strife and war, check the current ruinous rivalry in building armaments, and deliver, with as little delay as possible, the people from the heavy and rapidly increasing burdens of the "armed peace."



Business, the College and the Man.

Several interesting and stimulating

speeches were made at Urbana, Illinois, at the dedication of the new commerce building of the State University. The relation between higher education and business success naturally claimed considerable attention, and it appears that when the balance was mentally struck it favored collegiate education.

The controversy is old, but it is entering on a new phase. There is, of course, much force in the familiar objection of the hard-headed man of affairs—namely, that the college graduate is "superior," unwilling to learn patiently, averse to clerical and manual labor, and prone to loss of courage. On the other hand, no business man of insight and breadth will deny that the college man who is "humble," persistent, industrious and amiable will advance rapidly after a brief apprenticeship by reason of his trained intelligence and appreciation of method and efficiency.

It is this admission which furnishes a key to the solution of the problem. The new attitude of progressive business men and the new attitude of educators may be directly traced to the realization by both that the value of the college graduate in business depends on the education he has received as well as on the business he goes into. If his education has been sound; if it has trained his mind and strengthened his character, he will be valuable and successful in a sound, well-managed business. He will know how to fit himself for his new tasks, how to cultivate efficiency, how to utilize opportunity. His good qualities will be appreciated if his superiors are intelligent and alert men of business.

The truth is, modern business ideas and needs are modifying education, while education is changing the business world. The liberal studies are becoming indirectly vocational without, however, lessening the need for directly and frankly vocational courses. Foreign trade, freer intercourse, scientific management and welfare work in industry combine to demand more and more education of the leaders and captains of industry. The commerce school or college that merely graduates clerks fails in its mission; the school that graduates efficient and progressive workers and thinkers succeeds materially and morally. No man lives by business alone, and no business lives by narrow business standards alone. Morals and science are, as essential to business as they are to government and citizenship.—Record-Herald.

EDITORIALS

Good-by.

Two years is sufficient time for the formation of binding friendships and pleasant memories. Before leaving the office I wish to thank the readers of the Inglenook for the loyal support and the kind coöperation that have been given during my two years here in the office. The work has been a pleasure to me and I trust may have been of some profit.

I trust it may be my good fortune to personally meet many of the readers somewhere along life's highway. Now that I am turning to other fields of activities I wish to say Good-by, God bless you.



\$1,000,000 for Farm Schools.

A county unit plan establishing an agricultural college or farm bureau in each county of the United States, through which better crops will be secured, will be urged at the conference of the crop improvement committee of the National Council of Grain Exchanges, which met at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, according to Bert Ball, secretary of the committee.

The committee was formed in 1911 by the National Council of Grain Exchanges at the suggestion of Secretary Ball to conduct a campaign of education for better and larger crops, and the idea was furnished by Sears, Roebuck & Co., who promised to subscribe \$1,000,000 to the enterprise if the committee would secure 1,000 counties as a starter toward establishing the county unit plan.

"We have heard from 157 counties of the 852 that have applied for information regarding the work, and these counties now have paid agents doing field work, assisted by agents of the Department of Agriculture," said Mr. Ball.



Dealers in Castoffs.

There is one resolution which, at the advent of the New Year, society folk religiously make and keep. And those in less affluent circumstances would be only too willing to follow their example if their pockets permitted. When January arrives the elite decide to replenish their wardrobes by selling their old clothes to dealers in castoffs, who at this time of the year canvass the west end systematically and thoroughly.

The term "old clothes," says London Tit-Bits, is scarcely correct, for in many cases ladies sell gowns to dealers which they have only worn once or twice, while gentlemen

dispose of suits which are practically as good as new. Indeed, it only requires a little faking on the part of the dealer to make the garments as spick and span as those exhibited in the west end shops.

That there is enormous profit in the business may be gathered from the fact that one dealer confessed recently that he had bought £1,000 worth of clothes within a week, and expected to make another £1,000 profit on the transaction. The clothes are chiefly bought through the medium of ladies' maids and valets, who regard the goods as their own, and many women of the lower middle classes are enabled to appear in beautiful gowns entirely because of the business which goes on between these servants and dealers.

It is a fact that fashion makes it necessary for society women to replenish their wardrobes at least twice a year, and according to one dealer, he has on his list ladies who never wear a dress more than three times. Indeed, one is quite satisfied if she appears in public in the same gown twice.

There is also, according to the Standard, a wealthy officer living in Kensington who disposes to his dealer of six suits every year. Every one is almost as good as new, and he never haggles over the price. All the dealer has to do is to collect the clothes and leave the money.

Purchases are sorted into three classes by dealers. In the first they keep the best; the second-class goods are sent to small dealers or branches in working-class districts; while the third-class goods are thrown together and sold by the bundle to women, who in turn sell them in the public market.

Sometimes, it might be mentioned, a dealer's client makes it a condition that no dresses he buys from her must on any account be sold in her district. The desired guarantee is readily given, for quite a number of cast-off dresses of society women are disposed of to wives of poor professional men, who come up regularly to London for the purpose of buying a stock.

Often women buy second-hand clothes simply because they have been worn by some stage beauty or lady of rank, and a few customers have been known to buy none but the cast-off garments of people whose names appear in the columns of society papers.



The Future.

Some one has given the following glimpse into the future. The world about the twen-

ty-eighth century will be truly Leadbeaterian. The sixth race will be well under way; the United States will have suffered the fate of Atlantis, all except California. A new continent will have arisen in the Pacific. Crime and disease will be eradicated. Newspapers will not be printed in a central office, but will be turned out in each house by a machine suggesting a broker's ticker. Cooking will no longer be performed in the present filthy fashion, but "the lady in the kitchen" will sit in front of a switch board and by pressing a button the desired flavor will be squirted into the pudding, which will then be shot down a pipe to the garden. Milk will not be obtained from cows, but from cow trees. Potatoes will be dug by a small barrel shaped machine on legs. When a man wants to reincarnate promptly he will induce two friends to marry in order to become his parents, while attempts will be made to replace the mother-born child by "mind-born bodies," fortunately without great success.



Save the Cat.

The editor of the Independent tells the following:

A lover of cats makes a new plea for them. He tells us that cats kill the field mice which rob the nests of bumblebees, and the bumblebees fertilize the blossoms of the clover which feeds the cows that give us milk. Such is the chain of nature that the loss of any link may do grave damage. This is the way of it:

This is the babe that mother loved.

This is the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.

This is the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.

This is the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.

This is the bee that saved the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.

This is the mouse that killed the bee that saved the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.

This is the cat that ate the mouse that killed the bee that saved the clover that fed the cow that gave the milk that nourished the babe that mother loved.

Therefore will mother protect the cat or she will incur a dearer loss than that of the malt in the house that Jack built.

Says Saloon Must Go.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones in a sermon said:

"Only to the conventional is temperance a hackneyed subject. Only to the indulgent is the student of the liquor problem a fanatic. The man of this world is no longer indifferent to the mountainous waste represented by saloons and their attendant vices. The statesman more than the preacher, the ballot box more than the pulpit, is called upon to confront this awful waste of human energy, this dissipation of earth's resources, misdirection of man's toil, represented not in the rhetoric of the reformer, however appealing, but in the cold, hard figures of the census.

"These tables, published by the government, must be handled in the classroom. The sociologist who expects to discuss academically civic problems by leaving out these liquor figures is a charlatan. And the social worker who is ambitious to do settlement work, but is either ignorant of or indifferent to the most obviously aggressive and relentless source of poverty and degradation, is self-deluded and will prove an incompetent if not unsafe leader.

"The statistics for 1910 show that \$659,500,000 was invested in the manufacture of liquor in the United States; that about 68,500 wage earners were employed in the work; that 29,000,000 bushels of corn and 42,000,000 gallons of molasses are used annually in the production of liquor; that in the United States in 1909, \$1,745,000 was expended for drink—almost twice the national debt.

"These figures mean something. Every dollar involved sweat, human sweat, first or last, and that energy cannot be reclaimed for other uses. These dollars and these lives are directly related to the saloons, 7,000 of which are in Chicago, and they are inseparably connected, logically related to the allied vices: Prostitution, gambling, the prize ring and the race track.

"A decent saloon conducted within legal bounds is conceivable, but such a saloon as a business success is scarcely possible. A law-abiding saloon will soon go out of business. It is that illegal plus, which opens the door of the saloon to minors, that establishes backdoor connections with the brothel, that makes it the rendezvous for panders, gamblers, whisky politicians and other 'bums' that make it profitable.

"It is by the decree of the economist, of the good statesman, the boasted practical man of business, the manager of railroads and the directors of banks that the saloon has got to go."

THE "EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS" AND THEIR WORK

E. L. Craik, A. M.

FOR convenience the great writers and educators who have held some idea or ideas in common are often collected into groups which are called schools. They are the representatives of some movement in thought, and though seldom all living in the same country or in the same period of time, by the similarity of their doctrines fall naturally into some school, notwithstanding the fact that there is no organization and that in some instances the individuals have not been associated together in any way.

In the field of education perhaps no group of men have occupied a larger field and exerted a more potent influence in modern times than the school known by the various names of reformers, innovators, sense-realists, etc. These men lived in a period when the influence of the Reformation was felt only in a faint afterglow. The intense religious ardor begotten by the lives of such men as Luther, Melancthon and Calvin was practically a thing of the past. Just as the Catholic church had become corrupt in the time of Luther, so now the various churches which sprang up from the Reformation had fallen shamefully low in spiritual life. In short there was prevalent a cold formalism, and the Protestant churches had become as dogmatic and opposed to anything liberal and savoring of freedom of thought as the Catholic church had ever been. The Reformers had insisted upon reason, but the orthodoxy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was inexorable in the extreme. Education was largely in the hands of churchmen. Quite naturally it was of the narrow, unthinking, traditional sort,—much adverse to the new and to the search for truth. There was no freedom of thought within the pales of orthodoxy.

Such was in brief the conditions of society as the innovators found it. Chief among these men were Bacon, Ratke, Milton, Comenius, Rollin, Fenelon and Locke, all of whom touched education quite vitally, with the exception of Milton, whose only

claim to a place here lies in the fact that he wrote the "Tractate on Education."

From the teachings of these men as individuals we can arrive at some sort of system or of principles for which the school stood. Theirs was preëminently a note of protest against the existing order of things; they wanted something new, something adequate to the needs of the times; hence, the name innovators. Let us notice some of the demands of this school.

In the first place they attacked the fundamental method of instruction used at that time, calling it "a blind groping, without road or object." For centuries the method of procedure had been, first, to teach words, then things,—in decided opposition to the natural way of learning. The result was a cramming of the individual's mind with words,—words often with Ciceronian polish, indeed, but implying no real knowledge of the things of which they were the mere symbols. It was pure parrot-like memorizing, and really permitted no growth, no unfolding of the individual: in short, it did not educate.

Comenius may fairly be taken as the originator of the principles and methods of the innovators. At any rate he is a good type of the school. He believed that education is an unfolding of the faculties from within instead of a cramming of the memory, being, indeed, the first educator to grasp the idea of individual development. He would have instructors appeal to the understanding of the child rather than to the memory. Here, as in many other particulars, he is at one with Ratke whose principles he professed to follow. This applied especially to the mode of teaching languages. It is true that certain of the innovators, Ratke in particular, made extravagant claims, and proposed to teach even the most difficult languages in but a few months; notwithstanding this, the fact was that the new method of the moderns greatly facilitated language study. It is said that fifteen or twenty years were spent formerly in the acquisition of but

a meager amount of mediæval Church Latin.

Corresponding to this diminution of time spent on the classics there was an increased enthusiasm for the vernacular tongues. Probably, however, it was not an "increased" enthusiasm, for it is without doubt true that prior to this time no time had been devoted to the vernacular. That was the language of the lower classes, and as such was beneath the notice of the learned linguists. Now the innovators did not discourage the study of the classics and the classical languages, but they advocated the introduction of the mother tongue into the curriculum for the purpose of breaking down in some measure the sharp artificial distinction between the educated and the uneducated classes made upon the basis of Latin, and to promote an educational ideal independent of Latin,—one less aristocratic in character and tradition. Latin, which had hitherto constituted the bulk of the curriculum, they looked upon as applicable more especially to those who were contemplating pursuing a learned education.

As already intimated, they insisted that knowledge should be communicated by an appeal to the senses; hence, they are sometimes termed "sense-realists." They wanted to get a real knowledge, something having a point of contact with the physical and not the metaphysical. Their demand was really the voice of an embryonic scientific spirit, the beginning of the distinctively modern system of experimental investigation, which bases nothing on tradition or dogma, but submits everything to critical scientific tests. In line with this demand for the proper functioning of the senses, at a later date Pestalozzi introduced the system of teaching by means of objects, emphasizing drawing, and all the while using synthetic processes.

Physical education generally received due emphasis from the reformers. To Locke, for instance, we are indebted for the rather trite but true statement: "A sound mind in a sound body." Locke may have been an extremist in his elaborate course of physical exercise, as he was peculiar in some of his other ideas, but fundamentally he was right. The orthodox idea had been that the body is essentially evil and should be despised. The reformers taught that the care and exercise of the normal functions of the body are indispensable in the economy of growth and education, and that the body need not war against the soul. The purpose of this repression of the physical activity is evident: "the powers that were"

feared and justly, too, that along with such activity might come mental activity, a thing most undesirable in their eyes. The innovators welcomed the latter, and used the former as a sure means of bringing it about. The idea of physical education has never lost ground since that day.

As has already been said, one of the fundamentals of the innovators was a change of method. Much might be said of their position in this regard. It is noteworthy that Bacon, one of their number, is commonly considered, whether rightly or not, the originator of the inductive method of reasoning. At any rate the reformers used that method as opposed to the mediæval Aristotelian system, that of deduction. The latter method was dogmatic and bound by tradition; it reasoned from generals to particulars,—quite contrary to the natural way. The inductive system proceeds from observed phenomena, from particulars to generalized ideas, the natural way. So with their whole system of pedagogy: the cry, made more insistent and extreme in its implications by Rousseau and other revolutionists, was ever: "Back to Nature,"—teach according to Nature, live according to Nature. Comenius worked out a plan in the *Great Didactic* which presents the different well-defined stages in the career of the individual with methods of instruction and courses of study applicable to each. Ratke, the forerunner of Comenius, had for his underlying thought: "Everything should be done in its natural order." Karl Schmidt summarizes things tolerably well when he says, in speaking of one of the innovators (Locke), that "he gave an impulse to the movement which grounds education upon sound psychological principles, and lays stress upon good breeding and the formation of character."

To reiterate, the innovators broke completely with the past on the most fundamental points of method, course of study, and aim. They demanded that the study of things should precede, or be united with, the study of words; that knowledge should be communicated whenever possible by an appeal to the senses; that language study should begin with the mother tongue; that Latin and Greek should be taught only to those likely to complete a learned education; that the physical education should be a part of the curriculum; and that all teaching should proceed "according to Nature." These essentials coming through Pestalozzi, Froebel, Herbart, and others, form the basis of modern pedagogy.

HOW ABOUT THE COUNTRY GIRL?

Mrs. Donald C. Leslie

MY husband and I, while on a railroad journey a few days ago, became acquainted with a jovial farmer. He was a successful breeder of blooded stock, and showed us several photos of valuable prize-winning cows with remarkable milk and butter records. He entertained us with recounting his successes in this line,—and we exchanged views and experiences.

Then the conversation was turned to the subject of boys and girls. Had he a son? No. But two daughters, ages eighteen and twenty-two. What training were they getting and what were they thinking of entering,—teaching, or business, perhaps?

"Mighty little any woman knows about those things, especially business!" he replied. "We buy our girls whatever they need and put them through the town high school. We expect to get them married off, sometime. Mother has taught them pretty well in cookery and housekeeping."

Further than this, our friend seemed to know very little about his girls. In fact, he plainly showed he didn't consider that topic half so interesting as "Daisy," the blue-ribbon Holstein with the central States record and a valuation of \$3,000.

Such deplorable cases of parental indifference and ignorance of the daughters of the home are all too common. It is a much neglected subject, that of the country daughter. An editorial in the *Farmers' Voice* shows exactly wherein the danger lies:

"A great cry going out from the people, and one also much in need of an answer, is 'How to keep the boys on the farm.' But it is very seldom that the girl of the farm is alluded to. But take it from the farmer girl, she is alive; and unless money is coming into her pockets, unless she is comparatively independent and has some interest to keep her awake, she isn't going to 'stay put,'—but will get out where she can earn some money of her own to buy those little things so dear to a girl's heart; and where she will not be questioned and lectured and scolded over every little expenditure.

"The girls on the farm have mind and pride and ambition just as big as their

brothers; and in many cases they are not given half a chance to realize one iota of this ambition. It is then that a career off the farm and away from the farm home appeals to them. The thought comes that, though the salary to be earned may be small, still it is all one's own; and there is no fear in planning where or in what it shall be invested."

How often have we seen young girls leaving comfortable farm homes to go into typewriting, bookkeeping, or clerking in order to have their own money! An allowance for personal expenses in the beginning would have solved this problem. But the father has not seen it that way.

It is not necessary that the daughter be given a fixed allowance of so much cash; a really better way, it would seem, would be to start her in some special branch of work, like poultry-raising. Or perhaps she might be given a cow or a horse or a pig, which would in time bring in sums of money by careful management; and the business, though small, would easily develop.

The country girl is just as much entitled to preparation and training for a future, as is the country boy. The parent who is doing the fair and square thing by his daughter not only trains her to work or sees that she is trained; but, while she is in the home, guards her against an over amount of work, and also sees that the labor she performs is contributive to her enjoyment, to the strengthening of her character, and to the perfection of her life for the future. Parents are certainly justified in using every possible means contributory to the future welfare of their daughters, and for the sake of the generations yet unborn.

It is cruel to chain the daughter to the work of the farm without giving her something for her services,—developing in her a coöperative interest. And it is as cruel to allow her to go from the farm to make her own living, unprepared and untrained; a stranger in a strange sphere.

The country girl should be taught in the work of the home; but her training should not end there, under the fore-formed assumption that she will "marry off" and that will be all the preparation necessary. Rural parents should do something regarding

the careful preparation of their daughters for vocational life.

While every growing girl looks forward, as she should, to the time when she shall become mistress of her own home; yet she may not realize that at once. There is but one alternative. That is, she must engage in some sort of work which will give expression in the largest possible measure to that which is best and truest in her feminine nature. But if she fail, though even for a time, in her realization of a home; if she goes out upon her own resources, unprepared,—have you thought of the grave dangers there, parents?

I firmly believe the daughter is just as much in need of a good, thorough training in her first choice of occupation, and in a second in case of failure of the first, as is the young man.

Almost any man may go out and press his quest for a life companion, and return in a short time with one at his side. But with the girl it is radically different. Many a young woman with both personal charm and pecuniary advantages and talents, fails, however, to receive an acceptable offer of marriage.

While the majority of all normal young women desire above all else, as they should, a happy marriage and a contented home life, some preparation should be hers to cope with circumstances arising should she fail to realize that highest of all ambitions.

Teaching offers an attractive field,—a most commendable occupation for unmarried women. Thousands of girls are going from the farm home to the schoolroom every year,—some to remain permanently; the majority to earn money of their own, and place themselves in a better position for successful marriage. A vast army of

young women support themselves with the typewriter. That work is, however, one deleterious to health, and often subjects the young woman to many hardships and temptations; in my opinion, it is not at all a desirable occupation for the farm girl.

Social service and welfare work, now being so rapidly developed, makes its appeal to the true-hearted young woman. Such a work dips into the effections and sympathies, furnishing an opportunity for her to give and develop freely the best she has in her own makeup. Clerking and store work is much followed by young women today; but it is hazardous to health and morals, and carries little wage or opportunity of advancement or development. Only in very extreme cases will farm parents consent to the daughters leaving home on the sole reliance of a clerkship. That of a trained or practical nurse is a field offering excellent opportunity. Particular neighborhoods and surroundings may offer excellent advantages in many other agreeable occupations. Those five, however, point out three of the best, and two of the ones I could not advise any young woman to enter; unless under circumstances that do not exist in ordinary cases.

Is your girl being neglected? Are you giving her a chance? Are you safeguarding her future welfare as you should, against those circumstances and changes which seem farthest away today, and are with us tomorrow?

If you cannot arrange satisfactorily to all, to keep the daughter in the home, do not allow her to go out on her own resources, in a world from whence so many never return who have not preparation and a definite, well-defined aim before they go.

READING OF THE BIBLE TODAY

Don Scott

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that more copies of the Scriptures are sold than of any other book, and that they are found in nearly all homes, as well as in the churches and Sunday-schools, the reading of the Bible today in any thorough and appreciative way is generally neglected. To speak with frank plainness, the ignorance of the Bible today is appalling in its extent. Biblical misquotations and blunders of statement and ref-

erence are widespread among writers, newspapers, speakers and conversers. It constantly appears that a great many otherwise intelligent people, when they refer to the Bible, draw upon early impressions, past Sunday-school training or upon very vague information.

Many of our greatest men, Charles Dana, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, have acknowledged that they owed much to the study of the Bible, apart from the religious.

element in it. Even Walt Whitman and Swinburne have been much indebted to this powerful Book.

It seems strange to me, therefore, that this great educator, this mass of literary beauty and strength, should be overlooked by those who wish to shine in letters and in public or everyday common life.

One excuse is that it is difficult to read, which, in a degree, is true. To master it may be difficult. Is it not so in regard to everything else in the world which is worth doing? As it is not easy to do right,—to earn a livelihood, to love men in spite of sins and crimes, to be socially refined, to attain knowledge, to achieve mastery of any art, business or profession,—so to admit that to get a vital knowledge and grasp of the Bible is difficult is simply to affirm that it is one of the many difficult attainments of life.

Many neglect the Bible because it is a serious book. They read history, which is serious,—they read tragic books, pathetic poetry,—listen to tearful dramas. Men discuss questions of politics, statecraft, and public interests generally, no matter how grave or solemn in themselves or their issues. Few would care to enter a protest against any other book or affair, that it was too serious, lest their friends judge them of too frivolous nature.

We are brought to believe, then, that the Bible is neglected by certain classes simply because they do not realize what it is.

Some have the impression that it is a fetish, a superstition, an outworn and foreign writing, suited perhaps to the ancients, to Asiatics, to monks, sick people, or those who love argument.

Yet it is indeed the most living of all books! More powerful, more dramatic, more poetic, more graphic than all others. It is the most applicable of all volumes to the life, to the heart and to the conscience.

If modern civilization were unacquainted with the Bible, if it were just now discovered, scattered abroad, advertised, commented upon, it would make the most stupendous literary sensation that has ever enthralled the world!

To read the Scriptures as a mere dull task is unquestionably a hindrance to their proper appreciation.

Many hurry over a certain number of verses, to get done with them; a method about as profitable as turning a Buddhist prayer-wheel with a crank. For this we may forgive the children—but older people may be reasonably expected to read for profit,

and to get the spirit and essence of the Book.

The material makeup of the Scriptures may form an impediment to many in the way of their appreciation. Spurgeon said he always had a grudge against the men who chopped the Bible into verses. I believe the Scriptures ought to be printed and bound in the same way and on the same material as any other great book. I believe a solid page, instead of the double columns, and the books, or at least sets of the books, printed separately in volumes, so that, to the eye, the Bible would be like any other work, would remove a great mass of the prejudice, misunderstanding and neglect of the Book existing today among people of all classes and nationalities.

There should be a popular understanding of the Bible as a collection of books, histories, ethics, prophecy, poetry, and biography together. It should be known that, apart from its religious teachings, and judged as other books are judged, it has all the elements of greatness. People should be persuaded in the reading of the Bible by the knowledge that the book of Job is a poem more lofty than the Iliad, that the Psalms are the sweetest and most universally popular songs ever written, that the Proverbs are the most compact body of practical counsel ever put together, and that the historical parts of the Scriptures are amazingly brilliant annals of nations, with the story of the beginning of the world and the early progress of mankind told as no historian has ever told of great historical epochs.

When people realize that the prophets most powerfully apply great moral principles and noble ideals with a statesmanlike breadth and insight to the government and guidance of nations and individuals,—when they know that the four biographers of Jesus give a divinely perfect picture of an incomparable life,—that the epistles expound with unrivalled force and clearness great spiritual ideas, and that the greatest work of Dante merges into shadow in the brilliant light and sombre power and grandeur of the closing chapter of Revelation,—when our people appreciate those great facts in regard to the Bible, then the mossgrown rocks of skepticism, unbelief and indifference will be heaved aside from the paths of the people, and they will find an unobstructed road to light, and we may rest in the satisfaction that in duty to the divine injunction we have really and truly helped to give the Gospel to our fellow-men.

UNCLE SAM IN MEXICO

S. Z. Sharp

UNHAPPY Mexico! The land of misfortune, revolution and exploitation. Under Spanish rule from 1520 until 1823 it was the prey of tyrannical governors who obtained their office when it was put up at Madrid to the highest bidder. These governors did not fail to indemnify themselves by excessive taxation and oppression. After the country had gained its independence from Spain in 1823, it was continually rent asunder by revolutions and internal dissensions, until 1877 when Porfirio Diaz began to establish a stable government. During his presidency the country developed amazingly. His liberal policy attracted foreign capital which built railroads, developed mines, erected smelters and factories. First among those who saw the immense resources in Mexico, were the capitalists in the United States. They sent in their engineers and laid out railroads. These were necessary first to bring the various products to market. The greater part of railroad stocks and bonds are held by U. S. capitalists amounting to more than \$640,000,000 while only \$137,000,000 are held by natives of Mexico, and English capitalists own \$168,000,000.

The Americans have invested \$223,000,000 in mines while the Mexicans own only \$7,500,000. More than half the oil fields and their output are controlled by Uncle Sam's oil trust. These two resources are supremely great. The silver mines are

rich beyond anything dreamed of before these were discovered. Vast tracts of timber, great irrigation systems, and vast herds of stock are among the possessions of our capitalists. The greater part of the wholesale business is controlled by our capitalists who also control the insurance agencies. American doctors and dentists are especially in evidence who are not scrupulous about charging large fees. Some are said to realize twenty thousand dollars a year. One writer says, "The American dentists plug the Mexican's teeth with silver amalgam and take gold pumpkins out of their pockets." The largest number of foreigners in Mexico are from the United States. The vast interests of the Americans in Mexico demand reliable persons to guard those interests; hence a large number from the U. S. are employed as engineers on railroads, superintendents of mines, smelters, factories and estates. It is estimated that there are five thousand Americans in the City of Mexico alone who are engaged in various kinds of business.

It is sometimes asked: "How did the Americans get into Mexico?" In the first place they got a start under the liberal policy of President Diaz who invited foreign capital to develop the country and gave large grants to American capitalists. The American Smelting and Mining Company is capitalized at \$100,000,000. The Guggen-

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AMBER

Letitia C. Murphy

CENTURIES ago, it is probable that the northern part of Germany was covered by vast forests of pine of a variety now unknown. Owing to changes that the surface of the earth is constantly undergoing, these forests are buried or submerged; and the fossilized resin, or gum, from the trees forms a hard, translucent, yellow substance called amber. Pine cones and pieces of bark often

found adhering to the amber tell the story of these forests of the far past.

The ancients set an immense value upon amber, and obtained it from the shores of the Baltic where it is still found in abundance. It has also been found in small quantities on the coasts of the Adriatic, and of Sicily, in Siberia and Greenland, and, in our own land, in New Jersey, Massachusetts and Maryland.

Amber is frequently dug from the earth, or picked up on the beach where it has been tossed by the waves, but most of it is taken from the Baltic. It is usually found sticking to seaweed; and, after an easterly storm, even in very cold weather, men stand in the water, catch the floating seaweed on large forks, throw it on the sand, and women and children pick off the amber. But this is not the only way of obtaining amber from the sea. Out in the Baltic, the shallowest of all the seas, dredging machines tear the seaweed from the bottom and dig up the mud. Both seaweed and mud are carefully examined so that no amber be lost. Recently, it has been found profitable to employ divers to get the seaweed. These men wear diving armor, and they are very successful in bringing up quantities of amber. The government of Germany claims all the amber on the shores of the Baltic, and any one taking it without permission is subject to arrest for theft.

Amber is usually found in round, irregular lumps, varying in size from a grain of wheat to that of an egg. Pieces weighing about twelve pounds have occasionally been found, but such are very rare. The most valuable pieces are those enclosing insects or leaves. The insects are of a kind now extinct, and indicate not only a change of surface, but also of climate, for such insects could have lived only in a climate very much warmer than that of Northern Germany of the present.

In earlier times, amber was supposed to possess wonderful medicinal properties, but as the virtues ascribed to it were found to be imaginary it is no longer thought of in this connection. It is now extensively used for making such ornaments as beads, earrings, brooches, and pendants, and also for mountpieces of pipes, cigar holders, and for the preparation of a kind of varnish. It is in great demand throughout the East; and, as it burns with a fragrant odor, great quantities of it are consumed as incense by the Mohammedans in their worship.

Amber contains much electricity. More than two thousand years ago, Thales, a Greek philosopher, wrote that when a piece of amber is rubbed with silk, or until it is warm, it will draw towards it light, dry substances, such as leaves, paper, or straw. The Greeks called amber, **electron**, and from this word, Dr. Gilbert, of England, about three hundred years ago, formed our word **electric** and its derivatives, to apply to substances having properties similar to amber.

The ancients accounted for amber in the following interesting myth: The Heliades, daughters of the Sun, for their grief at the untimely death of their brother Phaëthon, were changed into poplar trees, and their tears, which continued to flow, became **amber**, as they dropped into the great river into which Phaëthon fell when struck by the thunderbolt hurled by Jupiter.

CORN, KING OF THE NORTH

John H. Nowlan

II. Uses of Products.

WHAT potent thing is a grain of corn! What powers of life and death, for good and for evil are concealed within its tiny organism. How like the human being. It comes into the world a bundle of latent possibilities, whose full powers are as yet unknown, but enough is known to demonstrate its almost inexhaustible source of energy.

The oil extracted from the germs is filtered and allowed to settle. This corn oil is used in making some of the finest toilet soaps as well as some of the laundry varieties. You have no doubt noticed that some manufacturers state that they use only vegetable oils in the preparation of their soaps.

This is likely true and also we may be sure that the oil used is corn oil. All the various soaps are made from it—including soft soap and soap powders.

Oilcloth and linoleum have come to be considered household necessities. Were it not for the fact that corn oil is used in making them the housewife would find the price increased.

In the manufacture and preparation of leather it is extensively used.

Treated by another process paragon is produced which is used as a substitute for rubber. Rubber goods of all kinds are dearer than formerly and each season sees the price rising. Were it not for paragon the price would be still higher. It is used in the

manufacture of shoes, rubber specialties, automobile tires, hot water bottles, etc., as well as for insulating all kinds of electrical appliances.

While it perhaps is inferior to linseed oil in its power of resistance to the weather, yet it is extensively used in the manufacture of paints and varnishes. For indoor work its use may be found satisfactory.

Further refining removes the free fatty acid, improves the taste and lightens the color. This produces an edible oil, mazola, which is especially good for shortening for bread and cake, for frying and all other forms of cooking and as a salad oil. It is rapidly supplanting cotton seed as cotton has supplanted lard and tallow.

If you have a pain which requires the application of some kind of liniment you likely call upon one of the descendants of corn for relief, because this oil is used in the preparation of liniments, ammonia, camphorated oil, etc. If you prefer the old time whiskey camphor, King Corn will supply the whiskey, or he is ready to serve those who wish it mixed with alcohol.

The above are only some of the uses of the oil.

The oil cake which is left after the extraction of the oil makes a feed for cattle. It is rich in protein and our experience on our home farm shows it to be a splendid feed for the dairy herd.

When starch is mentioned most people limit their thoughts of its use to the laundry and corn starch pudding. Bakers use it for puddings, pie-fillings and all kinds of paste. It is a component part of baking powder, jellies and sauces. Also for candies, gum-drops, lozenges, mouldings, etc.; in brewing beers, ales and other brewed drinks; for laundry purposes; for making sizes for stiffening and finishing yarns and fabrics.

Some of our fair ladies carry their complexion in a little round box labeled with some fancy name in connection with talc. While there is talc in it all right there is also probably more starch than anything else. But that's all right. Starch dusted on the skin is an excellent remedy for chafing, and quickly relieves the smarting due to perspiration.

It is used in the preparation of asbestos and in the manufacture of soap. You pay your five cents for your bottle of mucilage or library paste. Were it not for the fact that its stickiness is due to the use of gum dextrine instead of gum arabic or gum tragacanth it would cost you about double. When you go to "lick" the next postage

stamp do not call up visions of glue contributed by some unfortunate cow who has given up the struggle for existence only after a protracted struggle with death, but remember that, thanks to the advent of corn into the commercial arena, it, that is the mucilage on the stamp, is tasteless and perfectly sanitary. This is no guarantee against the germs that may adhere to the windowsill in the postoffice, so to avoid them you are allowed to insist that "Uncle Sam's" instructions to his clerks be observed and that they pass the stamps out face side down.

Starch is also used in the manufacture of coal briquettes.

You blacked your shoes this morning before you started away to your day's work. The polish, made in part of dextrine, adhered nicely to the leather which was tanned by the aid of lactic acid made from corn sugar, and afterwards filled with a preparation of the same; you washed your hands with soap made from corn oil and filled with starch, throwing away the paper wrapper made of corn fibre and sized with corn glue. The printing on the wrapper, which perhaps you did not read, was printed on a press whose rollers were made of glue and corn molasses. The moulds in the foundry where the press was cast were formed by the aid of corn products, and the engine which operated the press was driven by corn alcohol.

You dried your hands on a towel stiffened by means of corn size, after which you sat down to breakfast. The corn cakes were baked on griddles greased with mazola, while you sweetened them with corn syrup. The oil cloth on the table and the linoleum on the floor were the product of corn rubber, the vinegar used in the pepper sauce which seasoned the imitation oyster patties for you was made from corn sugar; while the artificial butter had corn for its base.

The corn flakes were sweetened with corn sugar and even the milk you put in the saucer was extracted from the ensilage by the cows.

Being in a hurry to be off you did not eat any ice cream, putting on your celluloid collar, adjusting the corn-adulterated silk necktie, and putting a corn coated film in your kodak, you incased the polished shoes in paragon overshoes and sallied forth.

You passed the shaded doorway without stopping for a drink of corn brewed beer or corn whiskey, though you did buy five cents' worth of corn candy at the next door.

Getting some soot on your face on arriving at your office you consulted the mir-

ror (silvered by the aid of corn), called over the phone (insulated by means of corn rubber) for the painter to come and apply corn made filler to the woodwork, paint it with corn oil paint, and coat it over with corn adulterated varnish.

The painted walls had already been coated with starch in order to be easy to wash.

You use only corn oil on your typewriter as it does not gum and you sign your letters with ink thickened with dextrine.

Time is too brief to watch all the times you meet corn during the day. After you eat a supper of brown bread, glucose jam, ginger cookies, friend mush and glucose-coated rice and coffee you watch the neighbor's boy fire "sparklers," go down to the moving picture show where you watch the films throw the pictures on the screen and

the man next to you expectorate the glucose prepared tobacco at the spittoon.

Then you return home, rub camphorated corn oil on your toe corns and go to bed to dream of corn.

Not all has been told. We should mention yeast cakes, canned and popped corn, pith for packing in war vessels, smokeless powder, glycerine, dynamite, nitro glycerine, Boston beans, thickening colors, calico and other printing, filler and finisher as well as a size in the manufacture of paper, carpets, twines, food sauces, gums and glues, jellies and preserves, mince meat, canned meats, in extracts, such as logwood, etc., hair tonic, sponges, manufacture of caramel or sugar coloring, as well as the various cheap and wholesome candies; but perhaps some of the readers are becoming Thomas-like. If so, however, the proof can be produced.

A WORK THAT COUNTS

Donald C. Leslie

AMONG the movements of first importance to the rural community today, is that of combining its most valuable resources,—its young men and young women,—into coöperative forces in the upbuilding of the community, in the improvement of its social and physical life, and in the creation of higher ideals, higher ambitions and higher efficiency.

Prof. Waters, president of the Kansas Agricultural College, struck the keynote of this great young country-life movement when he said:

"The dignity of labor; the close connection between heads and hands; the monthly or weekly meeting of farmers' institutes in hundreds of counties; the special lectures provided by agricultural colleges; the movable schools and libraries; the farmers' winter short courses,—in which thousands of men and women and boys and girls participate,—corn contests, bread contests, sewing contests, play carnivals, poultry raising contests, stock raising contests, conferences on the country church, country school, good roads—all these activities denote the growth of a new and mighty spirit in the country life of America.

"But we need further demonstrations, together with concrete thinking, a lot of constructive programs, and a deal of hard work and self-sacrifice, in which the co-operation of country young people can have

no little share, to speed on the great epoch of rural social reconstruction and upbuilding."

Boys leave the farm too young. The boy goes off to town in search of some employment that will bring him some spending money, also in search of the sociability so woefully lacking in the environments of so many rural homes and communities. Often a tragic story lies beneath, when the truth is known.

Too long have country parents argued, scolded and tried to force their boys to stay at home, when they are confronted only with the monotony of work and a very dim prospect of possible wealth, land or inheritance.

What is the matter with the country boy? What can be done to help him?

There can be no reasonable thought of holding all the boys on the farm, but there are certainly good reasons for preventing the great number of immature youths from running off to the cities without knowing what they are to face and without any defined purpose.

While the great concerns of towns and cities must continue to call many of the brainiest young men and young women from the rural districts,—and the country has every right to be considered the proper source for those virile minds destined to control great National, State and municipal



Our Township Experiment Club.

affairs,—yet every reasonable effort must be put forth to keep the boy in his country home at least until his character is relatively matured, and his future plans fairly well defined.

Farm labor is tedious and irksome; the country boy **MUST** have opportunity to mingle with others, to take part in certain athletic and social exercises which will arouse and appeal to his interest, give him a chance to broaden out, to get the benefit of others' ideas, and to serve as a safety valve for the normal enthusiasm, love of sport and fun and "doing things" which is his.

More leaders in the rural community are what we need!

A comparatively few are sufficiently "many sided" to take up any and every kind of social work. So the first step should be to work out a definite plan of action. A brief course of training may be commended. If you are willing to accept the call to help in the work of building higher rural life, you should be willing to take a little time and trouble. It may be practicable for you to slip away for a few months and take a short course at the agricultural college. You may find the particular inspiration and instruction you need by attending some convention of rural welfare workers. One of the frequent rural life conferences may be found ideal. Go prepared to take notes, ask questions, and to secure a large number of literary references.

Get in touch with "Rural Manhood" published by the Association Press, New York, N. Y. Secure the report of the Country Life Commission, and also some of the admirable

books on the subject which we have today. Ask the Department of Agriculture for their bulletins on organizing boys' and girls' clubs, and on rural social life. From your agricultural college you may obtain valuable literature for the asking.

Then get into it! It is a great work! When men answer, "I am a doctor," "I am a minister," if the farmer can say, "I am an earnest worker for better social conditions in the country," he places himself on equal footing with all men in the highest of all works, helping humanity.

Make a survey of your neighborhood. Find out the specific conditions. List the boys and girls according to age. Proceed with the thought that not only entertainment, but education along with it, must be the aim.

The easiest organizations to effect among rural youth are the clubs and contests in juvenile farm work and home economics. Get in touch with the Extension Department of your State Agricultural Department. When you think you are ready, call the boys and girls together, asking parents to come along. A good idea is to call a general meeting of the entire neighborhood, to a basket dinner, perhaps. Lay before them the plans of organization. If possible, arrange matters so that every earnest endeavor on the part of the young, such as corn-raising, bread-baking, etc., shall receive a suitable reward.

It is usually easy to secure funds to pay the way of boys to the State-wide farmers' institutes or boys' institutes held at the agricultural college. Let every boy who

(Continued on Page 473.)



Denver Jay Livengood, Carleton Taft Livengood,
Born March 4, 1910. Born Oct. 8, 1908.

Children of Joseph and Eclesta Livengood, Elk Lick, Pa.

HEALTHY BABIES

WE are two very healthy boys. We brought our appetites with us and started to work for our living less than three hours after we arrived. Neither of us ever had that baby colic so many babies cry with. After we had our first bath we were wrapped up in a warm shawl, all except our faces, and taken to the door where the cold October and March wind blew in our faces till it nearly took our breath away. Mama knew a trained nurse that treated thirty

babies in that way and they never had colic.

Denver is past three years old and has never been sick only when he had the measles, but he didn't mind them very much. He also had slight bowel trouble, but mama gave him olive oil and he was soon well.

We are farmer boys. Papa has a box nailed on all the machinery but the drill for us to sit on, and sometimes we sit on top of that.

Our Uncle Dan took this picture on Easter at Grandma Livengood's.

THE RELIGIOUS FIELD

THE WORLD'S SEARCH FOR CHRIST.

Richard Braunstein.

"All men seek for thee."—Mark 1: 37.

It is more than ever true that "**all men seek for thee.**" All ages and all men, in all walks of life, according to the light they possess, are seeking for the Christ of God. Some of them have never heard of him, some of them are sunk in the desperate darkness of savagery, paganism and iniquity yet in the words of Montgomery:

"As timid violets lade the ambient air,
With their hearts' richest fragrance, un-
aware

The fragrance whispers that the flower is
there,"

so the presence of God is intimated by the subtle perfume of his creative works and redemptive ways among men. Paul, the apostle, puts this same thought in this way: "For when the Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law, **are a law unto themselves** which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their consciences also bearing witness and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

Evidently when all men are seeking for Christ it is only because they are endowed with a spiritual nature that impels them to do so. And the cry of St. Augustine might well be upon the lips of every living being: "Our hearts are restless, O God, until they rest in thee!"

But why, then, does not Christ respond? Why do not all men, everywhere, become his followers? Why does not Jesus take possession of his own, and transform the lives of men, and make earth an eternity, one continuous paradise, increasing ever in righteousness and spiritual rapture and immortal splendor? Why?

Look! He stands upon Mount Moriah's lofty brow. He beckons to the million pilgrims at the feast. His appealing gesture invites the earth and the ages.

Listen! He speaks to that procession bringing water from the temple spring to the altar,—nay, he speaks to the earth and the ages: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

True it is that all men seek for Christ. More wonderful the fact that the Son of God is seeking for all men. Then why do not all men come? Why are not sinners

and the Savior united? Why do not a lost and yearning world and its waiting, inviting, yearned-for Redeemer get together?

For the same reason that left those Galileans (Mark 1: 37) entrenched by the spirit and untransformed by the salvation of Jesus, and which impelled Jesus to turn away from their seeking, and enter upon a preaching tour in other cities.

Bruno Lessing in his poem, "Nathan the Wise," says:

"How easier far devout enthusiasm is
Than a good action;
And how willingly
Our indolence takes up with rapture
Tho' at the time unconscious of the end,
Only to save the toil of useful deeds."

That describes those seeking citizens of Capernaum. That is the reason he turned away from them.

Here is the crux of the situation. They are willing to have him, they are not willing to hear him or heed him. They are willing to have his protection but not his precepts. They are willing to take his bequests, not his behests. They are willing to be astonished by his miracles and thrilled by his wondrous words and cured by his power and fed by his bounty and led to political victory by his genius, but they are not willing to be transformed by his truth, and they are not willing to do his will. And do not these seekers after Christ, from Capernaum, have multitudes of modern followers in these respects?

If men could have Christ without his commands, his blessings without his burdens, his power without his personality, his dominion without his devotion, his miracles without his mission, his magnanimity and his service without his sanctity, his splendor without his spirit, his God-likeness without his godliness—why then indeed would all men not only seek for him—but also stick to him. For that would be comfortable to their carnal nature as well as congenial to their spiritual aspirations. But the one miracle which Christ would not perform then, and which he cannot perform now, is to **give to bad men the effects of goodness**, or to reprobates the rewards of righteousness. But this he can do and this he ever seeks to do, and it is the most stupendous of all his miracles: he can change bad men into good men and

sinners into saints. And unless we are willing to be changed ourselves instead of merely having our fortunes changed, or conditions changed, there is no use in seeking for him, because he will be compelled to turn away as he turned away from the seekers of Capernaum.

The character of Christ is one thing—the character of the crowd is quite another. The life purpose of Christ, disclosed in the incident of our text, seems to be prayer and preaching—communion with heaven and communication to earth. He had risen in the morning a great while before day, and departed into a solitary place and there prayed. It was there Simon and the others found him after some search, and said to him: "All men seek for thee."

If we are his true disciples we must "take time to be holy, speak oft with the Lord." No duty however sacred and important should divert us from our solitary place and our talk with God. If there are not enough hours in the day among many pressing duties, business, domestic and social, to crowd in the calming and consecrating hour of personal approach to God, why then, like Jesus, we must rise early, a great while before day. For that hour is the spring that fills the reservoir which is to refresh our whole day. That hour connects our earthly enterprises with the dynamic energies of omnipotence. **That which transpired between Jesus and the Father before day transfigured all that transpired between Jesus and the people all the day.**

"And he said unto them, 'Let us go into the next towns that I may preach there also; for, therefore came I forth,' from God. What Jesus received in communion he imparted in communication. The power of the unseen world was in his preaching. He spoke not of himself—the revelation of the Father delivered he unto men. His vocation was preaching. His equipment was prayer. And wherever you find Christian activity and achievement, prayer is the inlet of divine power. And preaching is its outlet and expression. We should make much of secret devotion and much of public preaching.

"Our life is barren if no rich sap

Flows freely forth from devotion's tap;

Our age is blasted, if worldly din.

Drown prophet's call from the life of sin."

The life purpose of the crowd on the other hand seemed to be ease for the body and entertainment for the mind. Both are legitimate enough as recreation but wholly

inadequate and unworthy as life-purpose. They were quite ready to be cured of their physical ills—their fits and fevers, palsies and leprosies, and demonizations, dysenteries and deaths, and they were quite ready for a picnic on the mountain slope when some one else furnished the feast, and especially when the uniqueness of a miracle added zest to their appetites, but they had little inclination for being bodily changed into temples of God, or feeding their souls on the Bread of Life. They were willing to tramp many miles to sate their curiosity on some new wonder wrought by the great Wonderworker, and to applaud enthusiastically his stupendous thoughts and original utterances, but to give up their old viewpoint, to deny self, or love their enemies, or serve, instead of being served, or identify Christ with God, that was another matter and not at all to their liking. "All men seek for thee"—yes; for the dechristianized and despiritualized Christ of their carnal preferences but,—he is not the Christ of Gospels. He is not the Christ of God. The question we all must answer is: Are we with Christ or are we with the crowd?

Sometimes people speak of numerically small churches as weak—and they may be, but it is not their smallness nor their poverty that makes them weak. Christ only had a handful of true followers but on the Day of Pentecost they shook the earth and eternity. Yes, we are as weak as Christ, if we are true to him. He was very poor. He had not where to lay his head. They thought they had beaten him when they buried him. But he said: "I have overcome the world," and he has! He said, "All power is given unto me," and it is! He said, "Lo, I am with you alway."

Sometimes people say: "They are so few and unimportant in that church that I cannot get my children to go there and as I don't think it right to separate families and all churches are serving the same Lord I have decided to go with them." Oh yes! "All men seek for thee." But do not tell me the crowd is as good as Christ. Let us be honest and confess that we are seeking Christ, not for what he is, not to do his will, but because of some kind of loaves and fishes the crowds are enjoying.

But it is pleasant to think the time is coming when we shall be able to say unequivocally—"All men seek for thee." The salvation we preach is big enough to convert the whole crowd to Christ. That is the contemplated transformation when Jesus says, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS AND HINTS

Household Hints.

Miss M. Andrews.

Do not keep children in the house for fear of colds. Even the smallest ones can be comfortably clothed and gain strength by staying many hours out in the open air.

Cold fresh air contains abundance of oxygen and will give health and strength to a delicate child. Warm air not perfectly fresh causes relaxation and indolence. The ventilation of sleeping apartments is absolutely essential and mothers should protect the sleeper and keep the windows open. Stay out doors by day and bring out doors in at night.

A Good Recipe for Home-made Bread: This recipe will make four loaves. Three quarts of flour, one pint of milk, one pint of warm water, one-half cake of compressed yeast, one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of salt. Scald the milk and let it cool, dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water, and as sugar aids fermentation add to the yeast. Now add part of the flour and shortening. Beat well, stirring in all the air possible to aid yeast growth. Add salt to the rest of the flour and stir into the batter. Salt retards the growth of the yeast, so is put in last. Do not attempt to stir batter too stiff in the bowl. Turn out on a well floured board and knead until it will not stick to the hands. Grease the bowl with lard and put in roll of dough to rise over night. Rub the top with lard to keep a crust from forming, cover well and keep in a warm place free from drafts. In the morning turn it out again on a floured board and knead until all the air bubbles disappear, handling lightly. Do not add flour. Divide it into four portions. Roll these smooth and put in well greased tins. Allow to rise until double their bulk. Bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes and then gradually lower the temperature. These loaves should be in about forty-five minutes. If a brown glossy crust is desired the loaves should be rubbed with butter during the last ten minutes of baking.

Raisin Puff: Cream one-half cup of butter and two tablespoons of sugar gradually. Add two eggs well beaten, then add one cup of milk alternately with two cups of flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Seed and chop one cup

of raisins, dredge with one-fourth cup of flour and add to first mixture. Turn into a buttered mold and steam one and one-half hours. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored.

Pineapple Jelly: Pour two cups of boiling water over one-half cup of sugar and when sugar has dissolved, add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in two tablespoonfuls of cold water for five minutes, then add one cup of pineapple juice drained from canned sliced pineapple and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and strain. When mixture begins to thicken, add one and one-third cups of canned sliced pineapple cubes. Turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill thoroughly.

Fig Custard: Scald one quart of milk. Mix two tablespoons of cornstarch, three-fourths cups of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Pour on gradually hot milk and stir constantly until it thickens. Add yolks of three eggs slightly beaten and cook three minutes. Cut one-half pound of figs in small pieces, add one-fourth cup of boiling water, one-fourth cup of sugar, one tablespoon of lemon juice and cook until figs are soft. Combine mixtures and chill. Turn into a serving dish. Beat whites of three eggs until stiff, then add three tablespoons of sugar gradually and one-half tablespoon of lemon juice. Pile by spoonfuls over pudding before sending it to the table.

To protect comforters from being soiled at the top, cat-stitch a piece of muslin about twelve inches wide to the top of your comforter and embroider the desired initials in the center in the prevailing colors of the comforter or to harmonize with the furnishings of the room. This not only protects the top of the comforter but is also very pretty.

Treat a burn immediately with the white of an egg mixed with equal parts of olive oil and there will be no scar left. Cover with a piece of linen.

To keep cut ham as good as when first cut, slice as much as desired and pack down in a stone jar. Melt some pure leaf lard and pour over the slices, covering deep enough to exclude all air. Take out and fry as needed.

To pop corn quickly, put the corn to be popped in a sieve and pour cold water over it not allowing it to stand on the corn. It

will not only pop quickly but the open kernels will be larger and lighter and more flaky than they otherwise would have been.

When table linen or other articles are to be hemmed by hand try turning the hem by running it through the hemmer of the sewing machine. Press and the hem is ready to hem by hand in the usual way.

An excellent way to beat carpets or rugs is to lay an old wire bed spring on the ground and lay the carpet or rug to be beaten on it. This will keep the rugs off the ground and allow the dust to go through the springs without settling on the other side of the rug.



Home Needlework.

Ribbon Slippers: The materials needed for a pair of ribbon slippers are from one and one-quarter to one and one-half yards of pretty ribbon five to five and one-half inches wide, two yards of one-inch ribbon for bows, five-eighths of a yard of one-half-inch elastic and a pair of slipper soles. First gather one edge of the ribbon to fit the edges of the soles, and then sew it to the sole with strong thread. Join the edges in the back, turn over the top edge one and one-half inches and make a casing in the middle of this and insert elastic. Finish the front with a pretty bow.

In crocheting an edge on a towel or doily it is usually difficult for the first time around to insert the crochet hook and there is danger of the hook's slipping and hurting the fingers. This difficulty may be overcome by using a coarse needle unthreaded and stitching on the sewing machine all around the edge of the doily with a short stitch. Then the crochet hook may be inserted without difficulty.

When you wash lace door panels, tack them on the door while wet and they will not be all stretched out of shape as when ironed.

Mothers who have trouble in keeping children's stockings neat will find the following plan an excellent one: Cut pieces from old stockings long enough to reach from top of stockings to underwaist and stitch to top of stockings, hemming sides and facing top with black tape. Make buttonholes in each corner and button to side and front of waist.

To hold a spool when crocheting: Thread a narrow ribbon or cord through the spool and fasten around the neck, allowing the spool to come as low as wanted.

When making a buttonhole in a coat or

skirt, always wax the linen or silk before beginning the work. Then let the linen run along the edge of the buttonhole while working with silk and change the silk for every hole. This will keep the work smooth and by using the linen thread in the manner indicated a nice finish and raised effect will be given the buttonhole.

The following method of cutting pieces for a quilt is a great saving of time and labor: Have the pattern cut from cardboard and a piece of beeswax pressed on each corner; then press the bit of cloth to the pattern, cut it out, remove it and you are ready for the next without the trouble of putting in and taking out pins.

When hemming table linen by hand, especially the heavier kind, it is much easier to obtain a neat, fine stitch if the edges of the hem are slightly dampened. This softens the linen so that when the hem is turned you can make a tiny over and over stitch. Keep the emery bag close by, for the dampened linen will rust your needle if it is not frequently cleaned.



Potato Biscuit: Boil six good sized potatoes with their skins on. Take them out with a skimmer, drain and squeeze with a clean towel to insure being dry. Remove the skin, mash them perfectly from lumps and add a tablespoon of butter, one egg and a pint of sweet milk. When cool, beat in half a cup of yeast. Put in just enough flour to make a stiff dough. When this rises, make into small cakes. Let them rise same as any biscuit. Bake a delicate brown.



Many women have an idea that blackheads are a sort of "flesh-worm," but these skin troubles are merely the daily accumulation of dust and grime collected in the pores of the skin, and held there by failure to wash the skin properly. Perspiration is nature's cleanser, and the one whose face is wet with perspiration during hot weather rarely has blackheads, if she uses plenty of water to remove the refuse cast out by the sweat-glands.



Frozen Custard: Yolks of six eggs, one quart of cream, one quart of milk and vanilla to taste. Heat milk in a double boiler and add well beaten yolks of eggs and sugar. Stir until thick. Remove to fire and put aside to cool. When ready to freeze, add cream and then flavor and freeze three hours.

-:- RECENT BOOKS -:-

Divorcing Lady Nicotine.

A well known journalist tells why and how he gave up the use of tobacco and tells it in such a charming way that the reader is highly entertained. It is a human interest story that serves also as a practical guide on the health problem. The book was written by Henry Beach Needham and was a companion volume to his popular stories, "Cutting It Out" and "The Fun of Getting Thin." Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. Price, \$.35 net; by mail, \$.40.



The Man and the Woman.

"The Man and the Woman" is a series of studies in human life by Arthur L. Salmon. It discusses the joy and beauties of love and friendship in a refreshingly wholesome spirit. The book has a clear, human note which will find a response in the heart and mind of every reader. It carries the readers to the mountain tops of human experience. It is a delightful book for a gift and will be appreciated by anyone as an addition to a private library. Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. Price, \$.75 net; by mail, \$.85.



The Melting of Molly.

"The Melting of Molly," by Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "Miss Selina Lue," "The Road to Providence" and "The Rose of Old Harpeth" is a charming little story which is fully equal to her other works. The story is illustrated by R. M. Crosby. Maria Thompson Daviess, in this work, carries the reader along with interest at a high pitch. The story is well told and shows the careful work of an artist which is worth reading. The story is short, but it carries its message fully as well as many of the longer stories. The book is neatly bound in cloth. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. Price, \$1.00 net.



The Country Boy.

"The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn, is a story of contentment and is one of the greatest successes of Edgar Selwyn. It is a romance, and one that has a happy ending. In the overabundance of youthful enthusiasm the boy looks to the city for his future, where the chances are many, and

where he is sure he will find something big. It is a story of his efforts to succeed in the city where, of all places, success is hardest to win. Success lies at home. You do not have to go abroad to find it, and a boy learns this for himself. His longing for the old home and the quiet little country home and the fight to overcome his pride, return and face being called a failure is touching. But immediately after this a smile is brought to the reader's face when he finally does go home. The book is published by H. K. Fly Company. Price, \$1.50.

BRAIN LUBRICATORS

Colored Epigram.—A colored philosopher is reported to have said, "Life, my brethren, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."—Presbyterian.



A Makeshift.—"Look here, Mose; I thought you were going to be baptized into the Baptist Church?"

"Yaas, sah, I was. But I's bein' sprinkled into de 'Piscopal till de summer comes."—Life.



Wisdom.—"Every man ought to save up enough to buy himself a good big farm," said the thrifty citizen.

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornloss; "and then do something else with the money."—Washington Star.



Wise.—"Did the doctor diagnose your case?"

"Yes."

"How long did it take?"

"Not long. I wore my shabbiest suit."—Birmingham Age-Herald.



Altruistic.—Mrs. Flitterby—"So you are on the visiting committee of your social workers' society. I should think you'd find it dreadfully irksome making all those slum calls."

Mrs. Hunter-Fadde—"I'm willing to make the sacrifice for a good cause. Every visiting day I send my maid around with my cards."—Judge.



UNCLE SAM IN MEXICO.

(Continued from Page 462.)

heims figure, very largely in this business.

The late President Madero was a multi-

millionaire and had great influence among our millionaires. He came to the United States when defeated by Diaz for the presidency and formed a junta through which he obtained great stores of arms and ammunition by the connivance of United States officers and the aid of our millionaires to whom he made great promises in case he could drive Diaz out of the country. He succeeded in unseating Diaz and occupying his place and made good his promises to his friends, the American capitalists. Then American capital began to rush into Mexico at the rate of ten million dollars a month. Now Uncle Sam owns more property in Mexico than all the Mexicans combined. His ability to acquire property is undiminished and it is a question how soon he will own all of Mexico.



A WORK THAT COUNTS.

(Continued from Page 466.)

reaches a certain standard, such as raising so much corn to an acre of ground, go at the expense of the fund.

A picture is shown here of a Township Experiment Club of Winnebago County, Illinois. These twenty-one boys are earnest, enthusiastic workers. Enthusiastic parents and a capable leader have inspired in them backbone and a desire to get ahead, to do things. They meet monthly, for the purpose of planning and studying better agricultural standards,—to exchange views, and hold contests and social meets. The club has a social and athletic feature which has proven popular and a sure interest sustainer. The boys are enthusiastic over the work accomplished, and have some bright plans for the coming summer.

The chief purpose of the coöperation of young people by clubs, leagues and like associations should be to build up character,—and finally perfect the spiritual nature. Not, however, in the old-fashioned direct way. Instead, a studied effort should be made to build up the boys and girls gradually, through the use of their natural interests in matters that lie dormant in many rural home environments, and through those clean athletic and social activities which appeal to the instincts, and arouse the interest and spontaneity of the youths' nature.

While country parents as a rule may not be in position to do the best things for their own children, much less go out as leaders of the young at large,—on account of lacking the necessary time or means, or being not sufficiently informed to be fully awake as to the meanings and possibilities

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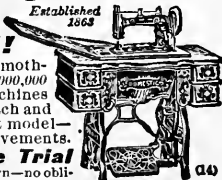
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of the work,—yet I am sure that in nearly every rural community there is a man or woman, or both, who possesses many of the big qualifications and opportunities for enlisting in the service of the young.

Those who have no small children would naturally be freest to do this; though frequently parents having children of their own catch the inspiration and heed the call. However, isn't it fair and reasonable to assume that there is some one in your neighborhood who could do this, were it his disposition?

Those who feel at all called upon to undertake this service, may be assured that the interest grows more intense with time and effort put forth.

We assume that in your neighborhood some farmer and his wife have heeded the call to do something in behalf of the young people. They will surely find that the joy of doing that is unsurpassed by that of any other type of human endeavor.

Great work may be accomplished by co-operation of the girls of the neighborhood. An outing is shown here of a Farm Girls' Club of twenty members. Their day meetings each month have resulted in better girls, better cooks, better home makers, and a better preparation for the duties of wife, mother and housekeeper.

A Good Roads Contest, offering a worthy prize for the boy who shows best results, and some payment for every boy who faithfully cares for his half or quarter-mile of public road, is bringing good results.

Poultry shows, cooking, fancy work and sewing clubs, debating, literary, and school improvement clubs are among those that are playing a big part in the building up of rural communities who have caught the inspiration of better country life for the boys and girls.

Surely in your community, if it has none of these, there is some one who realizes the good work that is possible? Surely you cannot allow the summer of 1913 to pass away without starting in to develop the opportunities your community offers toward closer, more sympathetic coöperation and betterment?

While united effort must accomplish results impossible for the single family, every true farm home in the land should take at least individual interest in the work for its own children.

It is a labor that ranks with the building of nations; surely there is no more valuable building material in the United States than the fifteen million coming men and women, who are today children of the farm.

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